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Yours sincerely
J. M. Wright

Taylor & Francis, London

AULD YULE

AND

OTHER POEMS,

BY

WILLIAM KNIGHT.

WITH AN INTRODUCTORY ESSAY

BY THE

REV. GEORGE GILFILLAN.

AND RECOLLECTIONS OF THE AUTHOR'S LIFE.

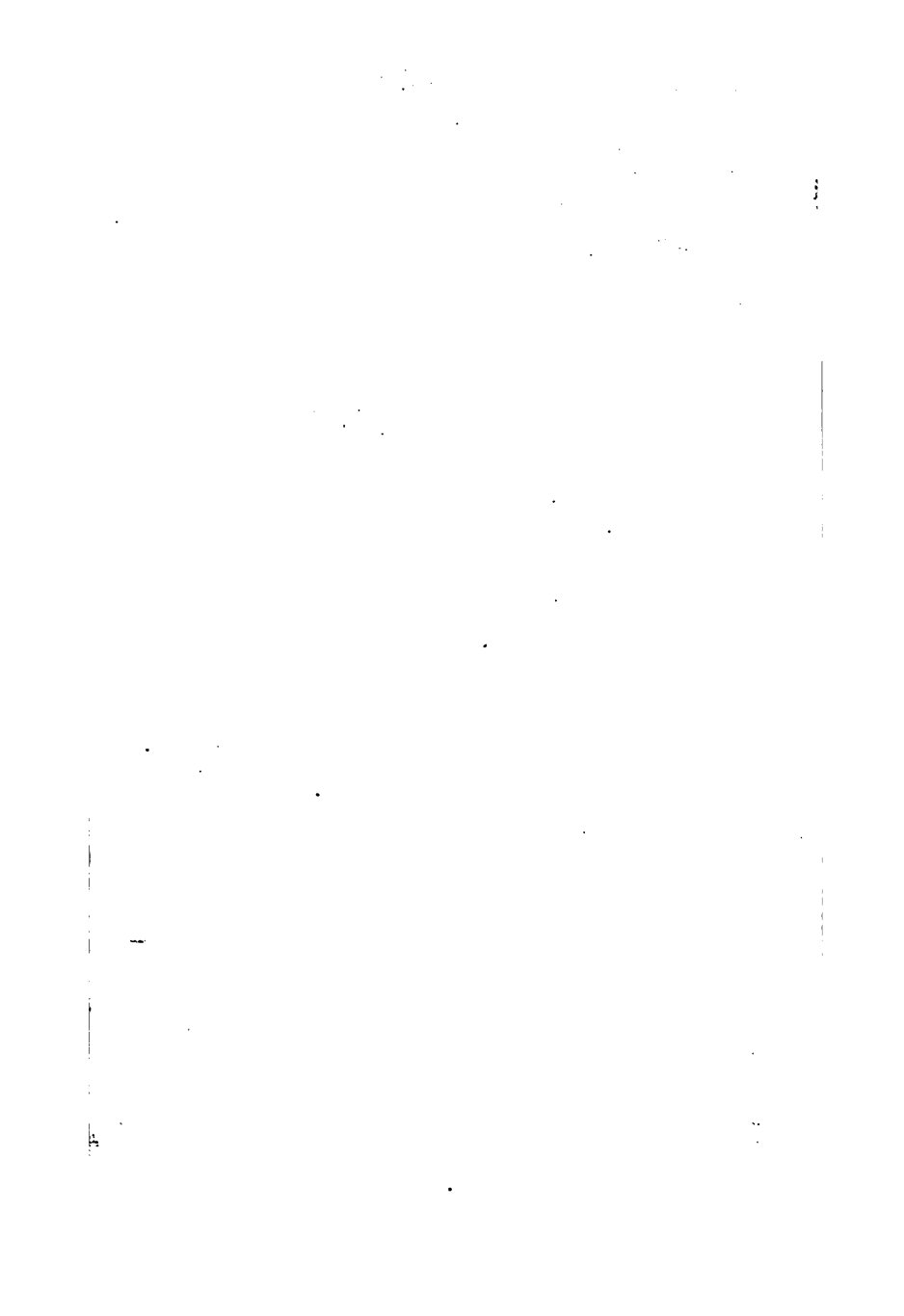
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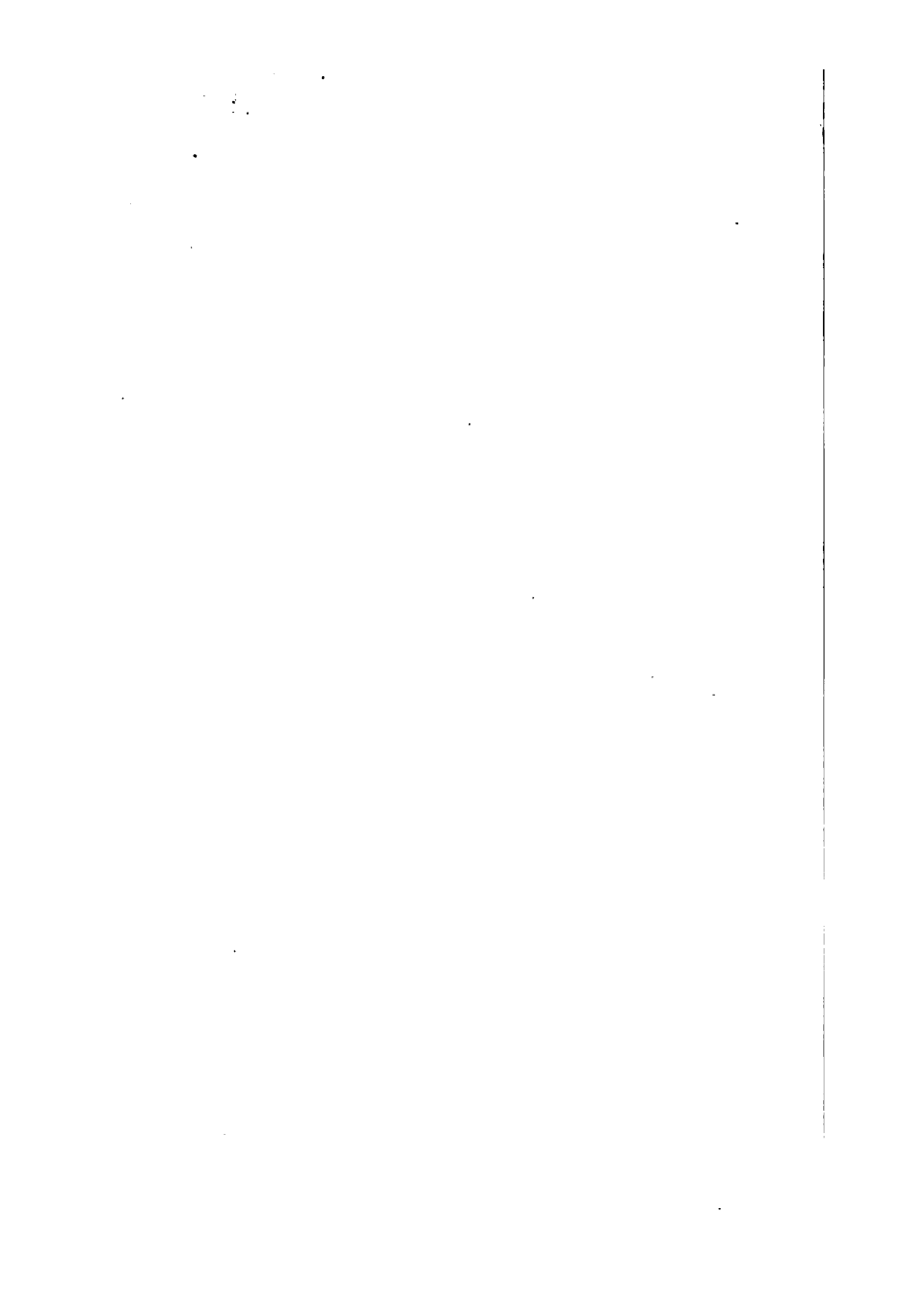
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INTRODUCTORY ESSAY.

IF we were to say what is the principal quality of the volume of Poems to which this is the Preface, we should say it was their Pre-Raphaelite truthfulness, simple natural painting, and entire freedom from the sensational element which has become so rife in the present day.

No word so common in the present day as Sensational. We hear of the sensational in the pulpit, the newspaper, the poem, the novel, dress, architecture, public religious worship, and a hundred other things. It is often said to be an age of sensation ; and the highest compliment to any one man, or any one book, or any one thing, is that it has made a sensation. Some speak even as if Sensationalism only began during the present century. This, however, is a great mistake. Sensation and Sensationalism have long—nay, perhaps always, existed. The Sophists in ancient Greece were sensational teachers. They raised Philosophy from earth to heaven—lifted

her up, and lost her in the golden clouds of a beautiful but bewildering theosophy ; whereas Socrates came after them, and took her down again, stript of garnish, and cleared of mysticism, from heaven to earth. Claudian and Lucca among the Romans were sensational poets, dealing in flights of fancy, and splendid, though somewhat forced metaphors. Apollos even in the early Church, is thought by some to have been a little sensational in his preaching, and hence, in part, his great popularity. Cephas had little chance with him ; and as to Paul, he was thought hardly his match. Even as we have heard of a worthy old Seceder, who was praising very highly the late excellent Dr. Stark of Denny, and who, when a person said " I suppose the Apostle Paul himself was scarcely equal to this great Dr. Stark," replied, " Jimp, sir, jimp." Jeremy Taylor was turned into ridicule by the splenetic South as a sensational preacher, notwithstanding all his great and granted genius. In the last century there was a very flowery preacher called Orator Henley, who produced quite as strong a sensation in another way, as Edward Irving. Even George Whitfield sometimes indulged in sensationalisms as worthy of Spurgeon—as when denouncing the denominational element in Churches, and the sectarian spirit it produced—he suddenly paused, looked up to Heaven, and said, " Father Abraham, are there any Episcopalians in Heaven?" and (changing his tone) made Abraham

reply "No." Are there any Presbyterians in Heaven?" "No," in a yet louder tone. "Father Abraham, are there any Seceders in Heaven?" "Oh no, no, no, no." In the commencement of this century there was a very eloquent and decidedly sensational preacher in Edinburgh, in the Relief Church, called Struthers, whose effects are said to have been equal to any on the stage, and who, especially in a sermon on the death of Nelson and the battle of Trafalgar, and yet more by his repetition of the watchword of the day, "England expects every man to do his duty," thrilled his audience, consisting of the *élite* of Edinburgh, as much as Garrick or Kean ever could have done. Later still, Chalmers, Irving, and Spurgeon—all excellent—have all been in different degrees, sensational preachers. And so was Dean Thuwan before them in Ireland; and so in London, Bellew for a while was a sensational, and nothing but a sensational preacher—the most beautiful of readers, if he had had anything of his own to read; the most powerful of speakers, if he had had anything to say. In the newspaper press, we have the writers in the London *Telegraph*—and even the *Saturday Review*, while often preaching against Sensationalism, does so in sensational language, and reminds us of a thief catching a thief. When we come to our Novelists, we are quite confounded and overwhelmed by the names of the Wilkie Collins', the Reades, the Victor Hugos, and the Miss Braddons who crowd on our recollection,

and who have almost succeeded in eclipsing the classical novelists of the age, such as Scott and Bulwer, Dickens and Thackeray. We read the other day one of the best of this class, "Monte Cristo," certainly with immense surprise, if not with infinite delight. It is an endless accumulation of astonishing events. Your organ of Wonder was kept in a state of constant activity, and what will or can come next was your continual cry. It seemed another and a more gigantic dream of the "Arabian Nights." Often it threatened to turn wearisome; but just at the moment it was becoming so, another marvel appeared, like a new Alpine summit rising suddenly above the head of inferior hills, and your interest was again awakened. Still at the close you rise bewildered, unsatisfied, and feel that you are never likely to attempt its perusal again, and feel it a luxury to return to your old Waverley Novels and Shakespeares once more.

Ritualism, again, is the sensational in religion. In painting, John Martin was a gigantic and systematic sensationalist, as any one can see evidenced in his "Plains of Heaven," and "The Great Day of His Wrath is Come;" and so was Danby, the painter of "The Opening of the Sixth Seal." And in poetry there have been, and are many of this school. Byron was decidedly a sensational poet, and created a school of Satanic sensationalists. Moore was an Anacreontic sensationalist; producing effects by entracting the

poetic fumes of love and wine. Swinburne, the modern Catullus, with a dash of Lucretius in him, mixes up sensualism, sensationalism, and poetry, into a most extraordinary compound—beauty and blasphemy, sweet savours and stench being mingled and confused together. Even Tennyson began with a mixture of sensationalism in his verse, although there is none of it now. His "Sirens" having sung their last, and given place to "Guinevere," and his "Merman Bold" having made himself scarce, that "King Arthur," "Arthur Hallam," and "Enoch Arden" may take his room.

The question may here be raised, what is to be done with the sensational element in literature and in the world generally? It cannot altogether, at least in the meantime, be eliminated from them. It has been so long in existence as to imply some root in human nature; and has been so closely entwined with everything, as to render separation a delicate and difficult operation—almost as much so as to cut the cord between the Siamese twins. We don't see on the whole what can be done, but to make the best of it, to keep it in moderation, to avoid its more absurd extremes, and to curtail its broader and more flaunting phylacteries. Its extravagances in preaching should be restrained, and its power retained and regulated. The ridiculous modes it has introduced into dress and so forth, are fast curing themselves. Probably the best cure for

Ritualism were a wise improvement and gradual beautification of our public Church services. When two or three years ago we saw Dr. Vaughan's Church in Doncaster—everything about it—the richly painted windows, the grand organ, the floor, and pews, and reading desks, were all so elegant, yet so chaste and simple, that we thought with a sigh, why cannot we introduce more of this into Scotland? Here verily is the "Beauty of Holiness." In this shrine a glorified saint might kneel. To that window, blushing as with sacred blood, an angel might look up with adoration, and yet there is not a rag of ritualism about it all. And the excellent Dr. is known to be not High—but Low, if not Broad Church. Just as the true cure for Revolution is Reform; so, in our judgment, the true remedy for the fooleries and millineries becoming so common, is a better, more beautiful, and artistic form of worship among ourselves.

In Literature, Sensationalism has done good as well as evil. It has for ever banished dullness and long-windedness from our style of writing. It has obliged even those who disdain sensational expedients and tricks, to employ a pointed, and when needful, passionate and bloodwarm mode of expressing their feelings. Because the *Telegraph* writes sensationally, other papers are compelled to write spiritedly. Homer might in his day nod, or even more, but such a privilege is not granted now to any, from our Homers down to the

editors of our halfpenny newspapers. They must all be wide awake, or at all events, sleep with their eyes open.

In Scotch poetry there has not been much of the sensational element. What can be more thoroughly in contrast with it than Allan Ramsay's "Gentle Shepherd," with its pastoral quiet, its serene light, like that of an everlasting autumn shining upon Habbie's Howe; where you hear no sounds save that of the rippling stream, the bleat of the sheep upon the braes, or the tramping of lasses in their tubs; where all is so primitive, so peaceful, and so pure? In Burns too, with all his passion and boundless spirit, we have little that is sensational. The nearest approach to it is in his description of the contents of the Holy Table in "Tam O'Shanter." Campbell has none of it, and has, to his immortal honour, produced the most splendid effects, touched the deepest chords of the heart, in "O'Connor's Child," and "Gertrude of Wyoming," and risen to the loftiest heights of imaginative eloquence in "Lochiel's Warning," and "The Last Man," without any effort, or any use of dubious or over-exciting, and extravagant materials. Scott has very little of the sensational in either his poetry or prose. The death of Front de Bœuf, in "Ivanhoe," and some parts of "Peveril," approach it in the one; and Brian the Hermit, in the "Lady of the Lake," is a sensational, though a very striking character in the other. And

none of our lesser, but true bards, such as Hogg, (unless in his "Tale of Macgregor") Delta, Cunningham, (except in "Michael Scott") Robert Nicol, Thomas Aird, Professor Wilson; and song writers, such as Tannahill, Lady Nairne, Robert Gilfillan, William Thom, or the "Whistle Binkie" men are in the slightest degree tinged with it. There is something that seems repulsive to Sensationalism in the direct, homely, and veracious cast of the Scottish mind, and in the modest, undemonstrative depth of the Scottish heart.

In the Poems that follow, as already hinted, those who look for the exaggeration, the glaring colours, the hairbreadth escapes from bottomless nonsense, the constant strain and stress of sensational writing, may look long, and in vain. Indeed, the great peculiarity of this writer, is less rich fancy or lively wit, than its intense truthfulness to Nature. This is especially the case with his principal poem, entitled "Auld Yule." It is a long, sober, and chastened "Jolly Beggars," without the rant, jollity, or daring imagination, or wild humour, of that extraordinary production, but equally true to the characters and scenes described. Thus the "Stranger's Tale" would be thought a little tedious, and destitute of stirring interest, were it not redeemed by the intrinsic photographic fidelity of certain of its passages. Let us quote two or three :—

"True to our tryst we met, and baith were fain
To ha'e a canny clatter o' our ain ;
We left the toun, a pair o' lovers we,
And dander'd downward couthie to the sea.
The nicht was clear, and eke the bonny moon
Her mellow licht was kindly sheddin' down ;
Across the sea the siller ripples flash'd,
And playfu-like the sandy border wash'd ;
The queen o' nicht had roun' her gracefu' flung
Her clond-wove scarf, whase fringes floatin' hung
On either side, and, shinin' as a gem,
O'er heaven conspicuous show'd its siller hem ;
It was an hour when a' the powers above
Had sworn their fealty to the God o' Love."

This is just simple painting. There is equal nature, and a little more art in the following sketch of a queer character.

"Anither was as queer a chiel, I'se swear,
As ever walked the yirth, or breathed the air,
No passin' twenty, but, to paint his like,
Nae art ha'e I that could the picture strike.
His verra look was laughter, and his speech
Language on stilts that scorn'd the vulgar's reach ;
And when wi' passin' hit he garr'd it flee,
Sae lang the words, and pitch'd in sic a key,
That folks were fain to stap their lugs and rin,
Bumbazed and beat wi' this mysterious din.
A face he had a' ither faces dang,
Or fat, or flabby, gousty, short, or lang,
A' shapes it took o' terror and o' fun,
And wark was up whane'r his pranks begun ;
And then he sang wi' sic a drollish air,
He garr'd us laugh till troth our chafts were sair ;
O, mony a nicht Jock keepit us in spunk
When plunged in care, our spirits else had sunk."

One more life-like picture of a herd laddie.

"The greedy kye gaed sklentint to the corn,
And mony a prayer was mine that it were shorn ;
But when the hairst was by, and a' the crap
Was snug aneath their cozy rashen hap,
To pu' the neeps ilk mornin' I was sent,
And that my dirlin' fingers smartly kent ;
Syne a' day plashin' out the gutters, e'en
My feet were sypin thro' my feckless shune.
And cauld and hungry, when I ventured in,
Wi' dreppin clouts that clappit to my skin,
Nane bade the herdie welcome to the fire—
They thocht 'twas plenty if he gat his hire ;
Ahint folk's backs, my cappie in my hand,
Wi' dead-cauld sowen's, as teuch's a widdy-wand,
My supper thus, I slunk syne to my bed,
Abeen a laft that roofed an auld cart shed,
Where rottens squeakit a' the lee lang night,
And trottit ower me till the mornin' light.

The smaller poems are of various merit—some of them, such as "Lizzy," "Aggy Bell," and "Mary the Maid o' the Don," being very sweet, simple, and natural. We quote one entitled a

SONG.

Come let us tae the heather hills,
An' breathe the cauler air ;
An' lat the voice o' gladsome rills,
Oor freedom forth declare.
Then let us leave the smoky toun—
We'll lay the spade an' hammer down,
An' gar this day rin gaily roun',
Far oot o' sicht o' care.

Come a' wha like, we mak nae odds,
Gif manly worth ye've got ;
The fustin jacket tak's oor like,
As weel's the braw dress coat.
An' brithers a', we will be fain
Tae speak, an' act, an' feel as men ;
We nichtna come sae close again—
Sae tie the social knot.

Ye high an' low, whan side by side,
The gowden truth shall see,
The gap in feelin's nae sae wide,
As faes wad hae't tae be.
Twa aiks are ye whase roots entwine—
Then friendly lat yer trunks incline :
What finer sight than see ye join—
Tho' twa, yet ae braid tree ?

Come hasten frae the city, haste ;
The sunbeams glory fling
Oot owre the earth—frae wood an' waste,
A hunder minstrels sing.
Come forth—this day is a' oor ain—
Wood, wild, an' water, hill, an' plain,
Shall hear a deeper, richer strain,
Than city bells can ring.

But it is not our business to extract any farther, but to recommend the volume to our readers. The author's unfortunate career has been told in another part of the volume, and we need not do more than allude to it here. The productions he has left, are enough to show a man of very considerable natural powers of observa-

tion, and minute, faithful limning—to excite grief on account of his misfortunes and failings—and to suggest the nobler proofs of genius he might have given, had his life been spent better, and been further prolonged.

GEORGE GILFILLAN.

DUNDEE, *2nd March*, 1869.



INDEX.

	PAGE.
AULD YULE—	
First Night, - - - - -	1
Second Night, - - - - -	65
MISCELLANEOUS POEMS and SONGS—	
A Visit to Grannie, - - - - -	113
Epistle to Wm. Thom, the Inverurie Poet, - - -	125
Whaur art thou gane, my Willie dear? - - -	129
Lizzy, - - - - -	129
Mary, the Maid o' the Don, - - - - -	130
Aggy Bell, - - - - -	131
Awake, arise love! - - - - -	132
Share sma', an' sair a', - - - - -	133
I hae a lass mysel, - - - - -	135
O Johnny, my darlin' - - - - -	136
Weel, Aunty, I've been down the glen, - - -	137
Address to May, - - - - -	138
Come let us tae the heather hills, - - - - -	139
On the death of two children, - - - - -	140
Fragment—The gowden tassels o' the broom, -	142
Sunrise, - - - - -	142
Balgownie's Braes, - - - - -	143
What is Love? - - - - -	143
Death, and the Pale Horse, - - - - -	145
Ode to the Stars, - - - - -	146
The Seasons, - - - - -	148
O the bonnie waving corn, - - - - -	149
As lang as Dona's rocky stream, - - - - -	150
Thro' a' the ups an' downs o' life, - - - - -	151
Noo the woody vales around, - - - - -	152

	PAGE.
Dearest Helen, - - - - -	153
May Tyrant an' Bigot doun fa', - - - - -	154
The Auld Man's Lament, - - - - -	155
O! do not leave me now, - - - - -	156
Composed for the Anniversary of the Well of Spa Tem- perance Society, - - - - -	157
Lanely Dells, - - - - -	159
The Knowehead, - - - - -	159
The Valley of the Isla, - - - - -	161
My Cronies, we've sitten owre lang at the yill, - - - - -	170
O weary fa' that wae fu' drink, - - - - -	171
Hydoria, - - - - -	172
Farewell, O my Country, - - - - -	173
When Joy and Health were on our side, - - - - -	173
Rob Green o' the Mains, - - - - -	174
The Husband's Dream, - - - - -	176
The Ivy Brae, - - - - -	178
O wha could see? - - - - -	179
Arise, ye Scots! - - - - -	180
Will ye come tae the mools, my Mary? - - - - -	181
Aggy Lee, - - - - -	182
Peggy Donaldson, - - - - -	183
The Immortality of Love, - - - - -	185
The Rover's last Fight, - - - - -	186
Ode to Fortune, - - - - -	191
Willie Maut, - - - - -	192
Isabel, - - - - -	192
Cobbler Puns, - - - - -	193
Ye're no as ye used tae be, Jamie, - - - - -	196
The Veil, - - - - -	197
Jeanie, o' Fiddochside, - - - - -	197
The Bonnet Blue, - - - - -	199
To Eliza, - - - - -	200
O wilt thou be a Rover's bride? - - - - -	201
Rubislaw Dell, - - - - -	202
My Gude Braidsword, - - - - -	203
Jessie, - - - - -	204
Solitary Musings, - - - - -	205

INDEX.

xix

	PAGE.
Stanzas—Repress not thou the heartfelt tears, -	206
O lanely, lanely by the brook, - - -	207
O Jamie, do ye mind the bower? - - -	208
The voice of Her we love, - - -	210
Britherhood, - - -	210
Caledonians, hear my words! - - -	213
Wake, my love, - - -	214
O fare thee well! - - -	215
Come, sit ye down, - - -	216
O wha do I lo'e best? - - -	217
Come ye tae the door, - - -	218
Emily, - - -	219
I sudna be lippen'd wi' Geordie, - - -	220
Lat ithers roun' the cappie thrang, - - -	221
Young Jamie Gray had courted lang, - - -	222
Upon the Banks o' Isla, - - -	223
Alone by the grave of my Jamie I wander, - - -	223
Fragment—I love to hear the hearty wind, - - -	224
Via Vitæ, - - -	225
FRAGMENTS OF AN UNFINISHED POEM "THE WORLD"—	
Drunkenness, - - -	227
Human Sympathy, - - -	228
Philosophy, - - -	229
Avarice and Care, - - -	229
Life, - - -	230
Imposture, - - -	231
Glory, - - -	231
Doubt, - - -	231
Pride and Death, - - -	232
Corruption, - - -	232
Innocence, &c., - - -	233
Prejudice, - - -	233
Disease and Filth, - - -	234
Death, - - -	234
EPIGRAMS, - - -	235
SONNETS—	
To a Contented Poor Old Man, - - -	236
Evening, - - -	236

	PAGE.
Solitude, - - - - -	237
To the Memory of John Innes, - - - - -	237
Contentment in Old Age, - - - - -	238
The Star of Hope, - - - - -	238
To be free, - - - - -	239
Immortality of the Soul, - - - - -	239
Summer, - - - - -	240



SKETCH

OF THE

LIFE OF WILLIAM KNIGHT.

WILLIAM KNIGHT, author of the following Poems, was born in 1825, near Portgordon, County of Banff. He was the illegitimate son of a landed proprietor in Aberdeenshire. Little is known of his childhood, until the death of his grandfather, with whom he resided, after which event his mother and he removed to Fife-Keith. He was sent to the Parish School of Keith, where he received the rudiments of an excellent education, under the late Mr. James Smith, to whom in after years he dedicated his poem "The Valley of the Isla." When at School he was regarded by his teacher and classmates, as a boy of unusually brilliant parts. He generally stood at the head of his class. Even when at School, he began to turn his attention to the investigation of Philosophic subjects. His opinions on the social and political questions of the day were eagerly sought after by older heads than his own.

Keith, like almost every other Scottish village, had a circle of wiseacres, who met frequently for the discussion of "affairs of Kirk and State," and even subjects of a scientific nature were often under their consideration — Mesmerism, Phrenology, and Electro-Biology, occasionally formed part of their speculations. These worthies found in young Knight an eager and intelligent companion and coadjutor. Doubtless his early mingling with men of this class had tended to develop the powers of his mind, and helped to the acquisition of that rich and varied stock of knowledge of men, manners, society, and the higher branches of study, with which his works show him to have been familiar.

It is believed that his father recognised the boy as possessing uncommon ability, and that he intended to have procured a commission for him in the Navy. Circumstances however of a domestic nature are said to have altered his father's purpose, and led to young Knight's having to leave his paternal home, where he resided for some time, without any provision being made for him. He returned again to Fife-Keith, and lived with his mother—sought the companionship of the old circle, and studied harder than ever. The people in the district say still that the village gossips used to shake their heads as he moved out and in among them, at this period, and called him a "wonderfu' laddie."

A romantic story is still rife in the locality, of his having fallen in love with a kinswoman of his own; but in this, as in many similar cases, "the course of true love did not run smooth." Whatever was the case at the outset, latterly the lady preferred the suit of a less poetic swain, and afterwards became his wife, and emigrated to Canada.

The first season of love-making and disappointment, with its heart-sickness over, our author seems to have resolved to drown sorrow, by plunging into hard work and study. About the summer of 1843, his mother removed to Aberdeen, and he accompanied her. They took up their residence in a humble dwelling in Canal Road. Knight was not long in the City ere he began to seek out genial companions. To realise his work in this respect was to him no difficult task. At this period of his career, political problems engaged, nay entirely absorbed the minds of the great body of the working classes. The leaders in the different political clubs, then in active operation in the City, soon became Knight's daily companions. It will not be difficult to see that such men would put a high value on the society of a youth possessed of his brilliant and varied accomplishments; while he, on the other hand, would find both gratification and profit in the interchange of ideas and thoughts that he found among them. For sometime after his arrival in town he had no definite means of earning a livelihood. His

mother was justly proud of her boy; and we have heard her express confident hopes that some day or other he would be able to render services by which he would signalise himself. She was a calm, clear-minded, intelligent woman; had been accustomed from her infancy to hard work; it was therefore no difficulty to her, and she did not seem in the least displeased to work for her own and her son's maintenance—until, as she would say, something good would turn up for him. He became the daily visitor of certain shoemakers' workshops, where he would now read, while they wrought, and anon engage in conversation and discussion on some one or other of the all engrossing topics of the period. In this way he picked up, by mere observation, such a knowledge of the shoemaker's craft as enabled him to earn the means of a very humble subsistence; still it was a kind of life that had to him many charms. He admired its independence, and luxuriated in the opportunities it afforded for reading, conversation, discussion, and criticism, which constituted the mental aliment on which he and his companions lived. It was in one of these workshops in George Street that we first heard him express his determination to obtain a classical education. His plan was simple, although to most people the difficulties would have appeared insuperable. As nearly as we can recollect them, we quote his own words—"I can surely save as muckle as will

tak me to St. Andrews by the Steamboat," (at the time the Steamers from Aberdeen called at the Fife seaport towns on their way to Granton), "and if" said he "I canna dae that, I can tak a piece in my pouch and tramp it." The latter course, we believe, was his luck ; and he did tramp it, and after the usual competition at St. Andrews, he gained a bursary : the amount was not large, but it was eked out, when the classes were up, sometimes by private teaching, and at other times by shoemaking. He intended to qualify himself for the Medical profession, towards which, at this time, his thoughts were wholly directed ; but the impossibility of procuring the necessary funds seems to have compelled him to abandon his original design. His studies continued over three sessions, but we have frequently heard him remark that it was not of so much advantage to get education at College as many people suppose. At any rate, not to those whose mental constitutions are so framed, as he believed his own to have been, to fit them rather to carry on the work of their own education, by the exercise of those methods described by the terms "self instruction," "self teaching," and so on. On this subject Knight gives his views, in a passage of a letter, which seems to have been written to a friend in Aberdeen, during one of the sessions he attended College, but it is without either a date or the name of his correspondent. He writes—

"I am at present studying Chemistry, and here too I find that no body can teach me so well as myself. It is somewhat strange, but none the less true, that allow me to hear the instructions of another, they will pass through my mind almost unheeded, even when I do my utmost to bend my attention thither ; but give me the book, no matter how complex soever the subject of my study may be, and ten to one I will master it by myself. The reason I assign for this is, that when hearing another, the first striking idea he conveys starts a corresponding one in me, and I go on theorising, without further notice being taken of the instructor's prelections : this may be a defect, but it has more than counter-balancing advantages."

After leaving College, he again returned to Aberdeen, and was frequently employed by Messrs Adam and Anderson, Advocates, who were then engaged in the preliminary operations connected with the construction of the Railway south of the City. This work being finished, he then obtained a situation in the office of the late Mr. A. Torrie, Advocate, where, although in receipt of a small salary, he was enabled to add to his stock of scientific instruments and books.

It is noteworthy that our Author seems to have made his greatest poetical efforts at such times as he was least successful in a pecuniary point of view. He frankly admitted that there was considerable aptness in a jocular remark, made to him one day by a friend,

"Knight, you are never all emptiness, your brain teems with rhyme, as your pocket *teems of rhino*." However this may be, certain it is that when in remunerative employment, in Aberdeen and Edinburgh, he wrote very little. Whether it was that like Fergusson—

"Law's musty arts
Ill suited his poetic parts,"

we cannot tell ; but after about a year spent in the office of Mr. Torrie, we next find him engaged in the workshop of Mr. Duncan, Optician, Union Street, devoting his time to the practical part of the science, and from the wonderful facility he possessed in the use of tools of several kinds, would doubtless, in a short time, have been able to support himself in this congenial pursuit. The sudden and melancholy death of Mr. Duncan put an end to this employment, and we find him again among his old associates—the shoemakers.

Between the years 1846 and 1851, he seems to have wrought principally at shoemaking, and in the latter part of 1851 we find him writing to his friend in Manchester, Mr. Alexander Watt, an Aberdeen shopmate of his. The extract we make, shows at once how precarious were his means of living, and yet how ardently he devoted himself to the cultivation of his poetical and other gifts :—

"As to myself, what with this thing to-day, and

another thing to-morrow, I contrive to eke out an existence, and to devote a few hours to the cultivation of the *crambo clink*—this last goes on amazingly. The “Forenicht” has already swelled to the unusual length of 1150 lines, and is not finished. Several pieces of less note, have been written, and entered among the *élite* of my compositions. I hope you shall hear them soon. . . . I have written no new song these two weeks, but to keep you oot o’ languor, have sent you a few stanzas as an indirect hit anent Emigration, and also a song, made some time after returning from Edinburgh, which you may sing to its own tune. I am vain of the compliment you pay to ‘Kathleen.’ . . . Work has been dull for a long time in Aberdeen, and is yet only beginning to promise better things. I delivered a lecture on the ‘Genius and Writings of Robert Nicol,’ in Union Hall, to an audience of forty three. It was the best thing of the kind I ever attempted, and the worst company ever I saw there assembled, both for numbers and appearance. . . . A—— D—— keeps a book-stall in the New Market. I go thither, and read standing, or, in other words, clandestinely. He and his stall are a mighty acquisition to my enjoyments. I have at last made out the affair I have been so long hunting after—that is, an achromatic object glass. I constructed one to-day, (Thursday), two inches diameter, which performs admirably; and, by the time you visit us, I will have it in my power, I think, to give you a glower through a telescope seven feet long, and having a glass six inches in

diameter. Indeed, the large glass is about complete ; one of them, I should rather say—for there will be two. This is perhaps uninteresting to you, and perhaps not ; I wrote it, thinking that it might. . . . You say that you may never see Bob again. Were you not sorry, as it were, when you thought so ? I cannot bear to part with a person with whom I have been, even for a short time, on terms of intimacy, without feeling regret ; and did I not know that the exposition of the best feelings is misconstrued to something different from what it signifies, I could not help showing it very frequently.”

In another letter to the same correspondent, dated March, 1852, it would seem that there is little improvement in the Poet's worldly estate, as the following somewhat humourous and grotesque extract shows :—

“I was making shoes since I left the Bishop's school ; but, what will I turn to next ? At present, I am Kit-maker—having fairly beat Reiry out of the field with Box Wheels. I have had a very good week, and am continuing still to follow the same legitimate calling. . . . One Lewis, a black man, was in Aberdeen a few months ago, giving lectures on Mesmerism ; and, as the subject was interesting to me, I was at some pains prosecuting the study of it, having operated on several successfully, so far as rigidity of the limbs, freedom from pain, &c., was

concerned. Well, this being prefaced, on New-Year's Day night, I went to the New Market, pretty well to live, as the saying is, and having perceived a side of beef hanging at Knowles's stand, I set to superinduce upon said beef a state of coma. How long I had remained staring at the carcase, Heaven knows, but J—— M'D—— and Spouse, entering the Market, noticed me making passes and other tomfooleries belonging to the craft of Mesmer, and got me along with them. In going out, however, I exchanged an apple for a potatoe, with a woman in the Market; and giving J—— an orange, gave the wife the potatoe, pretending it was an apple. I knew nothing of the matter until next morning, when the potatoe was shown me, and two large tooth-marks visible in the side of it, which Mary, in her haste to gobble up, had inflicted on the afore-mentioned esculent. Two weeks ago, the Well of Spa folks had a soiree and ball, in which I figured, and no mistake—dancing until folks stared, and swinging till I myself was blind. At same soiree were sung three songs of mine—to wit, 'Kathleen,' 'The Knowe-head,' and the 'Warrior's Address to his Sword.' Coming out now, you see. Have sent you copies to keep you out of languor. Have I done right? The two warlike songs besides, are, I think, the sort to please you. Say yes, in your next. . . I am just now reading that glorious poem, 'The Fairie Queene,' of Spenser's, and what have I found therein, think ye? Why, nothing less than the best parts of John Bunyan's 'Pilgrim's Progress.' It is evident,

notwithstanding the Bedford Jail affair—where Bunyan is said to have written his *Pilgrim*—he must have been well acquainted with Spenser's Poem, ere he was put there. This poem is indeed, a rare piece of excellence.

. . . Will it be interesting to you to know that I now believe myself master of German, and French, and Latin? have commenced the study of Hebrew, resumed my study of Greek, and can smatter away at Italian? What next? Surely a day will come when these acquirements will be useful. At all events, come or no, the study of these things is a pleasure worth pursuing. And I am vexed and angry at the fool who dins into my ears the eternal 'O, what use?' while he perhaps, is the same in everything, as his acquaintance knew him a dozen years ago. Without egotism—and I do possess my share—I declare that I am the only one of all my acquaintance (I may put you among the number) who has enjoyed life in reality. And the main support of my idiosyncrasy is, that when others, trusting to their mental acquirements, have overlooked the more humble, though more necessary duties of living, and thereby starved, I have been ever ready to seize hold of a hammer or an awl, and live in spite of fate; and keep my acquirements, what kind soever they are, to myself, for my enjoyment, or to my friend, for edification. This you know to be true."

In another letter, written shortly after the foregoing, Knight's tender sympathy for his correspondent during a period of sickness, is thus expressed :—

"It seems then that you would have visited Aberdeen ere now, had you been in a condition, as to clothes and money, to attempt it. I have not much, God knows, but it would be very ill on my part did I not do my endeavour to help you out of this dilemma. You did not stickle to help me in my difficulty. Send word what the passage is, and I pledge myself to send the amount without delay. If in the interim, any thing else which would be useful to you, and which my suggestion shall arrive at, shall not be overlooked. I trust there will be no false pride manifested on your part in this affair."

Referring to his own pursuits, he says :—

"In the poetical world I am progressing, and I believe it is the only world I will ever progress in ; yet who needs care ?—there are few worlds can boast of so fair prospects."

The letter from which we are quoting contains the first distinct allusion to his preparation of "Auld Yule," at which time he was about twenty seven years of age:—

"I however hope to have a book *entirely my own*, to show you (in manuscript though) some of these winter evenings. Only a few hair-breadth escapes, privations, disappointments, &c., communicated from you, as happened to yourself, may be useful here and there throughout the tale, which purports to be the

Autobiography of a Craft, delivered to the inmates of a house in the Spittal, round a winter evening fire. More of this production at Christmas and the New Year time. . . I have not ceased to study now and then ; and I may tell you, without subjecting myself to the odium of vanity, that I can now read both Italian and German—the former fluently, the latter without much difficulty. I have translated Dante's *Inferno* or *Hell*, and my mind has actually acquired a new sense of the dismal and the horrible. Milton, generally, is most successful in fearful and grand description, when he veils the object of his contemplation, as it were, in a mist—witness his picture of *Death*, *Darkness*, *Satan's approach to the Sleeping Eve*, &c. Dante, on the other hand, makes his figures assume a distinctness, almost amounting to the painful. The poem partakes largely of the theological superstitions of the time ; notwithstanding, it will continue to be read and studied by the best minds, as long as paper and type can transmit its contents. I have likewise studied lately the science of *Commerce*, and I don't know but it is the field in which I ought in future to walk. It certainly does require a good deal of observance and tact, but I think these are the fundamental requisites. I have been experimenting with the *camera obscura*, attempting likenesses, but am far behind many of my acquaintances."

Between 1853 and 1856, different communications to his friend, Mr. Watt, inform us that our Author

had removed to Edinburgh with his mother, but nothing in the letters that passed between them about that time, throws much light on his career. We know that he was for a time employed in the Writing Chambers of a leading firm there, but that he left that place, and betook himself to his never-failing resource of Shoemaking. His musical taste, to which as yet we have not referred, comes out very clearly in the following extract from a letter, written in 1856 :—

“Edinburgh is now a famed place for musical performances, and an impetus has been given to the revival of the national music. No less than thirty Strathspey and Reel players having more than once performed to crowded audiences, in the Dunedin Hall, beside the Post-office, in Nicolson Street. If you recollect, it was a free and easy, under the name of the York Hotel, when we were here together. But not only is it to the cultivation of Scottish Music that the inhabitants of Edinburgh have directed their attention. German instrumentalists, twenty or thirty in number, under a talented professor, Herr Gungl, perform twice a-week ; and some of the most famous violinists of the age are here now and then. I heard the famed Remenyi, who is said to rival Paganini, and certainly his performance was extraordinary. His command over his instrument was perfect, and the quality of his intonation, even when his fingers were almost on the bridge, was full of music—a circumstance that I never knew to attend any other performer on the

violin whatever. . . . On Friday night, I was at supper in George Square, and (my vanity prompts me to record the fact) played a solo, (Weber's last Waltz) on the flute, which was rapturously applauded. I was encored, but chose rather to play a Scottish tune than the auld thing owre again. I gave them the 'Flowers of Edinburgh,' and what is the result? I must now sing for my supper four nights of this week, in four different places; after which I shall play no more at parties, else I should soon turn itinerant fifer."

Shortly after this, from the best information within our reach, we infer that Knight returned to the North of Scotland, and was chiefly employed making shoes and verses. Between 1857 and 1861, he collected and re-wrote a considerable part of his manuscript, which was frequently jotted down on old scraps of paper, and left here and there, wherever he happened in his wanderings to be sojourning. In March, 1862, the following letter to Mr. Watt, throws some light on his whereabouts and circumstances :—

" My dear Sandy,—I received your far-travelled epistle about ten days since—it having been sent to New Pitsligo, thence on to Banff, where the stupid postman or other official mis-sent it round the coast to New Pitsligo again. I left N. P. more than four months ago, and have been in Banff ever since. I waited long and anxiously for a letter from you, but finally despaired of ever having that pleasure. In

fact, I thought you did not wish to write me ; but your excuse was too good, and I was sufficiently happy even to hear from you at the eleventh hour. I trust, however, all your folks are recovered by this time, as this leaves me in excellent health. I was aware of my poor mother's death before I got your information, having been in correspondence with Lindsay for a considerable time before, and learned occasionally how she was. I am working with my cousin, who has a fine trade here, and I am wonderfully comfortable. I am woman's man, and the work is got up in the first style, both as to design and quality. You remarked in your letter that I had said I was about coming to Aberdeen. I did say I had an intention of visiting the town, but it was on purpose to see my mother only. I had no farther notion of being resident longer than a day or two. Many of our common acquaintances, I daresay, are removed one way or another, since I left town, which is nearly three years ago. Some dead, and some gone to other quarters. But as you promised me something like an abstract of local news, I wait with some impatience to receive it ; and let it be as minutely graphic as those narrations you used to favour me with now and then, from England. (I have them yet, by the way.) Of course, you will not forget to mention all the members of *snobdom seriatum*. Also, give me some account of your own habits of thought and feeling this twelvemonth or two. As to myself, I am still going along as heretofore, barring the drink, as the Irishman would

say. I seldom or ever touch it now, but then I have no temptation. There is not such a thing as the great fuddle known here, and if an isolated victim does appear, which is sometimes the case, he is forced to go under cover very quickly. One main cause of giving it up when the funds are done, is that here there are no pawns, big or wee, whereby anything might be made available. God bless me, speaking of pawns, do not omit to tell me of W—— T——. Many a hundred time has he unlocked the doors of W—— G—— for me, poor fellow. But everything comes to an end. He saw the end of my wardrobe; and then I daresay I might have said with regard to it, as Hogarth said of his celebrated Tail Piece, 'There will be an end to the Painter too.' I will prognosticate of W——, perhaps there is an end to him also. I left him very ill. Give my kind compliments to your mother, and to your mistress, and to any others who may be kind enough to enquire about me. Write soon, like a good fellow, with a true and particular account, and I shall always be more than happy to send you a bit scrap now and again. With hearty wishes for yourself and folks, I remain, truly yours,—Wm. Knight."

Notwithstanding his erratic habits, Knight found in different Northern towns, always a warm welcome at the firesides of many who felt the influence of his genius, and the fascination of his conversational powers. Amid all his reverses of fortune, these friends stuck

staunchly by him, and among them deserve to be specially noticed, Mr. Lawrence, Keith ; Mr. Fraser, Portsoy ; Mr. Cook, New Pitsligo ; Mr. M'Intosh, Dundee ; and Mr. Mearns, Peterhead ;—all members of the 'gentle craft.' He had left the North again, and seems to have settled for a time in Dundee, in the Infirmary of which town he died, at the age of forty-two, in August 1866. Commentary on the trials and sorrows, he experienced during the last year of his life, could serve no worthy purpose, and we prefer to let him make his last statement about himself in his own words, in a letter written in Dundee Infirmary, to his friend Mr. Cook, New Pitsligo.

“ You will long ago have concluded that I had become regardless of you, and that the old proverb ‘ out of sight out of mind ’ was applicable to my silence. A different matter was the cause. For sometime after I came to Dundee, I had nothing of importance to communicate to you ; the same uniformity of life presented nothing that had anything worthy of sending you notice of, consequently I did not think of writing you. As early as the month of May last, I began to get out of sorts, and was laid up for some weeks, but I got round again, although I could not say that I was restored to my former vigour. I was in comfortable lodgings, and was spending my time both profitably and agreeably, but the fever broke over Dundee like an avalanche, spreading death and ruin in its course.

My lodging-house folks were attacked almost simultaneously. My landlady was carried to the Infirmary; next, her eldest boy. Next, the landlord himself was seized. In the interval, I took in a '*closer*' lad who couldn't get lodgings; but, poor fellow, he was seized with the fever, and died in a day or two after his seizure. Still, I bore up manfully. I cleaned the house, made the breakfast, and fumigated the room with chloride of lime. But now my turn came. I was seized with the fever, and had to be conveyed to this place (the Infirmary), where I have now been for nearly four months, and you will wonder to see a fellow only five days up writing so well as this school-boy scrawl is.

But, after I had recovered from the fever, and was expecting to get out, I was seized with pleurisy, *i.e.*, inflammation of the lining membrane of the breast all round. Then began my trouble. I was wrapped round first with linseed poultice, applied as hot as I could bear, but this had no effect. Then the next application was turpentine cloths; and let never poor sinner endure the torments that these occasioned me! Not satisfied with this, the Doctors, thinking that the end was at hand, would try a last resort, and what did they do but affix a large fly blister to my back and side, which peeled me like an onion! But, unfortunately, while the blister was doing its work, I fell asleep, and, having twisted about, I broke the bladder, and the blister commenced an attack upon the true skin, and made two deep holes in my back.

But, taking all things into consideration, I have wrestled through one of the severest afflictions I was ever in. Yet not scatheless, for my hair is white, and I suffer from incipient asthma, or chronic bronchitis, both of which are unpleasant, if not deadly foes."

Although his career was very checquered, yet he was never known to use his pen for unworthy purposes. It would be wrong, however, to attempt to conceal the fact, that he acquired intemperate habits, which lessened his powers to battle against poverty, or to take a useful place in his day in society. But for this evil habit, he might, and would, no doubt, have both won and adorned almost any position in life; and made his career a joy to himself, and conferred benefits of no common kind on his country.

AULD YULE:

A P O E M.

FIRST NICHT—YULE EVEN.

'Twas Yule, and canty frien's were fain
To meet wi' canty frien's again,
Fling by their cares and toils awae,
And spend a while in mirth and glee.

Baith dull and dreary was the night,
And wreaths o' snaw filled howe to height,
While yonder drift wi' chokin' might,
Wing'd wi' the blast,
Wad garr'd the stievest outer wight
Stand fair aghast.

Within a house, midway between
The Spittal and New Aberdeen,
Braw lads and lasses did convene,
A goodly thrang.
A blither core was never seen
At dance or sang.

But some there are, whene'er they hear
The sound o' pipe or fiddle clear,
Hand up their hands wi' aspect drear,
And sigh and pray ;
And warn douce folks frae comin' near
Sic deevil's play.

Ye fluke-mou'd, cantin' sons o' care,
Whase vera looks alarm the air,
Gin your black hearts were strippet bare,
That men might see,
An uglier lookin' picture there
Wad meet the e'e.

Than sair worn folks, wha thro' the day
Have toiled and bought their liberty,
And now have trudged their knee-deep way
To meet and spend
The night in ithers' company,
And sauls unbend.

But ye ken nought of Honestness,
That fearsna whaur to shaw his face ;
Ye're forced to wear the mask o' grace,
To cheat the crowd,
Wha else your rottenness wad trace,
And rair't aloud.

I carena tho' ye crook your mou',
My hearty sang is no for you ;
We've heard ye pray when ye were fou :
Look to yoursels,
Stand yont, and whatsoe'er ye do,
We'll please oursels.

Oh, happy he whase nose is thin,
And has the gristle near the skin,
He splits the snellest norlin win',
 And cuts the very hailstanes.
He through the neuket thrawart street,
Where eddie winds in brulzie meet,
Comes scaithless, and wi' nimble feet
 Scuds o'er the buried planestanes.

Richt cosh and snug are those within,
They carena for the eerie din
The key-hole's makin' wi' the win',
 Wha tirls in vain to enter.
The cheery gaslight glances keen,
And wantons in the lasses e'en,
Till hearts a-meltin' 'neath the sheen,
 Are saftered to the centre.

The wadin' mune's gane oot o' sight,
And mirker grows the ourlach night,
There's no ae lamp in heaven gi'es light,
 But a' thing's dull and dreary.
Cauld and rough the winds are blawin',
Thro' the air the flags are thrawin',
Thick on door and winnock fa'in—
 A' without 's uncheery.

The wind is risin', hurryin' come,
Big hailstanes skytin' doun the lum,
Some fizzin' i' the fire, and some
 Are dancin' round the ingle.
"Ne'er heed the storm," the gude man spak',
"Let's laugh and joke, and canty crack,
And gif the warld sud gang to wrack,
 We'll thole to hear the jingle.

"Draw in your seats aside the fire,
And let a fiddle be your lyre,
And gie the lasses, till they tire,
 A hearty spring to heat them.
Tho' it be cauld and wet thereout,
And mony a dozen'd tae and snout,
We'll jump and fling and kick about;
 Gif throats be dry, we'll weet them.

"Auld Effy ance could fit it weel,
Be 't hornpipe, strathspey, or reel;
And even yet, tho' no an eel,
 She'll wallop wi' the best o's.
And Willie, ye'll no cast a care,
The snaw is aff, 'tis maistly fair;
Gang for your fiddle, and raise a rair,
 To lasses and the rest o's."

So Willie to this same agreed,
To gi'e the folks a hamely screed,
And aff he set, wi' bickerin' speed,
 A wee bit down the town just.
Ane Sandy Black, a canty cock,
Was aye the first wi' hameower joke,
To rub the rust frae unco folk,
 A harum-scarum loon, just.

Says he, "we've bonny lasses here,
I downa questions like to speir,
But surely it were unco queer,
 And something funny,
Gif we could miss a sang to hear
 Amang sae mony."

But weel did pawkie Sandy see
Wha he wad like a lilt to gie,

And shortly, sittin' on his knee,
His lass began
To sing a sang o' fun and glee,
And thus it ran :—

SONG.

Oh, sic a lad's I gat yestreen
To keep me oot o' langer ;
My minny canna be forgi'en,
I'm boilin' yet wi' anger.

Auld Wattie Gibb cam' totterin' in,
Sair ettlin to look manfu',
And gash'd and leuch, but guid keep me
Frae sic anither han'fu'.

His laverock legs were hardly fit
To mak' whaur he was gaun,
And sair he scrambl'd at the wa',
To keep himsel' frae fa'in'.

Oot cam' his lang tangs o' a hand,
And on my knee he laid it ;
I thought I sud ha' fa'in down,
Sae ghastly-like he spread it.

My mither trampit on my taes,
And aye my ribs she powket,
Atween her elbuck neuk and him,
My heart amaist I kowkit.

She winket aye, and hoastit aye,
For me to tent the knurlin,
But a' my thoughts gaed heels ower head,
Like chaff frae fanners whurlin..

So up I gat, and ben the house,
And left him wi' my mither ;
I thought they were the likest twa
To knot themselves thegither.

The doited body wore awa',
Adown the dykeside danderin' ;
But love might e'en dune something else,
Than put sic wight a-wanderin'.

They ca'd the singer Nelly Weir,
A spunky lass was she, that's clear,
Wi' mony a clap o' hand and cheer
The roofree rang.
And Effy tint her shankin' gear,
Listenin' the sang.

" Oh, sorrow care, that I sud ban,"
Said Effy's funny auld gudeman ;
" Lay by, lay by—your wark can stan',
For a' the sugh.
Ye see it winna keep your han',
Ye've dune aneuch."

Now wi' his fiddle Will comes in,
His skeely fingers try ilk pin,
And, rinnin' o'er the thairms, begin
To put their tae in motion.
But Effy doesna look about,
She's near-hand at the hindmost bout,
And eident drives to mak' it out,
For a' the loud commotion.

The dance begoud wi' Sandy Black,
Whase cheery partner by him stack ;
But Andro Grant was ta'en aback
Wi' Mysie, Effy's oë.

He wanted her to dance wi' him,
But she had ta'en some dorty whim,
And lookit skeigh and dainty prim,
Half bashfu'-like and coy.

At ilka lad she skreigh'd and skirl'd,
And round her hands her apron twirl'd,
And oot and in the strings o't furl'd,
And in the cavie bored her ;
But Effy kenn'd the lassie's heart
Of bygane wounds now felt the smart,
But rather than to tak' her part,
She coost her speck and shored her.

"What sorra noo, ye mim-mou'd thing,
Fine can ye dance and rair and sing,
Get up and try the Highland Fling,
Ye've surely ta'en the spavie.
Gin folks were wantin' you to sit,
Ye'd be the first to shak' your fit ;
I ha'ena, lass, forgotten yet
Your fern-year's splore wi' Davie.

Nae mair the lassie's broo is bent,
Wi' feigned gudewill she gi'es consent,
And to the flure wi' Andro went,
And wi' the dancers mingles.
The bow gaed screevin' o'er the strings,
And mirth and music shook their wings,
Till wi' the birr the girdle rings,
And Effy's crystal jingles.

Now "Monymusk" is deftly play'd,
The "Marquis' Fling," and "Delvinside,"
And "Tullochgorum"—Scotsmen's pride,
And "Bonnie Maggie Crory."

The lasses garr'd their coaties sugh,
And crack'd their thooms, and lap and leuch,
And swang, and flang, and skreekit "hoogh ;"
Their partners gaed encore aye.

But wha in dancin' ere could tire
A lassie touched wi' real Scot's fire,
He might as weel, the fule, aspire
To dance his shadow down just.
Reel followed reel wi' bickerin' haste,
The fiddler played his vera best,
Nor got nor gied a moment's rest,
Till heids were spinnin' roun' just.

The dancers now maun halt awee,
And Effy's real Glenlivat pree.
Glenlivat, thou wha bears the gree
O'er ilka still,
Afore a' drinks, leeze me on thee,
Clear frae the hill.

Or when your sister, Huntly, wi' ye
Unites her charms, I like to see ye,
The carline care ye sune gar flee ye,
Like challenged thief ;
Tho' whiles, indeed, I dinna free ye
To breed mischief.

An antrin glass does unco weel
To cheer the heart and mak' it leal,
Tho' mony an honest wordy chiel
Has cause to rue
The day he first gied drink the kiel,
To mak' him fou.

The table now is thickly spread
Wi' whangs o' cuttit cheese and bread,

And eke the clunkin bottle's laid,
 To clear their roupit weazens.
 But, oh, the lasses—sweet wee mou's—
 The bitin' dram richt mim refuse,
 They pree, I wat, but plead th' excuse—
 'Twad set their heads a-bizzin'.

Blithe lads and lasses, paired in raw,
 Now to the cheese and bannocks fa',
 Wi' gustfu' gab and willin' jaw—
 'Twas cheery-like to see them.
 "I'll sing a verse," said Davie Gunn,
 A wabster blade wha liket fun :
 He redd his thrapple, and began
 Wi' queer grimace to gi'e them :—

S O N G.

I never saw a bonnie lass,
 But what my heart gaed wi' her,
 And I did aye, as far's I could,
 Some ither time to see her.

As aften found, as aften tint,
 There aye was some mischanter,
 For when I thought ane fairly mine,
 Somebody else wud want her ;

Till ance I met wi' Annie Black,
 Wha sudden strack my fancy ;
 Now, tho' her e'e was kittle gleg,
 Her neck was like a tansy.

I kenna what the muckle dool
 I'd seen about the hizzie,
 But sure my e'en were fu' o' motes,
 Or else my heid was dizzy.

Or else I had been at the stoup,
Or else I had been sleepin',
Or else, and troth that's truest like,
She's turn'd waur wi' keepin'.

No ill to woo was this same lass,
Hersel' tuik a' the taave o't ;
And in a week frae she begoud,
She'd dune the muckle half o't.

Soon ahe and I were made ae flesh—
But sic a time's I've had wi't !
I'll never be mysel' again,
My heart's got sic a scad wi't.

A fortnight after weddin' day,
Her tongue like pyet's chackit,
And ere anither raith gaed by,
My chafts the limmer smackit.

Thir seven year gane owre my head,
I've trailed a gay stiff harrow
Wi' chandler-chaftit poverty.
Ye winna see my marrow ;

The puir scawt duds upon my back
Are hinging oot o' ither ;
For fient a steek the vaig will tak',
To keep the bits thegither.

The thriftless jaud has toom'd the house,
And I get a' the blame o't,
Tho', for my bairnies' sake, I'm forced
To live and bear the shame o't.

But I am wearin' aff my feet,
My vera look's disjasket,
And wi' my banes a' stickin' oot,
My body's like a basket.

And gin I chance to slip awa'
(A thing she's no just wantin'),
She will be forced no doubt to clip
The tae wing o' her rantin'.

But unco fain am I to see
The jaud hersel' first streekit ;
Guid send the hour as fast's He can,
For night and day I seek it.

He sang, and wi' the wild applause
The plaster left the tremblin' wa's,
And doun aboot their lugs it fa's,
And stour flees thro' the biggin' ;
For ilka body brawly kent
That Davie's sang was sideways meant
For Kate his wife ; but had she kent,
Guid's mercy 'fend his riggin'.

"Wae worth that tentless laird we hae,"
The auld man said, "the house will gae
To drush about our lugs some day,
Ere we're aware ;
And there will be the De'il to pay,
I muckle fear.

"The laird will no forget his share—
He'll pouch the rent, and look for mair ;
But sud the house need sma' repair,
That costs an hour
O' some puir wright's or mason's care,
He'll e'en look sour.

" My certie, but their ill-faur'd greed
 Has grown up to a height indeed ;
 O' some great change there's muckle need :
 We'll live in hope
 We'll maybe stand to see their heid
 Change wi' their doup.

" But, young folks, ye maun no look glum,
 Ye're no to sit as ye were dumb ;
 Tho' a' the lathe sud harlin come
 Clean frae the wa',
 We'll bourrach in aneath the lum,
 And let it fa'.

" Now, Peggy Graeme, come ye alang,
 And let us ha'e a sweet bit sang—
 To hear your verse I'm thinkin' lang,
 Now that we're calm.
 But dinna gie's a rantin' twang,
 Nor yet a psalm."

This Peggy was a lass divine,
 And had a voice as sweet and fine
 As ever trilled a poet's line,
 Or whispered love at e'enin'.
 She kentna o' their cranky rules,
 That music pedlars hawk thro' schools ;
 She had nae wares frae sic like snools—
 A bairn o' Nature's weanin'.

She didna seek to mak' a fyke,
 Nor tantalisin' haiver ;
 Nor hum'd, nor haw'd, nor, preface-like,
 Made ony curst palaiver ;
 But to her sang wi' native grace,
 Our hearts wi' feelin' touching :

The holy sweetness o' her face
Was perfectly bewitching,
And noiseless sat the eager thrang,
As Peggy Graeme this ditty sang :—

SONG.

Ye're nae as ye used to be, Jamie,
Ye're looks are nae sae kin' ;
An' ye dinna speak to me, Jamie,
As ye were wont langsyne.

The leaf that balmy winds in June
Play roon an' sae mak' o',
Is left to dree October's blasts,
By dykesides daudit low.

Sae fares it noo wi' me, Jamie,
The leaf's sad fate I dree ;
But caulder hearts, an' sharper tongues,
Ha'e wreak'd their rage on me.

But bena ye distant noo, Jamie,
To her ye ance lo'ed dear ;
Oh, gi'e me aye a kindly look,
Sae lang's I'm dwallin' here.

Ye'll live to see wha wrought our wrang,
An' when ye hear my name,
Mind my last words to you, Jamie—
Oh, bena first to blame.

For her whase head will then be low,
Was aye right leal and true ;
An' 'tis Heaven that kens her heart, Jamie,
Had aye a neuk for you.

Nae word was said, nae din was raised,
The listeners' sauls mair deeply praised ;
When Peggy's sang was dune, they gazed,
 As lingerin' to hear mair o't.
But, oh, what boots it me to tell
How heartstrings answered to the knell,
Unless ye had been there yersel',
 And got, like me, a share o't.

For music is a flitting shade,
It leaves the joys itsel' has made—
 Aye, even in the making.
'Tis going while it charms our hearts ;
It comes—we dream, and it departs,
 Our finest visions breaking.

We hear its voice and see it not,
 Yet we with love are smitten ;
And feel a wordless poetry,
That makes us know unerringly
 The deepest is unwritten.

Oh, Music ! or in gloom, or mirth,
Thou art the friend of sterling worth,
Thou scornest not the humble hearth,
 Nor lowly breast :
Even houseless wights that trudge the earth
 By thee are blest.

Though a' are grievin' for a dance,
The lads are latchin to advance,
 And wile their partners out.
The lasses are sae bonny a',
The laddies swither whilk to draw,
 And claw their paws in doubt.

When Jock Dunbar, a carpenter,
 Wha Footdee left to see the stir,
 Gat up and thro' the floor wi' virr,
 He taks a haud o' Effy.

The auld man wadna stay behint,
 But fu' o' fire as bran new flint,
 He gi'es Meg Robb a pawkie hint,
 Wha kipples in a jiffy.

"Come, Willie," says auld Saunders now,
 "Put elbow grease upo' your bow,
 And gi'e the thairms a rattlin' jow,
 And play up 'Highland Whisky.'"

The fiddle speaks wi' tenty hug,
 Auld Effy's kissed frae lug to lug,
 And Maggie tries her cheek to rug
 Frae Saunders beard sae gosky.

They reel het-fit wi' bickerin' ca';
 They cleek and wriggle, crook and thrav;
 "This flurefu' fairly dings them a'!"
 Cries ilka body, glowerin'.

And they whase height is rather scrimp,
 Frae bowdened leg or body jimp,
 Or sent agee wi' hurklin' limp,
 On form and kist are towerin'.

Jock reckoned he wad show them fun
 To get the auld wife ance begun,
 But faith he fand, ere a' was dune,
 He had mista'en his market.
 Her twa hands sidelins held her gown,
 And knief she cockit up and down,
 And coost her heid afore the loon,
 Wha wallop'd unremarkit.

Nae burstin' belch was he, I wat,
 Altho' he fobbit sair, and swat ;
 The auld wife had put on his pat,
 And held it merry hotterin'.
 Tho' auld, she was baith stieve and teuch,
 Nor thought for ance to cry eneuch,
 But kept the floor in eident sugh,
 Till Jockie's knees are totterin'.

Nor Saunders fails to play his part ;
 What he fa's short o' as to art,
 He does mak' up in pith and heart,
 And hauds it gaun on Maggie.
 The best o' a'thing has an end,
 A string gaed knack—it wadna mend,
 And thankfu' were some folks we kenn'd,
 Wha erst were gayan braggy.

"Haith, wifie, ye hae danded me blin',"
 Said Chips, "I have a reekin' skin ;
 Ye've leftna me a puff o' win',
 As sure as I'm a sinner."
 "Hoot, toot," quo' she, "a chield like you
 Sud be baith swack and kibble too ;
 Gif it were me that puffed and blew,
 Folks mightna bide to wonner."

They tak' their seats, and now some ane
 Must needs fa' tae and sing,
 To keep the housefu' unthought lang,
 While Willie fits a string.
 But frae a hint by Saunders gi'en,
 They send the dram aboot,
 And cheese and bannocks follow fast,
 For a' are clung throughout—
 The jumpin' made their stamacks toom,
 And dwebil as a clout.

'Twas Mysie's turn to gie a verse,
 But she aye, like hersel', perverse,
 Was dreigh and slow to sing,
 Till some ane gat her priggitt wi'
 To try a lilt or twa, when she
 Wi' this garr'd a' thing ring.

SONG.

There's naething here but hingin' broos,
 There's naething here ava,
 But ilka ane is dazed and douce,
 Sin' Nelly gaed awa'.

O' leesome daffin, out or in,
 There's no' a grain I see,
 For ilka chiel gouns like a ghaist,
 Sae howe and dull his e'e.

The doited sumphs wad need to mump—
 Guid send they had a cause;
 There's better hereabout, I'm sure,
 Than ever Nelly was.

A sma' bit firdie o' a thing,
 Wi' cheeks as white's a clout,
 To set a haill toun-en' asteer,
 And turn folks' heids about.

The smith himsel', wi' thochts o' her,
 Is gaun aff his meat,
 And chaps his airn a' to scales,
 Or lets it tine the heat.

The souter, ilka noo and then,
 Lets fa' his very wark,
 Or strikes his sole agley, and gi'es
 His thoom the ither yark.

Yestreen the tailor laid his goose
 To smooth a twa're steeks ;
 And what did he, but scawna'd frae use
 A pair o' weddin' breeks.

The miller lets the happer toom ;
 The weaver braks his waft ;
 At hame and furth they're a' the same,
 For ilka bodie's daft.

They couldna ought but gi'e her praise,
 Altho' that same was but a fraise ;
 They fand she trampit on their taes,
 And gaed them het their come again.
 And, troth, her sang was waled richt weel,
 And hit the mark—for ilka chiel,
 Although he laughed, for a' his skeel
 He couldna but look glum again.

This Nelly was a bonny quean,
 That came frae Banff to Aberdeen,
 And coost love's glamour o'er the een
 Of a' the lads about her.
 And Mysie's jo, as I heard say,
 Had her forsook for Nelly tae ;
 But Nelly bade them a' gude-day,
 And pipe their tune without her.

'Twas this that garr'd our lassie sing,
 And though she gaed this wicket fling,
 She was nae orpit nyatt'r'in thing,
 Nor fairy-bartered shargar.
 She was a weel-faur'd lassie, but
 Wha wadna shaw the thrawart cut,
 When by her lad she lightly put,
 And lookit on as waur gear.

"Oh, sic an awfu' night," said aye,
 Wha to the door had lately gane;
 "It blaws a perfect hurricane—
 The storm's red wud,
 And blin' drift's snorin' down the lane
 Wi' witriffie scud."

"Guid hand a hand o' a puir wight
 Wha's forced to bide its brattlin might,"
 Says Effy, "it was sic a night
 The tailor smored,
 Atween the Toll o' Edengight
 And Limeburn Ford."

"Hoot, woman," says her auld man; "whisht,
 Nor deave folk wi' your blethers;
 That story is as auld's the hills—
 'Twas kenned to baith our mithers."

"That doesna mak' my tale a lee,"
 Says she, "I ken the spat.
 The body late left Ordiquhill,
 Whaur he had gane cause wark was dull,
 A while to whup the cat.
 And he had—Guid preserves, what's yon!"
 As something gaed a wull-like moan;
 And fast the door is open thrown
 Wide to the wa';
 And ilka body's e'e's upon
 A stack o' snaw.

They thought it was a kirkyard ghaist,
 Wi' windin' sheet about him braced;
 But sune their fears were laid to rest,
 When that they saw
 It was a wight the storm had preest
 On them to ea'.

Up Saunders gets to fesh him ben,
While, thoughtless o' themsels, ilk ane,
Wi' feelin' saul, is makin' mane

About the stranger callan.

His girdle bannet, cakcd wi' snaw,
He daudit thrice against the wa',
And gaed his shoon a dunt or twa,
And steppit by the hallan.

But, oh, the cauld had nipped him sair,
The frost had whitened ilka hair,
His lips were blae—nae fusion there,
They wadna wag nor wingle.
And, oh, but sic a fyke and fizz
The housefu' mak', and how they bizz,
And trail the furms, and sidelins brizz,
To set him near the ingle.

"Ye mauna let him near the heat,"
Said Effy, risin' to her feet;
"The duds, ye see, are no sae weet,
The snaw has saddit on 'em."

And wi' her besom she fell to
And scrubbit him, and scrap'd and blew,
Till now the snaw in spune-drift flew,
And fient a flag was on him.

The kettle, simmerin' by the neuk,
Is liftit sune upon the crook,
And frae the cubbirt gear is took,
And something gude 's preparin'.
Afore the fire he's eithly set,
Syne gets a jugfu' reekin' het;
And he's beginnin' to forget
He heard the tempest rairin'.

Oh, leeze me on Gudewilli'ness,
Wha wears the kindly beamin' face,
And lightens up the mirkest place
 Wi' rays o' love ; nor speirs
Wha 's this or that ? what rank or race ?
Nor seeks to ken aught else but this—
To find a creature in distress,
 And rin' and dry his tears.

Hail ! sovereign Virtue, thou hast made
Thy dwelling with the poor ;
The rich have turned thee from their halls,
And whipped thee from their door.

But thou art woo'd by lowly hinds,
And sit beside their hearth,
With honest Independence near,
Their staunchest friend on earth ;

Who, though misfortune's storms arise,
Has taught them to endure,
And scorn the proffered aid of those
Who taunt, not bless, the poor.

Go, seek the roofs of poverty,
Ye rich and selfish ; go !
And ye whose tongues exultingly
On human failings flow,
And learn to act a brother's part,
And human duties know.

Now, as the stranger faced the light,
And ilka ane could see him right,
They fand he was nae gangrel wight,
 Nor orra beggar carl.
A blithe young-lookin' lad was he,

Wi' thoughtfu' brow and sparkling e'e—
 Duds clean and hale, though tash'd a wee
 In cadgin' through the warl'.

But hear his story frae himsel',
 Sic uncos I maun no retail,
 For folks would scarce believe the tale
 At second-hand, if gi'en them.
 Fresh trufts upon the fire they fling,
 And seat them round it in a ring,
 Syne quietly hush they ilka thing,
 That nought might disconvence them
 Frae listenin' to ilk wee detail,
 That mingled in the Stranger's Tale.

THE STRANGER'S TALE.

Beginnin' wi' a smile, says he—"I ken
 My story's sic as haps to mony a ane ;
 But ye sall ha'e 't, sma' boon for a' your care,
 'Twere ill my pairt if ye gat naething mair.

"Amang the hills whase heids owertap the cluds,
 And bide the brunt o' winter's stievest thuds ;
 Far i' the North, upon the banks o' Spey,
 In a wee cot, upon an April day,
 I first drew breath, and, I may say, sinsyne
 A dowie fate has maistly aye been mine.
 But yet for a', my heart has aye been light,
 As weel's my pouch—and baith are sae this
 night ;
 Nae doot I've had my times o' sadness too—
 We a' ha'e that, let's do the best we do.

"My father dee'd when I was twa years auld,
 And left me just a gangrel by the hauld—
 Owre young to ken the muckle loss to me,

"Or mark the tear that wat my mither's e'e.
Wi' her I left my native kintra side,
And to the sea coast baith thegither hied,
While she wi' toil, sair fechtin' night and day,
Maintained us twa as mithers only may,
Stintin' hersel' full aft to fill my wamme,
And gaun a-field to keep me snug at hame.

"Oh, little does the thochtless chiel repay
The mither's tenty care, baith night and day,
Of him she faulded to her beatin' breast,
And soothed his little clamourin's to rest ;
Pourtrayed in fancy what her son might be,
Till tears o' bliss came startin' frae her e'e,
As she in thought descried his bright career,
The foremost man—the man without a peer ;
And a' she hopes for is, when she is deid
He'll lay her in the grave, and hap her heid.
Puir bodie, mine, I wonder how she fares,
And guess how Time has wrought the look she
wears ;
Do what he can wi' a his changefu' airt,
Frae me I ken he canna change her heart.

"Till haill ten years had glided o'er my head,
I kentna what it was to win my bread ;
But women's wark grew naething scarce ava,
And my puir mither's, too, was ta'en awa' ;
Syne to the herdin' I was fee'd frae hame,
And sune I fand the cauldness o' the freme.
In simmer days I sat upon my plaid,
And sangs and psalms, whene'er I could, I read,
Till I had near a' Burns' sangs by heart,
And o' the Psalms by far the greater part.
But when the fields were growin' green wi' brier,
I couldna read my buiks, alas, for fear

"The greedy kye gaed sklent in to the corn,
 And mony a prayer was mine that it were shorn;
 But when the hairst was by, and a' the crap
 Was snug aneath their cozy rashen hap,
 To pu' the neeps ilk mornin' I was sent,
 And that my dirlin' fingers smartly kent;
 Syne a' day plashin' out the gutters, e'en
 My feet were sypin thro' my feckless shune.
 And cauld and hungry, when I ventured in,
 Wi' dreepin' clouts that clappit to my skin,
 Nane bade the hardie welcome to the fire—
 They thought 'twas plenty if he gat his hire;
 Ahint folk's backs, my cappie in my hand,
 Wi' dead-cauld sowens, as teuch's a widdy-wand,
 My supper thus, I slunk syne to my bed,
 Aboon a laft that roofed an auld cart shed,
 Where rottens squeakit a' the lee lang night,
 And trottit ower me till the mornin' light.

"But sune the cauld pierc'd to my very banes,
 And stounds gaed thro' me, and sair gnawin'
 pains;
 It wadna do to keep me there, and sae
 Hame to my mither I was bidden gae,
 And for twa years I gaed about, amaisht
 No like a body but a wanderin' ghaist;
 And folks that saw me prophesied that I
 Wad never see the autumn fairly by.
 'Puir chield!' said they, 'his days are growin'
 brief,
 They winna count ayont the fa'in' leaf.'
 But I, aneath my mither's hand, cam' roun',
 And grew as hale as ony i' the toun;
 And when the winter whistled down the lum,
 And yirned the dubs to tell us he was come,
 He fand me sittin', free frae dumps and dool,

"Wi' no sma' pride, upon a soutar's stool.
 Fient hae't had I for rinnin' thro' the toun
 A'body's errands, I was but the loon ;
 Yet there are are aye considerate chiels, ye ken,
 Gang whaur you like, wha think and do like men,
 And their example doesna fail to shaw
 The thochtless near them what is duty's ca'.

"On Saturday, when it was late at night,
 And I had done my minny's errands right,
 Ae chiel wad slide a tippence in my hand,
 To buy me something at the buikman's stand ;
 Anither this, anither that wad share—
 Some mair, some less, but aye what they could spare.
 Puir chiels, their income wasna great ava,
 And sair they toiled for a' that they could draw ;
 Yet funnier lads ye couldna wished to see,
 When funny notions kindled in their e'e ;
 Or sauls mair feelin' when the theme was sad,
 Than this same warldly-careless soutars had.

"I stay'd my term, and there might langer been,
 But for a cause that wasna unforeseen ;
 I had a shopmate aulder than mysel',
 But whaur he cam' frae he wad never tell,
 His name, he said to them wha spiered, was
 'Rab'—

A blithesome chap, weel gifted wi' the gab.
 A' kind o' subjects Rab could handle weel,
 But in debate he was a very de'il,
 He kent what folks were gaun to say, afore
 Their mou' to crook to word had got the power.
 He sang us sangs o' ilka kind that e'er
 The lug o' man was formed on earth to hear,
 And play'd the whistle wi' a cunnin' hand,
 But whaur he learned it nane might understand.

"Among the lasses Rab was aye at hame,
 And bore the glunch o' mony a cautious dame,
 Wha gaed their dochters unco little thank
 To tryst wi' Rab, a chiel sas alee and crank,
 Wha wadna tell them whaur he cam' frae sure :
 'He but be little worth,' they said, and swore
 'He's no gude lad wha shames to tell his name,
 And hides frae folk the airt frae whaur he came.'
 But no a flee cared Rab for a' their fyke,
 But pleased himsel', and loot them do the like.

"We spent a fouth o' happy days wi' ither,
 For Rab and I gaed ilka gate thegither ;
 He tauld me stories about ither touns,
 And heezed my saul to look for wider boun's ;
 We e'en had made it up oorsels atween,
 Within a week to tramp to Aberdeen.
 Ae night it happened when we were in bed,
 And a' thing quiet as a' thing had been dead—
 It was the night, the very night but ane,
 Afore the day that our lang road was ta'en—
 The morn was waitin' for the eerie knell
 O' Night's last hammer on our auld kirk bell :
 I wasna sleepin', Rab was in a faem
 O' sweat, that drookit's like a burnie stream,
 And now and then he gaed a heavy mane,
 That thirlit through me wi' a stound o' pain ;
 And as E jowdy'd him to wauk him up,
 My fusion a' gaed frae me in a whup ;
 I heard a sound as ane the house-floor scour'd,
 Or restless rotten nibbled at a buird.
 'Gude guide us baith,' said I, and swarf'd wi' fear,
 When Rab gat up and cried, 'What's a' the
 steer ?'
 'Whisht ! whisht !' said he, and ca'd me by my
 name,

" 'I've had an ill-faur'd maist unchancy dream.
Methought we twa were wanderin' in a wood,
Whase wavin' boughs were soughin' deep and
loud ;

'Twas in the gloamin', and our way we made
'Mang withered leaves that hirstled to our tread,
When straight the sky aboon our heids grew
black,

And we stood switherin' whatna airt to tak' ;
Syne as we gropit round the uncouth place,
Wi' sullen darkness gloomin' in our face,
A brim o' lighttain' whiskit through the trees,
That for a moment reddened wi' the bleeze ;
The storm increased, and raged wi' might and
main,

And rain in torrents ripped the oozy plain.
Faster and faster gleamed the livin' fire,
And soughed amang the trees wi' vengefu' ire,
Its forky tongue hissed out frae ilka rift,
And livin' thunder ran alang the lift.

At length we reached a burn that tumbled down
Wi' brattlin' force, its waves a muddy brown ;
Alang its banks we wanderin' gaed for lang,
And tried in vain to beat the currents bang,
When we descried a single deal stretched o'er,
Atween twa rocks that frowned on either shore,
And thro' the gap the hampered waters dashed,
And faemed and boiled, and raired and fitfu'
plashed ;

I ventured first, the stick, methought, gar bow,
And shook aneath me wi' forebodin' jow.
I tried to turn and find my footing back,
When lo, the brig down in an instant brak',
And I was waukened wi' the dreadfu' crack.'

"When Rab was tellin' me this fearsome leid,

" I fand my hair a' stiff'nin' on my heid ;
And sleep nae mair was kindly to my e'e,
Till daylight lookit in on Rab and me ;
And a' the time I stay'd aboot the hoose,
The fearfu' dream made baith o's unco douce.
I didna tell my mither o't, for fear
Her bodin thochts sud pit her in a steer,
But sune as Monday came, the risin' sun
O' July mornin' saw our tramp begun ;
Our warklooms we aneath our oxters bure,
And cheese and bannocks in our pouch ye're sure.
My mither she convoyed us frae the door,
And didna leave us, ye may guess, afore
She tauld us baith that, gang where'er we might,
We sud be eident strivin' to do right.
Says she, ' I kenna when I'll see ye back,
But gif ye follow my advice, ye'll tak'
Gude tent o' how ye meet the warld's gleg e'e ;
Remember, Pate, ye winna be wi' me.
Wi' manfu' courage tak' the upwith brae,
And speel the side as lang's ye ha'e the day ;
When e'enin' comes, ere folks begin their toil,
Their banes are crazed and stiff for want o' oil ;
And dinna sinder, for ye aft will ken
That twa sheep's heids are better far than ane ;
I've rowd your bible in your Sunday sark,
To read it aye be your first mornin' wark,
And let it be the hindmost ye fa' tae—
Ye'll thrive the better a' throughout the day.
Now, Guid be wi' you, bairns,' she said, and grat,
And Rab and I, too, fand our een grow wat ;
She shook our hands, and bade us baith ' Guid-day,'
We took the gate, she hameward bent her way.

" When we were near in by at Tollie's yett,
Wha sud we meet, and hail as our first fit,

"But Bell his wife, wha speired where we were
boun',
At sic an early hour to leave the toun.
As sune's we tauld her, in she bangs fu' fast,
And flings the besom after's as we passed.
'Guid luck gang wi' ye, lads,' cried she, and leuch,
'And health be yours to win ye gear aneuch.'

"The sun was shinin' brightly o'er the fields,
And reek begoud to twine frae hamely bields,
Aboon our heids the laverock fill'd the sky
Wi' viewless clouds o' liquid melody.
The burns we passed were laughin' in their glee,
And canny trottit downward to the sea,
This place and that had aye sae muckle new ;
Here was a bird, and there a flow'ret grew,
That when the sun his midday lustre shed,
A half a score o' miles we hadna made,
And four times that guid measure, ilka fit,
Rax'd a their length upon our journey yet,

" 'This winna do,' said I, 'we'll let the night
Come down and catch us in a waefu' plight,
And we ken nane upon this road ava
To gi'e us quarters, sae we'll jog awa' ;
Wha kens but we'll o'ertak' some freendly cairt
That's haudin on the very self-same airt.'

"The day was het, and eke the road was hard,
The simmer coufts were dancin' on the sward ;
But now we baith begoud our tramp anew,
The milestones only our side glances drew ;
And when our shadows trailed along the road
Their gousty length, and aped us as we strode,
The muckle half of our lang road was gane,
And we sat down and restit on a stane,

"Near by a spout that jurred wi' eident sound,
And lightsome made the bosky braes around ;
There we laid down our bannets on our knees,
And spread thereon our whangs o' bread and
cheese—

Gey hamely tables, but they sair'd fu' weel,
And frae this same we made a hearty meal,
Syne drank a skair o' water frae the spout,
That made us baith as cauler as a trout.
Our feet were het, and eke a wee thing sair,
But that was gi'en 's unco little care,
We'd but to tak' the weary gate again,
For there were nane to hear us mak' our mane ;
So aff we set, Rab laughin' till himsel',
But what his sport he didna choose to tell.

"By this time now the sun had fairly set,
And we had miles a score to trudge it yet,
But now was cooled the fever o' the day.
And caulder gloamin' o'er the warld had sway.
Saft soughed the breeze, and as it fitfu' blew,
We fand its breath richt gratefu' on our broo—
The shiftin' cluds that floatit o'er the sea,
Took shapes o' livin' things in fancy's e'e.
Ae lanely star was testin' thro' the blue,
Sae far awa', it maist escaped my view ;
And as I upward gazed upon the gem,
Whase tremblin' brightness fitfu' went and came,
And loot my thochts gang whaur they liked for me,
A sudden light came flashin' on my e'e,
And when I lookit, there's a toun afore,
And we no distance frae the nearest door.
Cries Rab, ' We've trottit plenty for a day,
And frae this place the fient a fit we'll gae ;
Yon is Auld Meldrum, sae they ca' the toun,
And we'll be snug within it very soon.

" 'I kent the folks a' hereabout langsyne—
A bed and breakfast, too, we shanna tine.'

" 'Nae doot,' said I, 'but freely now atween's,
I wad be laith to harbour on your freens.'
'Freens!' quoth my comrade, wi' a pawkie gley,
'The warld is fu' to them wha seek to pay;
No that I brag o' ony feck o' cash,
To spend it idly I shall not be rash,
Mair than yoursel', but come along and see
What Providence has waitin' you and me.
Gif it be kindly, we sall gi'e 't a lift;
Gif no, ye see we'll a' the suner shift.
I ken a body, gif she bena dead,
That lives ayont a bit, and wins her bread
By keepin' travellin' folk, and gif she can,
We winna miss a bed frae Meggy Mann.'
He said, and I gaed heed to his advice,
And we were in the village in a trice.
Syne side and showther skelpit up a street,
Or Auld or New, confoun' 't gif I could see't!
But sune we reached a reeky-like ahode,
That shaw'd its musty gavel to the road.
Rab round the corner in an instant hied,
Liftit the sneck, and 'Are ye sleepin'?' cried.
'Wha's there?' was sharply speir'd; says Rab,
'It's me.'

And syne again 'twas questioned, 'Wha are ye?'
When thro' the key-hole Rab cried 'Ope' and see.'

" A deuff like thump was heard upon the floor,
And syne was shot the bar that fixed the door.
The door in cautious jee begoud and moved,
And sleely on its rusty hinges sneeved,
But farther gaedna, I could swear, than what
Might barely sair'd for entrance to a cat.

"Oot at the edge syne Maggie's vimage peer'd,
O'erhaul'd us twa, when Rab cried, 'bena fear'd,
I've seen the time ye wadna been sae slaw
To welcome folk ye didna ken ava.'
'Hech! Robie, lad,' says she, 'is that yoursel',
And that your shadow, or anither chiel.
Come in, come in, and dinna stand thereout,
Ye're needin' to your beds, I mak' na doubt.'
So o'er the threshold in we steppit crouse,
But fient a blink o' light was i' the house.
'Bide still,' the queer auld farrant bodie says,
'Ye'll see to speak till I get on my claes;
I ha'ena ony lodgers here the night,
And I gaed to my bed to hain the light,
And was beginnin just to dover o'er
Asleep, when ye cam' skraichin to the door.'

"She strack a light, and seated to the crack,
And Rab and she grew wondrous thick and pack,
O' this and that they new'd wi' earnest face,
Till Meggie said in owrehead thochtlessness—
'Is Tam'—but mair she gatna power to say,
When Rab put oot his fit, and nudged her tae.
'The sorra tak' ye for a carried loon,
Ye've trampit o' my corn, and garr'd it stoun;
Put yont your stool,' continued she, but I
Saw what was what, yet loot the thing pass by.
'Twas very pluin to ane wha had an e'e,
She meant to speak what Rab wad fain let be;
Ne'er heed, thought I, anither time will draw
The secret out that this has failed to shaw.

"A ready wit had this same wife tae,
But sharp and bitin' as a frosty day,
Sometimes she laugh'd, and when she did, 'twas dry,
And had a meanin' in itsel' forbye.

"Sudden she turn'd her, and a vizzie tuik
 O' an auld knock that tickit i' the neuk,
 Whase dial, jaundic'd wi' a thousand reeks,
 Displayed a sun wi' pluffy piper cheeks,
 And ither whigmaleeries, whilk to tell
 Wad need the man that made them here himsel'.
 But, as I said, she scanced the time o' nicht,
 Gaed for a dip, and held it to the licht.
 'It's late,' says she, 'as ye're for naething made
 By way o' supper, ye'll gang to your bed.'
 Withoot anither word on either side,
 We straucht obey'd our capernoity guide;
 Gaed to our bed, and raise na till 'twas late,
 Syne got our breakfast, and were at the gait.

"As we were threedin' thro' this wee bit place,
 At ilka door and winnock there's a face,
 Wi' glowerin' een that watch'd us while we gaed,
 As if we had been bent on some ill deed.
 Gin folks consider'd how sic haivins look,
 The ugsome sicht they surely wadna brook.
 To dowdie wife, wha seeks na ocht to do,
 But sit and gape at a' that meets her view,
 Here's my advice—swyth jaud, and get ye wark;
 Gae darn yer hose, or mend the gudeman's sark,
 And when ye're sure that baith o' them are haill,
 Fa' tae and clean your fireside and yoursel':
 There's ae great blessin' this, Im sure, wad gi'e—
 That fewer ferlies wad attract your e'e.
 The senseless tawpie wha, frae lack o' wit,
 And to look seemly, tak's a gigglin' fit,
 She may grow wiser, but I'se e'en be free,
 The Lord be praised that she is nocht to me.

"But to my tale, the toun frae sicht was tint—
 Our souple legs sune left it far behind.

" Wi' lichtsome cracks we did the road beguile,
For converse lichtens ony kind o' toil,
Mair sae when we've a neiper to our mind,
Wha has the rare and happy knack combined
To speak or listen, either in its place,
Or shift the subject wi' an easy grace.
Thus on we jogg'd, nor haltit to sit down,
Till we had made the middle o' the toun—
'Braif Aberdeen,' as it langsyne was named,
But noo for cauld and canny notions blamed;
Anent that same, fient hait have I to say,
For Aberdeen 's like ither touns that way.

" Our first great care was whaur to stay a' nicht,
But Rab as usual sune made a' thing richt,
And chose a lodgin' to our heart's content—
A cosey holey, wi' a moderate rent.
So leavin' there our bundles, we set oot,
And thro' the toun for wark gan look about;
But little luck was ours that nicht ava,
And when the licht o' day had worn awa,
The e'enin' saw us snoovin' to the house
Wi' hingin' lugs, and aspect geyan douce:
For haill aucht days nae job cam' to our share,
And we tint heart amaist to look for mair.

" Upo' the ninth, at skreigh o' day we raise,
And sune as we had buckled on our claes,
Gaed to the street, for what we couldna tell,
But there ilk ane o's doutless fand himsel'.
We had been sayin' naething for a wee,
And I begoud to toss a new bawbee,
And cried to Rab to guess a heid or tail—
The omen whether we'd succeed or fail
In our next scheme, whilk was to tramp straucht
forth,

" And haud awa' still further frae the North.
But what great things frae little things fa' out,
And odd-like changes sudden turn about,
When least expeckit—wha could ever guess
That this bawbee should guide to our success.
But sae it was ; I threw it up, it fell,
And on the plainstanes rang, and row'd itsel'
Doun thro' a brander, without fail or stop,
And lichtit syne within a souter's shop.

" Baith to the brander we at ance gan hie,
To see gif we the truant nicht descry,
When ane up thro' a winnock popp'd his head,
And 'Hae ye ony mair ? he laughin' said ;
'Cause gif ye hae, sen' them the self-same way,
We'll no cast out, tho' ye sud fling a' day.'
Frae this to that, we cam' at length to speak
To this queer birkie o' the cheerless week
We baith had had sin' we cam' to the toun,
And that, as nocht seemed likely to come roun',
'Twas our intent, afore the day sud close,
To see how wark was waggin' in Montrose.
'Do nae sic thing, ye're far aneuch ae gait,
For a' the heartnin' ye hae gotten yet ;
Bide still awee till I get on my coat,
And I'll again be wi' ye in a jot.'
He said, and vanish'd frae the winnock bole,
While we stood waitin' by the cage-like hole ;
Nor had we time to think this venture o'er,
When our new frien' cam' skippin' frae the door,
Syne bade us follow, as he crossed the street,
And turn'd a corner wi' richt nimble feet ;
For while a scheme is het wi' ony ane,
His thochts will hae him rinnin' or he ken,
Unless it be your cauld and canny dog,
That naething hurries frae his easy jog.

"The greedy kye gaed sklentint to the corn,
 And mony a prayer was mine that it were shorn;
 But when the hairst was by, and a' the crap
 Was snug aneath their cozy rashen hap,
 To pu' the neeps ilk mornin' I was sent,
 And that my dirlin' fingers smartly kent;
 Syne a' day plashin' out the gutters, e'en
 My feet were sypin thro' my feckless shune.
 And cauld and hungry, when I ventured in,
 Wi' dreepin' clouts that clappit to my skin,
 Nane bade the herdie welcome to the fire—
 They thought 'twas plenty if he gat his hire;
 Ahint folk's backs, my cappie in my hand,
 Wi' dead-cauld sowens, as teuch's a widdy-wand,
 My supper thus, I slunk syne to my bed,
 Aboon a laft that roofed an auld cart shed,
 Where rottens squeakit a' the lee lang night,
 And trottit ower me till the mornin' light.

"But sune the cauld pierc'd to my very banes,
 And stounds gaed thro' me, and sair gnawin'
 pains;
 It wadna do to keep me there, and sae
 Hame to my mither I was bidden gae,
 And for twa years I gaed about, amaist
 No like a body but a wanderin' ghaist;
 And folks that saw me prophesied that I
 Wad never see the autumn fairly by.
 'Puir chield!' said they, 'his days are growin'
 brief,
 They winna count ayont the fa'in' leaf.'
 But I, aneath my mither's hand, cam' roun',
 And grew as hale as ony i' the toun;
 And when the winter whistled down the lum,
 And yirned the dubs to tell us he was come,
 He fand me sittin', free frae dumps and dool,

"Wi' no sma' pride, upon a soutar's stool,
 Fient hae't had I for rinnin' thro' the toun
 A'body's errands, I was but the loon ;
 Yet there are are aye considerate chiels, ye ken,
 Gang whaur you like, wha think and do like men,
 And their example doesna fail to shaw
 The thochtless near them what is duty's ca'.

"On Saturday, when it was late at night,
 And I had done my minny's errands right,
 Ae chiel wad slide a tippence in my hand,
 To buy me something at the buikman's stand ;
 Anither this, anither that wad share—
 Some mair, some less, but aye what they could spare.
 Puir chiels, their income wasna great ava,
 And sair they toiled for a' that they could draw ;
 Yet funnier lads ye couldna wished to see,
 When funny notions kindled in their e'e ;
 Or sauls mair feelin' when the theme was sad,
 Than this same warldly-careless soutars had.

"I stay'd my term, and there might langer been,
 But for a cause that wasna unforeseen ;
 I had a shopmate aulder than mysel',
 But whaur he cam' frae he wad never tell,
 His name, he said to them wha spiered, was
 'Rab'—

A blithesome chap, weel gifted wi' the gab.
 A' kind o' subjects Rab could handle weel,
 But in debate he was a very de'il,
 He kent what folks were gaun to say, afore
 Their mou' to crook to word had got the power.
 He sang us sangs o' ilka kind that e'er
 The lug o' man was formed on earth to hear,
 And play'd the whistle wi' a cunnin' hand,
 But whaur he learned it nane might understand.

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The lug o' man was formed on earth to hear,
And play'd the whistle wi' a cunnin' hand,
But whaur he learned it nane might understand.

" But never farther than the scrifin' went;
Hap, step, and jump he spang'd like water wraith,
And only ceased for dounricht want o' breath.

" Society for shame had thrown him oot,
Yet left him scaithless still to prowl aboot ;
The mair the pity, for his cunnin' tongue
Had won and wheedled mony a creature young.
He daur'd affect a deil-ma'-carish air,
He aped the lion, but he was the bear ;
Though whiles it pleased him baith to rive and
 rug,
He killed his victim wi' the freendly hug :
Wi' muckle dool I saw my neiper Rab
By this fell beast intendit for a grab.

" Scarce had he been our vis'tor for a week,
When Rab begoud his comradeship to seek,
And when the labour o' the day was o'er,
Ran to his house as fast as he could scour.
I tried to wile him back, but a' in vain,
Our former joys gaed noo against his grain ;
Nae mair he'd sit and sing a canty sang
To me at hame, to keep me unthocht lang ;
Nae mair he'd gar the whistle blithely speak,
Nor couthis crack aside the ingle cheek,
But houff'd wi' cronies shameless, vulgar, rude,
The miry scumm'n' o' the multitude,
That wad hae dacker'd hell for greed o' drink,
And stay'd to gulp it on damnation's brink.
He learned to prove whatever is is not,
And win the praise o' ilk conceited sot
That sat around their Solon in his chair,
To weigh a godhead, and to split a hair ;
Then rake the streets, and roar, till fair daylight
Housed them for shame, to meet again at nicht ;

"And sair doilt mithers, raggit wives and weans,
Had cause to mourn o'er bare and scrimpit means.

"Talent and Beauty, oh, how aft are ye,
Tho' god-like, baith the cause o' miserie;
The wreck o' woman, earth's fair angel, this—
And that the rock o' rougher man's distress.
Oh, blithesome comrade, was your ready wit
And liquid speech for sic a menzie fit?
Waes me! I've grat thereout to hear ye sing,
And gar the ribs o' yon vile kennel ring,
Or hear the mellow warblin's o' your flute
Steal on the nicht, and bid the air be mute.
Oh, what could lead ye sic a place to seek,
And live whaur lees were steerin' thick as reek?
Yet sweet indeed 's the voice o' praise, whaur'er
Its oily naethings meet the listenin' ear.

"Scarce had the winter shaw'd his hoary pate,
When Rab me left and socht anither mate;
Puir chiel! he seldom ca'd on me again,
Owre busy now wi' matters o' his ain.
But oh, how aft, when by my liefu' lane,
That bodin' dream o' his cam' o'er my brain,
A dream read true, if ever dream was read,
And that there has the haill warld wide has said.
But soul and body are sae strangely blent,
Their sep'rate active states ha'e ne'er been kent;
In vain the skilled anatomist cuts deep,
To catch ae little lurkin' thocht asleep;
In vain he looks, when life has fled the clay,
To fin' the neuk whaur ae idea lay.
In sleep—wha kens?—the soul may travel far
Frae this dim spot to yon remotest star,
O'erleap the bounds o' space and time, to see
Foreshadowin's dim o' that which is to be;

" For dreams are ravell'd thochts that waukriffe
keep,
When a' the rest ha'e settled down to sleep.

" Sune after Rab had left me, I grew wae,
And gan to seek my neiper's fireside tae ;
But oh, how different was the ingleside
O' Jamie Brown, our kindly-heartit guide,
Frae theirs wha claim'd my comrade as their ain,
And whase acquaintance made him noo sae fain.
Nae raggit geeits, loud yamerin' for bread,
Nor dowdy wife wi' wispy-napkin'd head,
But wife and weans a' clean frae tap to tae,
A' decent clad, and cheerfu' a' the day.
Here logic wasna substitute for loaf,
And hungry wames ne'er met the rude rebuff
O' cankert sweirtie, when they sought a piece,
Nor shook wi' terror at their father's face ;
But blithe bit bairnies meet him at the door,
Pu' his coat tails, and trail him thro' the floor,
Till they ha'e led him to his ain big chair
Ayont the fire, and gleefu' set him there.
Then, then in troth, a happy man is he,
The youngest bairnie dandlin on his knee ;
Weel pleased, he lets it pu' his very hair,
Nay, rug his nose, and he but laughs the mair.
Wee Jamock climbs his daddie's chair sae high,
And o'er his shouther teets wi' pawkie eye,
His gentler sister taks her little seat,
And cuddles down fu' canny at his feet,
While a' the time their mither's eident han'
Prepares the supper for her blithe gudeman.

" This Jamie Brown a younger sister had,
A weel-faur'd maiden, and withoot a lad—
She was in service wi' a merchant wicht,

"And came to Jamie's ilka Sunday nicht—
A canty-lookin', sonsy, laughin' dame,
Wha wadna hinder me to see her hame,
And ere we'd pairt, to set a tryst to meet
On sic a night, at sic and sic a street.
Oh, Love! wae worth ye, ye are fou o' wiles,
For a' your fair face and your winnin' smiles.

"True to our tryst we met, and baith were fain
To ha'e a canny clatter o' our ain;
We left the toun, a pair o' lovers we,
And dander'd downward couthie to the sea.
The nicht was clear, and eke the bonny moon
Her mellow licht was kindly sheddin' down;
Across the sea the siller ripples flash'd,
And playfu'-like the sandy border wash'd;
The queen o' nicht had roun' her gracefu' flung
Her cloud-wove scarf, whase fringes floatin' hung
On either side, and, shinin' as a gem,
O'er heaven conspicuous show'd its siller hem;
It was an hour when a' the powers above
Had sworn their fealty to the God o' Love.

"I lo'ed the lass, and kent the lass lo'ed me—
Our words were few, as a' true lovers be,
On this and that, but never ance cam' near
The subject baith wad liket best to hear.
We wander'd on amang yon heights and howes,
Yon whinny holms, and yonder benty knowes,
Where solitude and laziness do keep
Their idle watch, and ithers keep their sheep.
At length we climb'd yon green and grassy hill,
And view'd the sea that gleam'd beneath so still,
Syne turned we round, and hameward hied again,
Nor thocht the e'enin had been spent in vain.

" When we drew near to Annie's master's door,
I made to say gude nicht, as wont afore,
Intendin' just to hae ae wee bit smack,
And hear her sweet and kindly haste-ye-back.
But na, the wind had ta'en a different airt,
We had anither queerer way to pairt ;
' I but to see her kitchie first,' she said,
Syne oped the door, and ben the pass me led,
Touch'd up the gas, that fairly dazed my een,
And garr'd me blinter wi' the sudden sheen.

" Oh, ye wha ken, will surely bear me out,
When ye have heard me say, I makna doubt,
The weel-scoured covers rang'd upo' the wa'
Have aft gi'en witless wooers' hearts a thrav;
The pipe-clay'd slab, and eke the jetty stove,
And shiny fender play their pairt in love,
Nor yon vile engine, reeky Peter, faith,
Is ilka creature proof against his skaith.

" Sae mony bright things drew aside my een—
Here was a palace, and my lass the queen ;
My scatter'd thochts were fleein' thro' my heid,
I kentna whither I was quick or deid ;
My winsome sweetheart sat upo' my knee,
And laughed and news'd, wi' bliss enchantin' me,
When in the mids o' my confusion rare,
A canny fit was heard upo' the stair ;
Up jump'd my sweetheart to her feet, and cried—
' The mistress ! haste for ony sake, and hide.'

" I grew as fusionless as ony strae,
And what was waur, I kentna whaur to gae,
But quick as lightnin' flees, oot went the gas,
The back sneck's shot—well done, my clever lass !
Benward to me, as tenty as a cat

"That circles round a girdle for a rat,
She came, and breathless led me to a hole,
Whase door she closed on me and on the coal.
Scarce had my feet ta'en wi' the hirstlin' floor,
When there is heard a rappin' at the door,
And eke the mistress' treble screech is heard
Ring thro' the house, like cry of owlet bird—
'Ann, ye're no sleepin', ope the door, ye jaud ;
Is this a time o' nicht to tryst a lad,
Ye cuttie, feshin shame as weel's disgrace
Upo' my house ?—'tis mair than worth yer place.'
At this my heart lap fairly to my mou',
I'd be fand out—oh, what was I to do ?
Beside the fricht, and my maist awkward state,
I nearhand scomfic'd wi' the sickenin' heat.

"Up Annie gets as if she'd left her bed,
Her ravell'd duds loose-like about her head ;
The door she opes, syne speirs—the wily lass,
'What's wantin', mem ?—says mem, 'Gae licht
the gas.'

"Nae suner said than dune—the gas is lit,
And now the mistress, in a towerin' fit,
Gangs through the house upon her stockin' soles,
And keeks, fu' wily, into a' the holes ;
Wi' flutterin' stamack, thro' the chinks I saw
The evil-thochtit limmer vengefu' ca'
Aneath the dresser, and aneath the bed,
Ahint the bowie, syne the pantry redd ;
O'erturned she next ilk thing about the house,
And lookit holes that wadna scog a mouse,
While a' the time I stievely held my breath,
But sure my thochts were comin' aith on aith ;
I curs'd my sakeless sweetheart and mysel',
And, Gude forgi'e me, wished her "mem" to hell.

"The benmost bunkert o' the hole I socht,
And cuddled down wi' richt uneasy thocht ;
Ilk minute I expeckit she'd be there,
And drag me hingin'-luggit frae my lair,
Alarm the house my waefu' plight to see,
And gar the puir thing lose her place thro' me.

"Up gaed the door, and ben the vault she glower'd,
But, Gude be thankit, saw na whaur I cower'd ;
Slap gaed the door again wi' thunnerin' bang,
And ilka dish and pan an echo rang.
Syne to the lass her mistress set wi' virr,
And brainged and storm'd, and wagg'd her nieve
at her ;
'Ye worthless cuttie !' raired she out, 'think ye
Ye're fit to draw the blearie o'er my e'e ?
Ye needna feignie wi' your glower and glaff,
I'm owre auld sparrow to be ta'en wi' chaff ;
Ye wasna out stravaigin' a' the night
Your leefu' lane ; that cock, lass, winna fight.
Ye say ye gang your brither's folks to see—
Gey queer-like folks this brithers surely be ;
But, hark, I tell ye to your shameless face,
Ye'll tryst wi' fellows in anither place.
Am I to lippen, think ye, wi' my gear
Ilk orra waif that ye may harbour here ?
Or keep an open door, and waukriffe sit,
That ye may come whenever ye think fit ?
Afore my house should tine its decent name,
I'd rather see the haill o't in a flame,
And her wha brocht to it this foul disgrace,
Scawm'd to an aizle in the hettest place ;
But sure am I there's some ane hereabout,
A chiel cam' wi' you, but he gaedna out ;
I'll see the boddom o' this midnicht splore,'
She said, and ran to bolt the entry door.

" I didna seek to tarry, ye may guess,
But in an instant left my hidin' place,
Drew up the window, but my case was hard—
An iron grate my anxious outgang barr'd.
But sune I saw ae bar had tint the grip,
Wi' hurried grasp I garr'd it sidelins slip,
Sprang o'er the sill, and gained the dark back
street,

Just as I heard the rush o' comin' feet ;
Syne turned me roun', and drew the window doun,
And hameworth fled, the blithest wight in toun.
But sic a sight wi' coal and sweat ! my face
Was like a sweep's, ye ne'er saw sic a mess ;
My Sunday sark, that I had donn'd for look,
Was spraing'd and a' begaried o'er wi' brook.
I laughed and cursed by turns, as dud by dud
I coost aside wi' aye the ither thud ;
I'd got a lesson in my wooin' scheme,
To gar me henceforth keep the nearer hame.

" A month or twa had passed since that event
Puir me befel, thro' fortune's spitefu' sklent,
And I was sittin' in my lanely hame,
Wi' dazin e'e upon the ingle flame,
Coinin' queer thochts on what my fate might be,
Compared with what as yet had chanced to me.
I glower'd till e'en the coals took shapes o' men,
Whase odd-like faces glower'd at me again,
And just as I loot thus my fancy rin,
Up slides the door, and wha but Rab comes in !
I lookit twice afore I kenn'd 'twas he,
Nor was I sure when he had spoke to me.
His look was changed, his e'e was dull and dead
His voice richt gousty, and the healthy red
Had left his cheek, and, tenant in its place,
Was settled doun a greenish yellowness ;

"He hardly spak' twa words on end at most,
When speech was checkit wi' a fearfu' hoast,
That day or nicht wad never let him rest,
But eident tore wi' rackin' pain his breast.

"Yet hope was strong, he named his ill a cauld,
Thocht himsel' stout, tho' he was bow'd twa-
fauld,
And spak' o' feelin' better ilka day,
Tho' he seemed wastin' in a slow decay.

"'Dear Rab,' said I, 'I'm wae to see ye, man,
Ken ye nae honest frien' whase tenty han'
And kindly bield micht help to ease your pain,
And care for you till ye grow weel again?'
'Na, Pate,' said he, 'nae frien' hae I on earth,
I never kent the authors o' my birth;
My first acquaintance wi' the warld was made
In this same toun, within a carter's shed,
And, as I learned, they took me thence, unkent,
And to an aged woman I was sent;
Wi' her I lived till I was sax year auld,
When she, puir body, dee'd, and I was haul'd
Aff to the warkhouse, where the neist sax year
I focht wi' cauld and hunger, and wan cheer;
Syne after that they put me hame to be
Apprentice to a souther chiel, but he
Ill-natured was, and, 'cause I had nae frien',
He daudit me aboot frae morn till e'en;
Whate'er had raised his rage, on me it fell,
And that the marks my body bears can tell.
Tam Spence, his name—nor write nor read could
he—

A sour, dour-lookin' drucken debauchee;
A rag his conscience, and his tongue a swivel,
Abroad an angel, but at hame a devil;

“ ‘To every woman kind except his wife,
Nor missed a Sunday preachin’ a’ his life ;
He ne’er divaul’d frae railin’, air and late,
On whom he thocht maintained a higher state,
Yet wad he fawn and bow, and beck and bob,
To heich or laich wha socht him wi’ a job,
Wrocht underneath his brithers in the trade,
And staw the butter frae his fellow’s bread.

“ ‘Half fed, half-clad, and knockit hard about,
My life was torment wi’ this surly brute ;
For three lang years I tholed his weighty han’,
And yamerin’ tongue, that never ceased to ban,
Syne took my flight, and farther North I set.
Weel may I mind the day, ’twas cauld and wet ;
My hoseless heels were peeled wi’ muckle shoon ;
I flang awa sax miles frae yont the toun,
And thro’ the road, that lay knee-deep o’ snaw,
I toiled till I had ne’er a breath to draw.
But night o’ertook me, and I lost my way,
And gaed for miles, Gude kens how far astray.
At length I spied a wee bit blink o’ licht,
That struggled frae a cot-house just in sicht ;
Footsore and faint, I creepit to the door,
Content to get a lodgin’ on the floor ;
I knockit hard, and cried, but a’ in vain,
I had to tak’ the toilsome way again ;
The licht had vanished, a’ within was mirk,
And naething heard but just the eerie chirk
O’ my bare feet, that crunch’d the frosty snaw,
As I gaed creepin’ roun’ th’ unfriendly wa’.

“ ‘Short time I wander’d, when the level moon
Gat up a wee, and dimly glower’d aroun’ :
Across a field I spied a half-roofed shed —
There I designed to lay my weary head.

“The barless door wi’ eerie groanin’s swang,
And filled my mind wi’ dismal thochts for lang,
Till sleep at length around my achin’ head
Wi’ gentle hand her balmy mantle spread.
As mornin’ broke I left my kindly bield,
And cauld and stiff I forced me o’er the field :
The norlin win’ was drivin’ hard the hail,
That beat my face without a moment’s fail ;
For twa’re miles I held against its bang,
And baulder charged the fiercer on it dang,
When just, as if to tell me I had won,
Clear frae the lift outbroke the welcome sun.

“Onward I sped, nor kent I where awa’—
The kintra roun’ was ae wide waste o’ snaw,
But as the day grew clear and bricht aboon,
A blithe, blithe sight to me was yon wee toun
Down i’ the howe,—ye ken ’t, Auld Meldrum:
hicht,

Where you and I ance haltit for a nicht.
Wi’ a’ the speed my weary legs could shaw,
I socht the place, and reached yon gavel wa’ ;
While there I stood, and thocht wi’ tearfu’ e’e
What friendly door wad lift its sneck for me,
Yon same auld farrant body, Meggy Mann,
Descried me shiverin’ there, and out she ran,
As fast as ane at her lang age could rin,
And took my hand and kindly led me in ;
Milk brose a cogfu’ syne she garr’d me sup,
And my lank belly sune devoured them up,
Wi’ bread and milk forbye, a pretty skair,
Till I was fit to eat and drink nae mair ;
Afore the fire syne I fell sound asleep,
And when I wauken’d darkness ’gan to creep
Out o’er the welkin, and the angry win’
Cam’ roarin’ doun the lum wi’ binnerin din,

“ ‘And garr’d the hailstones whirl and flee red
wud,
And strike the glass wi’ royit rattlin’ thud.

“ ‘But Meggy lit the crusie, and sat down
To hear me tell what garr’d me leave the toun :
I tauld her a’thing, and, kind body, she
Neist day hersel’ socht out a place for me ;
And there I sair’d my time, and learned to play
The flute, my greatest joy for mony a day ;
Syne I cam’ North—but mair I needna tell,
Ye ken the lave as weel’s I dae mysel’.
I only wish my breast was free frae pain,
And that wild hoast wad lat me work again ;
When siller’s scant, folk’s looks grow unco sour,
And bauld’s the e’e that bides th’ unfriendly
glow’r.’

“ ‘But Rab,’ said I, ‘the Hospital is near—
If ye grow waur, ye thitherward could wear,
And there nae stranger’s glunch ye hae to bide,
For sittin’ dowie at their cauld fireside ;
When sickness o’er you lays his weichty hand,
And sets ye down amang the idle band,
I’ve seen as muckle o’ the warld as ken
Your welcome ’s sma’ baith but as weel as ben.’
‘Nae doot,’ said he, ‘but I wad thither gang,
Were’t no that I’ll be weel aneuch ere lang ;
’Tis just the cauld I got, when bickerin’ roun’
Wi’ yon daft core at nicht about the toun.’

“ ‘Tell me,’ said I, ‘how did ye spend your
nichts,
Rantin’ about wi’ yon unweirdy wichts ;
Puir doited sumphs, ochon, whase glazy breeks
And threadbare coats rebelled against the stee’

“‘Weel, weel,’ said he; ‘yet dinna hasty blame,—
When claes grow tattered, minds sune grow the
same;

The chiel wha damns you in a moleskin weed,
Will bless in braid claith, or I’ll lose my heid;
And mony a ane wham dress mak’s angel fair,
In rags wad play the devil to a hair.
Amang that core wha sat aroun’ their head,
There were whase hearts were ne’er to honour
dead,

But poortith garr’d them lend their lugs to hear
The pride o’ well-filled virtue made a jeer,
And Providence, there viewed wi’ partial sklent,
Held up to merriment and foul comment;
And when they weighed their ain puir hapless
state

Wi’ ithers’ routh o’ haith, their hearts grew great,
Then in the bowl their waes they socht to droun,
Till each fleece’d bannet turned a gowden croun;
And could ye blame them, when I tell ye true,
Their backs were bare, and wames richt seldom
fu’?

“‘Na, Rab,’ said I, ‘far be it aye frae me
On raggit worth to cast a scornfu’ e’e;
But when I see sic hallanshakers met
To drink the bread their wives and weans sud get,
I will be plain—I set them doun as men
Wha neither manliness nor honour ken:
And what possess’d ye, Rab, wi’ sic to sit
Nicht after nicht, and spend your ready wit,
And leave me sittin’ dowie here alane,
A perfect stranger to the haill toun-en’?
Yon was nae place for ane like you to seek.’
‘Man, haud yer tongue!’ said he, ‘and dinna
speak.

“‘What muckle difference, think ye, might there be,

When a’thing’s squared atween yon waifs an’ me ?
 ’Tis true I had nae mither’s heart to sear,
 Nor wife, nor weans my splorefu’ nichts to fear ;
 But tho’ I’d had, wha kens but I had been
 As careless o’ them as the warst I’ve seen
 Amang yon band ? wha ne’ertheless allowed
 Their acts were shamefu’, nay, full aft had vowed
 To mend their lives ; butane mair teuch than they—
 Habit—had seized them for her hopeless prey,
 And round their limbs had rivetted a chain
 That nane but Death can ever loose again.
 That same fell pow’r wiled me awa’ frae you,
 And garr’d me mate wi’ yon regardless crew,
 Wha sail life’s ocean in a leaky boat,
 Heedless o’ danger while she keeps afloat ;
 But now nae mair I’ll sail wi’ them, but seek
 To drop my anchor in some canny creek,
 Where, free frae gurlie winds that whoml the
 main,
 I’ll rig my boat afresh ere I to sea again.’

“Sweet April suns had green’d the fields ance
 mair,

And mony a flow’ret’s fragrance fill’d the air ;
 The lav’rock sang, the burns outgush’d wi’ glee,
 And wanton trouts pursued the sportive flee :
 But Summer’s sheen the heart wi’ sadness fills
 O’ him that’s born and nurs’d amang the hills,
 Whom fell necessity compels to won
 In reeky touns, and never see the sun,
 Save when some frendly cranny lets a ray
 Gang strugglin’ in, to tell him it is day ;
 Or when, at eve, some neighbourin’ lang lum head
 Shaws him a gleam o’ melancholy red.

" Sic fate was mine, wi' a' its sadness too,
 For gloomy wa's restrain'd my scanty view ;
 My couthie mates had left me ane by ane,
 And I grew sad to sit my leefu' lane.
 Rab left the toun, to try if kintra air
 His shatter'd frame micht help him to repair ;
 At some frien's house, fu' kindly houff'd was he,
 Whaur rocky Feuch gangs rumblin' into Dee.
 He wrote me ance, and said his hoast was gane,
 And that his breast was aftener free frae pain,
 And when the day was warm and mild, he took
 A fishin' rod, and angled i' the brook ;
 And that I micht, before the end o' June,
 Expect ance mair to see him i' the toun.

" Alas ! I couldna bide when a' were gane,
 For fits o' langsomeeness cam' o'er me then ;
 The vera wa's o' that auld garret brocht
 Back to my mind the antics we had wrocht.
 Here Johnny's cawkin's cover'd yet the door,
 An' ghosts o' ithers struggled thro' the floor.
 Pensive I sat, and glower'd aye round about,
 And thoct what hand wad wipe their markin's
 out ;
 For them the stranger wadna care a hair,
 Nor think on them wha ance were dwellers there ;
 Altho' to me thir figures naething meant,
 Mair precious they than ony gear I kent.
 Thus fondly do we cherish what has been
 Wi' us perform'd, and by a valued frien',
 Before the warld has warp'd the youthfu' mind,
 And strong affections wander unconfined.

" Oh, what is fame to him whase frien's are gane,
 Tho' the wide world should rout it forth amain ?
 It strikes his lug wi' harsh discordant jar,

“ And mak's him mair discomforted by far ;
Sweeter to hear a trusty mate's comment,
Tho' e'er so skill-less, say ' 'tis excellent.'
What fame had carried such a pleasing thrill
As John's, to see us wonder at his skill,
And hear us say, so guilelessly, that none
Knew half so many wondrous things as John.

“ When April had revived the deaden'd lea,
I was at wark fu' busy in Dundee,
Doun at the boddum o' a darksome land,
Where daylight reached us but at second-hand.
Here nine lang months, in that dark neuk, I saw
Gang o'er my heid, and calmly pass awa' ;
Now fair, now foul, they gaed a changin' scene—
But aftenest shaw'd them o' a cast between.
Yet it has aye been my gude luck to find,
Whaur's'er I gaed, richt honest chiels and kind,
And here were twa, baith hafflins as was I,
Eident at wark, and mirthfu' lads forbye ;
I could hae mated wi' them a' my days—
Their humours pleased me, and their artless ways.
But I had heard—wha hasna ?—o' that toun,
Auld Reekie, famed a' ither touns aboon ;
Lang had it been my anxious wish, ere then,
To see its wonders, and its dwellers ken.
But now that I had southward gane sae far,
This wish o' mine nae haud-again could bar ;
So when Time's shool the aged year at last
Had happit in the graveyard o' the past,
And merry bells, wi' eident jow and clang,
To hail the birthday o' a young year rang,
I cross'd the ferry, held thro' Fife awa',
And made Kirkcaldy just at gloamin' fa'.
In the lang toun I didna seek to bide,
But hasten'd downward to the water side,

"The hail o' a' my fortune in my hand,
An' reach'd the boat afore she freed the land.
The gleefu' wheels began their bickerin' din,
And thro' the water garr'd our vessel spin,
While in her wake the swirlin' waves broke white,
And seemed to burn in gleams o' silvery light.

"Nae lang the evenin' smoky grey, for soon
Out o'er the Pentland hills arose the moon,
Her magic licht unfoldin' to the eye
The mirlie splendour o' a mackrel sky ;
Then burstin' thro' a cloudy rent full glow,
She flash'd her brightness on the world below,
And earth wi' heaven in a' her beauty vied,
And baith like sisters whom twin birth allied.

"Bright stood Dunedin's classic hill comfess,
Her sculptur'd columns sleepin' in their rest,
Aroun' their shafts the flickerin' moonbeams
play'd,
And pleasin' contrasts gae'd o' light and shade,
Then, as we gradual near'd the southern shore,
They downward dipp'd till they were seen no
more.

"I stood a while, and smiled to see the folks
Hobblin' ashore wi' lumberin' trunk and box,
And when I lookit to my ain wee kit,
And saw my a' within my apron knit,
I pitied them wha toil'd wi' sic a drag,
For little else than just to mak' a brag ;
Syne turn'd me roun', and bade them a' guid
nicht,
And speel'd the brae wi' heart and heel baith licht,
Nor did I halt until I fand mysel'
Within loud hearin' o' the Tron kirk bell.

“ And still I wander'd thro' the crowded street,
That echoed back the din o' patt'r'in' feet ;
This way and that the throng wad gar me stoit,
And troth my ribs gat mony a daiverin knoit,
For I wad aften stand, and goup and gaze
At ony thing that micht my ferly raise ;
The mair I saw, the mair my wonder grew,
For ilka step brocht me to something new,
Or shaw'd some grey memorial o' lang syne,
When Scotia's thistle didna sapless cyne,
But stout and stieve, by native gardeners drest,
Way'd here its tap as proudly as the best.
Eastward I held, and view'd famed Holyrood—
A king-deserted silent pile it stood ;
Its chapel's wa's, now roofless and defac'd,
Her bygone glories mournfully attest.
Wi' tearfu' e'e I saw the moon's cauld beam,
Thro' pairtit groin and time-bit pillar stream,
Where eerie shadows shape like livin' things,
And flit aroun' the weedy lair o' kings,
Whase country surely owes them better tift,
Than let their graves unhallowed face the lift.

“ But puir auld Scotland's sittin' i' the dumps,
Her heid droops feckless o'er her wither'd stumps ;
The thistle, ance her greatest joy and pride,
Lies scrunt, and dees unnoticed at her side,
While weeds o' kinless growth choke up the soil
That Scotland's bairns bocht dear wi' bluidy toil ;
And Scotland's micht and Scotland's richt are laid
Low i' the mools wi' her illustrious dead.

“ I turned awa', the nicht was wearin' late,
And housed me snugly in the Canigate,
Altho', to tell ye true, ere I got there,
My knees were quakin' wi' the tiresome stair.

"For a' the touns I've ever been amang,
Auld Reekie dings for cunnin' stairs and lang,
And I had wandered geyan far that day,
To find my limbs in fettle for sic play.
When mornin' cam' I made a blithe disjune,
And hied me furth again to see the toun.

"But just as I was threadin' doun the maze
O' cranky steps, a biggin' took my gaze.
'What see ye,' said a wise-like chiel to me,
'That gars ye glower wi' sic an earnest e'e?'
Said I, 'what chisel wark is yon, I pray,
That little saves frae huss'llin' doun the brae?'
'Ye gommeril!' said the chiel, amazed a bit,
Is that but a' ye ken o' Edinbro' yet?
That's Burns's monument, tho' tint o' hue,
Wi' sooty yoams that undivaulin' spue
Frae this red lum—wae worth its ugly gash!
Had I my will, I'd coup it wi' a clash,
Although it were for no ae ither faut
Than just for makin' that sae dun and scaw't:
Yet ill and deevil tho' the gas lum be,
Anither thing far deeper vexes me,
And it is this—to see yon standin' there
Oorie and cauld-like, dreary, dern, and bare;
Grudged a bit stance, and clappit scrimply doun,
Wi' no as muckle yird as hide the foun,
Oot owre frae a' the nabobs o' the hill.'
'That same,' said I, 'does Robbie little ill;
The proudest monument, as weel's the best,
Is raised to him in every freeman's breast.
But now the fashion is to dit his name,
And it is socht to blur his honest fame
By ilka fouty sump, whase beggar wyme
Gars mak' his tongue a clapper to the time;
For cantin' hypocrites, a gruesome band,

“ ‘Like hoody craws are black’nin’ a’ the land—
Their croakin’ dirge is heard frae ilka tree,
And coves the conscience that wad fain be free.
The bard wha sang o’ freedom and the poor,
Maun still be hatefu’ to the gang, ye’re sure,
Wha, as a warrant, use the name o’ God
To scourge their brithers wi’ an airn rod,
Nor let their persecutions e’er divaul,
Till thro’ the body they hae bruised the saul.’
Nae mair I said, and pairtin’ frae the lad,
Gaed wanderin’ on whaur’e’er my fancy bade ;
And mony a bonny biggin’ did I see,
And mony a ferly to arrest my e’e :
To tell you a’ I felt, and a’ I saw
In that braw toun, is mair than I maun fa’ ;
Forbye, the nicht’s already maistly gane,
And I’m but spoilin’ ither’s sport, I ken,
Else I wad rattle aff my story gleg,
About the Castle, and the famed Mons Meg.
But I maun e’en pass by, in hurried sklent,
Sir Walter Scott’s proud peerless monument—
A grand enchantment, wrocht wi’ magic spell,
As great as e’er the wizard used himsel’ ;
Grand bields like temples, streets o’ palaces,
And squares and crescents, rows, and terraces ;
Their names, their hist’ry, grandeur, ilka thing
That I to mak’ them kent to you could bring—
The auld toun’s wonders, and the new toun’s pride,
And mony anither wordy thing beside.

“ Wisdom as weel as Learnin’ bigs her throne,
That wealth and grandeur wad be fain to own ;
And Art wi’ Science—queens, a sister pair—
Delight to mak’ their royal dwallin’ there ;
Nor yet is Charity invoked in vain,
To heed her suppliants in her humble fane.

" I stay'd for lang aside Greyfriars' gate,
And plied my craft fu' busy air and late ;
My window lookit o'er the auld kirkyard,
Whaur rest the banes o' that sweet Scottish bard,
Blithe Allan Ramsay, still without a peer—
The prince o' shepherd songsters far and near.
But after nearly townmonts twa had fled
Wi' flockit wings, tho' canny, o'er my head,
My thochts were bent on hame—I tuik the
train,
And sune was whiskin' to the North again ;
But when within sax mile o' Aberdeen,
Wi' snaw-wreaths chokit we were stay'd bedeem ;
Syne some gat shoos to cast the drifted snaw,
And some, like me, took leg and tramp'd awa ;
Some to the wreaths wade in, and fairly stack,
And some were cow'd, and forc'd to lowder back ;
Syne we fell sindry as we socht the toun—
Ane said 'twas up, anither said 'twas down :
So ilka ane, fu' wise in his conceit,
Took his ain gate, and a' had disagreet.

" I scoured awa' my leefu' lane, and soon
I saw the lights, and quickly made the toun,
Intendin' first to ca' on Jamie Brown,
Wha dwalt atween the hills ; but now in vain
I socht for him, for Jamie Brown had gane,
Wife, bairns, and sister, bravin' ocean's roar,
To howk for gowd on far Australia's shore.
A wee short while mak's unco change, I ween,
And I can say I've lost ae honest frien' ;
Ane wha this nicht, richt pleasure wad hae ta'en
To see me sittin' on his ain hearthstane,
And hear what a' had happened to mysel',
While he in turn me hame'l news wad tell.
But never mair, I doubt, will Jamie Brown

“ Wi’ fun and clatter gar my nichts rin roun’,
But still, where beats his honest heart, I pray
Guid luck be his and a’ his folks alway.
I left a stranger standin’ i’ the door,
Whase friendly leifs aft welcomed me afore ;
And danderin thochtfu’ thro’ the Links, gan wend,
Nor kent I, cared I, for my journey’s end,
When by-and-bye I heard the roarin’ sea,
That boom’d and thunder’d maistly close to me ;
For there was I still hastenin’ wildly on,
Haudin straucht forrit to the mouth o’ Don.
Here it cam’ on to blaw a stour o’ drift,
The like o’t never peltit frae the lift—
Turn as I would, it cam’ wi’ equal scaith,
And filled my throat, and took awa’ my breath ;
I focht against it till my fushon fled,
And that same minute wad hae seen me dead,
But that, when I was fairly at a stand,
I saw your licht clear blinkin’ near at hand.
Wi’ a’ the pith the storm had left me, I
Made for the place, and crawl’d forfain in by ;
Twice on my legs I maistly fell asleep,
And twa’re times in snaw-filled heughs fell deep,
And when at last I socht your out-door sneck,
My throwless fingers wadna yield nor beck ;
I thocht I cried, when straucht the door played
knack,
And shaw’d me to you, blawn up breast and back.
Your kindly care has gain’d my thankfu’ prayer ;
Oh, may ye never want a worthy share
O’ a’ the gifts that Heaven thinks fit to send,
And routh o’ happiness their use attend.
Ance mair my hearty thanks accept, gude frien’s—
I trust this meetin’s no the last atween’s.”

The stranger ceased, and hafflins raise,

When Saunders caught him by the claes,
And pou's him down again, and says—

“Fair fa' ye for a canty chiel,
Gi'e me your hand, your heart is leal;
O, man, ye've tauld your story weel,
My heart louns licht to see ye.
To gi'e ye but a moment's mirth,
I'd spairge the fire about the hearth,
And fling the dishes to the yirth,
Gif that could pleasure gi'e ye.

“Oot owre this door ye winna gang
Ae single tae length—by my sang,
We'll keep ye yet or richt or wrang—
For gowd I hadna tint this.
Come, fiddler Willie, whaur are ye?
Courtin'—I kent it! hout, lat be;
For ony sake, man, bide a wee,
There's time to kiss ahint this.”

“Bide still,” quo Effy, “what for now
Is a' this red wud haste? I trow,
Until ye get your sowans, ne'er jow,
Nor fash your skinks,
Unless ye mean the pat to grow
To the crook links.”

He turned him roun' about wi' virr,
And grippit firm and sure
The sturdy bool, and wi' a pech,
The pat sets on the floor.

The savoury yoam gaed thro' the house,
As Effy stirr'd the mess,
Delightin' mony a gratefu' nose,
And greinin' gab nae less.

Within that house, believe ye me,
 There were nae lazy drones,
 As Saunders said, wi' leal gudewill,
 "Come, sirs, and get yer sowans?"

As roun' the muckle pat they thrang
 Wi' caps and pigs, their wames to pang,
 They raise a clatter and a clang—
 "Twad dune ye guid to see them.
 The posset reekin' like a stew,
 Our wifie wi' a scummer drew,
 While draps o' sweat ran down her broo,
 Sae vogie she to gie them.

Oh ye whase cauldrie snoutties drap,
 Like pinkin' weest frae riggin' crap,
 Or barkin' hoasts disturb your nap,
 Get butter'd sowans and syrup.
 Syne to your bed, and hap ye weel
 Oot owre the lugs,—I'll stake my skeel,
 Ye'll neither pouter need, nor pill,
 To gi'e your guts a steer up.

Says our gudeman, when a' was dune;
 "Now, laddie, for a rantin' tune,
 Screw up your pegs and mak' a din;
 This nicht, atween the frost an' win',
 Wad thirl a puddock oot o's skin;
 Get up, ye jauds, and wallock.
 Now play a guid strathspey, my chiel,
 To loose their tae frae crampin' geal;
 Syne gi'e them some wud brattlin' reel.
 Sic like's the reel o' Tulloch.
 And after that we'll drap the game,
 'Tis time that a' guid bairns were hame."

As Saunders spak', the housefu' raise,
And paired them in a jiffey ;
Auld Saunders cleek'd wi' Peggy Graeme,
The stranger cleek'd wi' Effy :

And a' were up save Davie Gunn,
Wha sat alane and watched the fun,
Engaged, nae doot, in thankfu' prayer
That Kate, his helpmate, wasna there.

They squatter aff wi' madd'nin' glee,
'The stour in cluds is fleein' ;
A wilder band ye ne'er micht see,
An' nane mair happy greein.

Their clatterin' feet, wi' eident clack,
The bendin' timmers stievely strack ;
O' merry thooms was heard the knock ;
Their duds war drippin' on their back,
But aye they danced, nor sought to slack,
But kept it up wi' virr, man.

They reel, they reel,
The laddies leal
Swift kisses steal,
The lasses squeel ;
The neighbours' lugs play'd birr, man.

They halt, and now in great request
Are shawls and bannets—to be drest
The lasses fidge wi' bustlin' haste—
The house begins a-scatterin' ;
For ilka lassie has her lad,
Wha skugs her in his hamespun plaid,
And aff they set—a merry squad,
Wi' laughin' and wi' chatterin',
To meet the morn's nicht as fain,
And play this daffin o'er again.

SECOND NIGHT.

Sune as the cauldribe winter day
Pat oot her licht, and shiverin' lay,
And gloanin', clad in hoddan-grey,
 Cam' hirplin' o'er the snaw,
The core o' yesternicht, in fettle,
Again were met to try their mettle
Wi' some mair frien's o' willin' ettle,
 To sing, or dance, or jaw.

Yestreen some couldna get aneuch
O' wallopin', they were sae teuch
 That naething could them faize ;
But little dancin' sair'd this nicht,
Their skelpit soles were fired outricht,
 And some had blister'd taes.

Here Davie Gunn fush in his spouse,
 His spouse, I mean, fush Davie ;
Wherever Kate was he fell douce,
 And dawp pit sat, and grave aye.

And sic a pair the twa did mak',
 The wabster and his frow aye—
The tane was like a fishin' wand,
 The tither like a bowie.

Now Sandy Black was wae tae see
Puir Davie Gunn sit cow'd, and dree

The ill-faur'd sklents o' Katie's e'e
 That aye was glourin' sourly ;
 And Sandy swore an aith that he
 Wad swinge the limmer surely.

Sae up he gets to sing a sang,
 And drive the carlin frae the thrang ;
 She ne'er gat sic a lounderin' bang
 Sin' ere they ca'd her Kate ;
 And troth I'm sure she'll no think lang
 To come again that gate.

He shifts the name o' Kate to Bell,
 But Davie stan's for Davie's sel ;
 He clears his hause—nor man, nor woman,
 Had ony guess o' what was comin'.
 The ceilin' rings
 As Sandy sings—

S O N G.

When first acquent wi' Bell M'Lean,
 At Robie Dow's, in Belnagarrow,
 Tho' ye had gane a simmer day,
 Ye wadna chanc'd tae meet her marrow.

Wi' braws she dang the parson's wife,
 And nearhand beat the bethral's dochter ;
 To see the kicks she gaed her heid,
 Nae common bluid ye wad hae thocht her.

On Sunday aye her hair, weel plait,
 Was dichtit o'er wi' glancin' ulzie,
 But Sunday was a day when Bell
 Was nae that keen wi' lads to tulzie.

Nae wonder, then, she wasna fain
To let a chiel gi'e her a driffle,
For fear he'd brak' her pipit bords,
And cockernonny a' curfuffle.

On ither days she wasna slack
To gi'e and tak' a gey rough rivin';
She liket lads, and troth the nail
Was no let rust for want o' drivin'.

Three simmer suns hae speel'd the lift,
And doun again hae fairly slidden,
And Bell M'Lean is Davie's wife,
But Guid keep me frae sic a midden !

A fouler trail was never seen,
The dirt wad scrap that grows upon her;
A mutch she wears as black's the lum,
A face the verra deil wad scunner.

Her hose in rapes about her feet,
Her wrapper oot at ilka shouther ;
She ne'er pits aff her nether duds
Till filth has garr'd them pairt frae ither.

Her feckless man is doilt richt sair,
His saul and body baith are dozen't;
Cauld kail thrice het she gars him sup,
While she wi' best o' scan is flozen't.

She hunkers aye aneth the lum—
A hough on ilka side the ingle—
The cauldest winter day that blaws,
His nippin' taes get leave to tingle.

And Davie, he, puir stock, is fain

To jook, and let the jaw gang o'er him,
 For gif he daur'd to say a word,
 The jaud is up as she'd devour him.

Gin she war mine (tho' Guid forbid !)
 I wadna lift my han' to clout her ;
 But, by my faith, a fiery truff
 Sud scawm the rotten rags about her.

The sang was dune, but sic a din
 May ne'er puir sinner's lugs be in ;
 Kate sprang on Davie, garr'd him spin
 And dird about ;
 O'er form and stool she made him rin,
 Like fleggit cout.

"Gae hame," says she, "ye sumphish sot—
 Ye silly, doited, slaiverin' snot ;
 Gae hame !" she rairs, and gars him stot
 Clean withershins,
 Wi' ringin' clink agane a pot,
 And brak' his shins.

"Gae hame, ye hingin-luggit dog,
 Ye gude-for-naething, feckless scrog !
 Gin ye were worth a mouse's lug,
 Ye'd thraw the neck
 O' him that wad your wife deroge,
 Or at her geck.

"Gae furth ! my certie, but I'll kame
 That croon o' yours gif aince ye're hame ;
 I'll gar ye play anither game,"
 Said she, and strack
 Wi' baith her nieves the wabster tame,
 And claw'd his back.

Syne turn'd she wi' a face as red
 As ony nor'wast win', and made
 A claucht at Sandy, but he fled
 Fast for the neuk ;
 She seized the tangs to brak' his head—
 Oh, sad misteuk !

Nae wonder that she flings it frae her,
 Cries "feegh" ! and draws her serapers tae her,
 And flees the house wi' fearfu' rair ;
 Nae wonder, Kate,
 Ye shor'd the housefu' wi' a prayer—
 The tangs was het !

Guid kens what cam' o' Davie, he
 Had fled, and left the tირrree ;
 He camna back that I could see :
 I'm sure she'd mell'd him
 When she had got him hame ; ah, me !
 She may hae fell'd him.

A kintra poet, scant o' cash,
 Wha aft had tholed fell Puirith's bash,
 Yet never socht himsel' to fash
 To win Dame Fortune's favour,
 Resolved to spend his humour gash,
 And gi'e the felks a claiver.
 Where fun and frolic reigned was he,
 Haill nichts o' baith himsel' wad gi'e ;
 To meet a core o' fellows free
 Was aye his first endeavour.

Folks aft, wha didna ken him richt,
 Mistook him for a fool outricht,
 Or some wud barum-scarum wicht,
 For nae kent use

Than just to while awa' the nicht
At ony house.

He daff'd to set anither daffin,
He laugh'd to see anither laughin' ;
But little kenn'd the bodies gaffin,
When cheeks war weet,
For a' his pranks and owrehead flaffin,
That he could greet.

Frae oot his pouch a bunch he tuik
O' written papers like a buik,
And after he had gi'en't a luik,
Wi' glancin' e'e an' roy't,
He finger'd furth his newest cluik,
Bade a' be hush'd, syne in a bluik
Was skreedin' aff upo' the buik
"The Mavis and the Poet."
He heezes up his voice a third,
And thus accosts the fancied bird :—

THE MAVIS AND THE POET.

"Are ye a stranger still to wae ?
Live ye in bliss life's little day,
That even now, when the sun is set,
Ye follow up yer singin' yet ?"

"My blithesome bird, how happy ye,
Beyond the sair dung chieles like me ;
Nae gnawin' care, nor bickerin' strife,
Disturbs the easedom o' yer life ;
A' day ye dance frae tree to tree,
And frae your bow'r your roun' black e'e
Can note what's doin' here and there,
And nane tae gi'e yer heart a scare.

For me, alas ! I'm fechtin aye,
 Frae rise o' sun till fa' o' day,
 And never winnin' up the brae.
 Sma' wants hae ye, nor dae ye need
 Wi' labour sair to win your breid ;
 Nae rivin' han' to tear frae you
 The sweet bit that's gaun to yer mou'."

"Whisht, whisht a wee," the birdie said,
 As answer quick to me he made ;
 "An' dae ye think I never gain
 The ken o' sorrow or o' pain ?
 Oh man, think shame ! ye never lookit
 To see the way puir birds are cookit :
 My breist's as easy touch'd as yours,
 For a' your stock o' boastit powers,
 And sensible are birds as men
 To a' thing that their natures ken.
 Think ye that sorrow 's a' your ain,
 Because ye're fit to speak your pain,
 And tell the wee'st gnidge ye get
 To a' thing roun' about ye set ?
 Just hark to me, and judge my case :
 The fernyear spring we socht a place
 To big oor nest, and fand a spot
 Where lovin' trees had cast a knot.
 We made oor nestie i' the glack,
 And laid oor eggs, but oh, alack !
 That ever we sud meet sic fate—
 Oor eggs a greedy pyot ate.
 We biggit it again aneth
 A fir, and thocht it free frae scaith,
 And laid anither lachter there,
 And hatch'd oor young ; but ere the hair
 Begoud to change itsel' to feathers,
 My wife the wae'st was o' mithers—

A pack o' loons, wae worth them ! came
And took our nest and young things hame.
A sparrow hawk cam' hoverin' o'er
The fields short syne, and frae me tore
My couthie mate, oh, waly ! now
Hae I mair cause for joy than thou ?

"Puir birds are mony a mischief wrocht,
That gi'es them sair and weighty thocht,
Frae futt'rat, falcon, owl, and cat,
And fifty ither faes by that ;
But chief o'er a' is man himsel'—
The grievin', greetin', ne'er-do-well,
Wha caresna gif himsel' be safe,
Tho' a'thing else sud wander waif.

"I wonder that you poets—chiels
Whase heids are geyan aft in creels,
But wha are reckoned clever deils—
Are e'er sae doited as to say,
When things are gaun the contrair way ;
'How happy birds upon the spray,
Rejoice themsel's frae day to day,
While this and that's to grief a prey.'

"The wee bird lauch'd—I lauch'd, for well
I saw he hinted at mysel' ;
'Weel, weel,' said I, 'sweet minstrel sing,
And gar yon plantin echoes ring,
I ken ye hae your hours o' dool,
In simmer's smile, and winter's scowl ;
I'm nae alane doun-press'd wi' care,
The haill warld wide has aye its share.

"But oh, what need o' further talk,
I ha'e my dun, and you your hawk ;

An' yet we shanna cease our sang—
 The life o' neither o's is lang :
 Tho' cluds may darken mine and thine,
 Let's never slip the gay sunshine ;
 Where there's ae blink, my canty bird,
 We'll mak' our separate voices heard.
 I left him singin' there fu' crouse,
 And daunder'd thochtfu' to the house."

Says Nelly Weir to Andro' Grant,
 Wha sat as douce as ony saunt ;
 " Noo Andro' lad, ye've never spoke,
 Nor tauld a tale, nor pass'd a joke,
 Ye've put your senses in a poke—
 O man say something,
 And dinna sit mang speakin' folk
 Like ony dumb thing ;
 I ken ye dinna try to sing,
 But ye can gie's some ither thing."
 Afore ye could ha'e counted three
 He suddenly unbends his knee,
 And rattles aff wi' fun galore,
 This story o' a weddin' splore.

DAFT WATTIE.

A queer lookin' shaver was Wattie,
 The barber, ye'll maybe him ken,
 Wha married daft Nelly M'Hattie,
 A maiden o' twa score and ten.

But gif his said spouse was a queer ane,
 The barber himsel was as queer ;
 A dial-cock nose that wad fear ane,
 Stood sklent on a face without peer.

His e'en war twa ill-shapet goggles,
That winket and blinket a-gley;
The tane as if watchin' for boggles,
The tither tae pilot his way.

And when wi' his razor fu' busy,
He brocht it tae bear on a chin;
He steekit ae' e'e, and took vizzie,
Tae keep him frae cuttin' the skin.

Hech! cuttin' the skin was but little,
As mony sair gabs could declare—
Tae what they received frae his whittle,
In ruggin' and rivin' the hair.

The nicht that the antic was married,
The parochin' a' was asteer;
The verra tykes barkit and worried,
And kent there was deevilment near.

The cats frae the dirdum and din o't,
Gat up on the roofs wi' their chums;
And next at the shame and the sin o't,
Curmew'd i' the buchts o' the lums.

For the halycut deevils o' loons,
Wi' pistols o' iron and lead,
Garr'd ilka thing shak' wi' reboun's,
That weel micht hae wauken'd the dead.

As Wattie and Nelly cam' bobbin',
Awa frae the minister's door,
Wi' fear they were fusionless fobbin',
Tae see sic a hell o' a splore.

The feck o' the guests at the weddin',
Had faces as red as the fire;

Deil ane o' them stayed to the beddin',
But Sandy and Meg M'Intyre.

This Meg was the howdie, and Sandy,
Puir deevil, was ca'd her gudeman;
But Meg was as arrant a randy,
As ever in petticoats ran.

And this the clanjamphry, that byket
Like new casten skep by the door,
Kent brawly, and vow'd as they fyket,
Tae gee the twa pair a bit smore.

Ae wandocht got haud o' a divot,
(Frae hell siccan antics maun come),
And carried it up i' the nieve o't,
And stappit the heid o' the lum.

Anither a castock had cuttit,
And howkit the inside awa';
Wi' pob and a coal syne he put it
Tae the keyhole, and stoutly did blaw.

Then the reek frae the wicked thing bokit,
And spued till the biggin' was fu';
Cries Wattie, "Tae dede we'll be chokit,
Gae Sandy and see what's ado!"

But oh, siccan hoastin' and hiccup,
And sic a queer yellochin din—
Folks' lugs never heard sic a kickup,
In this wicked planet o' sin.

The new married couple had beddit,
As soon's they thocht a-thing was clear;
When the yoam frae the castock gan spread it,
An' pat the haille house in a steer.

Baith Sandy and Meg fell a-stampin,
And pautin their feet on the floor,
And Wattie raise up and was glampin,
Around a' the wa' for the door.

But Guid help us a' in our trouble,
We're puir feckless things by oursels,
We aft when we even see double,
Gang rap upon things that wad fell'a.

And wha', when his e'e-sight is blindit,
'Mid darkness and reek meetin' baith;
O wha could be cute or clear-mindit,
Sufficient tae keep him frae skaith!

As Wattie raise up and was hoastin',
And brakin' the pats wi' his shins,
And prayin', and swearin', and boastin',
How weel he wad claw the loons skins—

His nose took a whup at the girdel,
That skirpet the fire frae his e'en;
Roared he, "Tae the regions infernal,
My saul frae my body's gane clean."

At this, Meg a claucht loot at Wattie,
And grappl'd the tail o' his sark;
He thocht 'twas the claws o' auld Clootie,
That gruppet him fast i' the dark:

Tho' Meg had a haud unco sicker,
Sae frantic the body did grow,
He whuppit him free in a bicker,
And knockit a lozen clean thro'.

The smash o' the glass garr'd him shiver,
As weel's the cauld air that cam' in;

But it helpit tae gar him recover,
And noo tae the door he did rin.

The swankies outside first had fasten'd,
A muckle kail runt thro' the sneck;
And into a double had casten 't,
On purpose our wicht to begeck.

But hearin' the body rampagin,
And fearin' the craeturs nicht smore,
And youkin' to gie him a cadgin',
They slippit the runt frae the door.

Out bang'd in a vengeance our shaver,
Wi' nae ither dud but his sark,
And after the swankies, but favour
Is nae tae be fand i' the dark.

For scarce frae the door-stane he frees him,
When whup cam' twa hafins behin';
And up frae the grund quick they heeze him,
Hurra! and makin' a din.

Then aff for a hole they were makin',
As fast as their loamins could wag,
Resolved to gie Wattie a duckin',
'Mang greenbrees and byre-bockit slag.

Guid kens where their antics had endit,
But some o' the neibours thocht shame;
Wha kindly their barber befriendit,
And bore him aff back tae his hame.

In the midst o' the hurry and frother,
O' liftin' the barber an' a'—
Stack Meg and her Sandy thegither,
And slippit fu' canny awa'.

Ance mair the puir couple were beddit,
And naebody stirred them again ;
But the howdie will never be needit,
And naebody oucht to complain.

This curious story scarce was spun,
'Bout barber Watty's weddin' fun ;
The loud guffaws that follow'd after,
Were ringin' yet on ilka rafter ;
An' Andro' scarce had taen his seat—
Ere bounded quickly to his feet
A buirdly chiel frae yont the Spey,
Wi' bonnet blue, an' plaid o' gray ;
Wha aft upon Ben-Eagen's side,
Had seen the mountain spirits glide,
What time they urged the hurricane,
With speed adoun the darkenin' glen ;
Had stood upon the rifted rock,
And braved the tempest's headlong shock,
While levin fire wi' niddry sheen,
A moment bridg'd the dark ravine.
Furth frae his spaul his plaid he flung,
And this wild tale, half said, half sung.

RORY MURDOCH.

" Upon a nicht, if I remember,
About the middle o' November—
Ane Rory Burgess, half seas o'er,
Had taen the gate frae Aberlour.
The sun twa hours had left the hill ;
The stars were bricht, the e'enin' chill ;
While frae the North, wi' fitfu' glare,
The dancers brinn'd athort the air.

" The road afore our wicht was lang,
But Rory was baith hale and strang.

Out owre the hill he bangs fu' stieve,
 A rung o' hazel in his neive;
 Hauds thro' the wood o' dark Papeen,
 And sees the Fiddoch flashin' sheen:
 Thro' rocky scaurs mid whirl and dash,
 She tears along wi' menseless hash;
 And faems and twists, and birls red wud,
 An' rumblin' hurls wi' brimerin' thud.

"At Maggieknockater's black brig,—
 Where Mortlach witches ran the rig
 Wi' Satan i' the human shape;
 Wha shaw'd them how to trail the raip,
 And steal the dew frae girss in May,
 And ride upon a windlestrae,
 And ither proticks play'd langsyne—
 The barley courage 'gan to dwine:
 An owlet futherin' in a tree
 O'ercoupit his philosophy,
 And garr'd him lengthen out his stride,
 And thraw'd some ither things beside.

"He's past Boharm's auld kirkyard,
 Nor meets wi' oucht that claim'd regard;
 Save that he thocht he heard a knell
 Come frae the auld kirk gavel bell.
 Tho' what could stir the auld kail-pat—
 Haill thretty years, and mair than that
 Have pass'd since she has gien a jow—
 What for should she be clinkin' now?
 The feck o' a' the kirk's awa',
 Save clinkum and the gavel wa'.
 Whether this could, or couldna be,
 He didna turn a fit to see.

"Wi' londerin' step and space-fu' stan,

He hied for Bodenfimoch's glen ;
But wiley as a roostin' tod,
He tak's Auchlunkart's private road.
In simmer it frae side to side,
Is roof'd wi' trees o'erbranchin' wide.
But now the stars were glintin' down,
Thro' leafless boughs upon his croun,
When near the house, he finds his heart,
Play dunt for dunt wi' thud richt smart ;
For a the kintra kens fu' weel,
This is the houff o' elf and deil.
But skaithless he wins past them a',
And thro' Blackhillock scours awa ;
Comes thro' the moss hags o' Millben,
Where tappit stanes stand up like men,
Or ghaists wi' ilka ane a sheet,
As blae's a blawart to its feet.
As thro' this thrawart path he stotters,
His heart gied twa're royt hotters :
He thocht he saw ae muckle stane,
Gang shiftin' thro' the lave its lane.
But what will eerie bodies see ?
'Twas but a shoggin' auld sauch tree.
Aboon the Tauchers he is past,
And round the Whinnie brae gangs fast.

"The drink was deen' in his head,
While ilka bush a bogle made ;
And aye as he gaed scuddin' on,
Some daurin' thing he thocht upon,
That he had said to be thocht brave,
And learned-like amang the lave ;
When i' the inn at Charlestoun,
Urging his queer opinions roun—
Mang Coupers frae the braes o' Balloch,
And drover chiefs frae yont the Tulloch ;

And even then he fand the punchin's
Of a half-dozed yet waukrife conscience.
His heart was unco far frae licht,
He fand he had'na aye dune richt,
Nor acted wi' an aefauld aim
In a' his dealin's furth and hame.

"Amang the rest he mindit weel,
That he had said there was nae deil,
Nor ghaist, nor fay, nor aught sic things,
But what a daupet' fancy brings ;
And no a fricht did e'er he get,
Tho' he had travell'd air and late ;
And that he never wad be feared,
Nor yet by ghaist or bogle scared.

"'Tis easy tellin' by the fire,
When sittin' cracky on our chair,
What dreadfu' dangers we could brave,
And hoo sae noble-like behave ;
And when we hae the drappie in,
Richt rough and knotty threads we spin ;
But when we come to reel the pirn,
It costs us mony a gasp and girn.

"Sae boastit Rory, thochtless chield,
When sittin' in a cosy bield,
Gie'n the bowl the tither steer,
Wi' nocht but freens and cronies near—
Dour gypes that took him for a scholar,
And wide-mouth'd gapin' heard his gollar.

"Tho' fear stack by him a' the nicht,
It never show'd itsel' aricht,
Till noo the Norlan hills oot owre,
Mair eerie-like he 'gan to glour ;

And lookit thief-like aye ahint him,
For fear some ghaist or bogle kent him,
And had been followin' on his track,
To tear him for his heathenish crack ;
His verra fitfa' 'mang the heather,
E'en put him in an eerie swither ;
And when a baud or partrik hirsled,
His hair like hedgehog's needles birsled.
Yet on he scour'd thro' thick and thin,
Thro' mony a hole and rashy fen,
For he had left the path awee,
And held aneth Achanacie,
Where ancient wa's in neuks abut—
For weel he liked a short bit cut,
And never tint a thocht to pass,
To save a bit, thro' ithers grass.
'Twas this that fush him o'er the hill—
'Tis nearer than by Towie's Mill.

“ When first he took the real alarm,
He was a rig-length owre the farm ;
And a' between him and his house,
Was just a plantin' and a moss.
Here Rory's fears gaun aff a wee,
'My hame,' he says, 'I'll shortly see,
I haena owre a mile to gang—
That shanna tak me verra lang.'
But little do puir bodies ween,
When hope smiles gay afore their e'en,
This moment as a sunbeam bricht,
That cluds the next may dim its licht—
Folks aftener chance to get a fa'
At their door-stane, than far awa'.

“ Thus while puir Rory calmer grew,
A glarin' licht o' dismal blue,

Cam' scuddin' owre the moss itsel',
Like some curst demon het frae hell—
Guid kens if it was this or no,
But that our traveller thocht it so.

“Withoot an unce o' courage left,
He stan's like ane o' wit bereft ;
His e'en, like crabs, shoot frae his head ;
Ilk drap o' sweat was like a bead
Upon his brow—but wi' his hair,
A hedgehog's back has nae compare ;
Like heckle teeth upricht it stood,
Or like o' sauchen wands a wood ;
And liftit' up wi' ease upon it,
His little scaw't Botriphnie bonnet ;
His jaws wide-stretch'd, wi' fearfu' gap,
Seem'd like a half-set rotton trap ;
His legs refused to bear him aff,
And frae his fingers drapp'd the staff.
The licht comes aye the nearer han'—
O Rory Murdoch, luckless man,
What will ye do ? it's sure to catch ye,
And aff to Sootie's cau'drons snatch ye :
There ye'll be plumpit o'er the head,
'Mang brimstane flames and boilin' lead—
Auld Clotie, lad, will lat ye ken
Whether or no there's sic a ane.

“Already in his daunert hearin',
He hears the fiends for joy cheerin',
That he maun cease frae warldly cares,
And saul and body a' be theirs.

“'Twas mair than flesh and bluid could stan',
And aff in wild despair he ran ;
Whiles trippin' ae foot wi' the ither,

And tumblin' 'mang the bushy heather—
 Ae moment haudin' straucht for hame,
 The neist the contrair way again.
 O'er heichts an' howes, thro' dub an' dirt,
 While frae his shoon the gutters squirt,
 Fu' fast and furious on he dashes,
 Thro' roots o' whins and gosky rashes,
 Till he had nearly spaced across,
 The biggest half of Messaly's Moss,
 Whaur tired wi' racin' roun' and roun',
 Gaspin' and breathless, he fell down.

“ ‘O Lord,’ he cried, ‘in mercy hear me,
 And letna that curst Spunkie tear me;
 I ken I weel deserve this a’,
 But Thou canst kindness to me shaw.
 Ochon—Gude help me—murther, murther,
 Permit it, Lord, to come nae further.’
 But yet for a’ this earnest prayer,
 Did Spunkie swerve? na, deil a hair.
 Nearer and nearer on it came,
 Fast bleezin’ wi’ unearthly flame.
 O pity Rory’s awfu’ case—
 He sees the Deil glour in his face!

“ He tried to pray, but couldna do ’t,
 Fast in his throat the words were glue ’t;
 His mouth was dry as runkled blether,
 His verra tongue was turn’d to leather;
 And as it waggit, Lord defend us,
 The wizzen’d clack o’t was tremendous.

“ Tak’ courage Murdoch, ye may win
 The race, tak’ to your heels and rin.
 The hint is tane, he flees ance mair,
 Across the kintra like a hare;

But oh, the deil's confoundit tricks,
Wi' baith his feet puir Rory sticks—
A miry slough held fast the wicht,
His knees war maistly oot o' sicht.
But fears gie double strength, and noo
Wi' pech and grane he wriggles thro',
And frees him frae the trauchlan jougs,
That grant him freedom frae his brogues.

“ Again he flees like arrow fleet,
Tho' wicked stobs sair gaw his feet ;
Owre dykes and ditches at a dash,
Thro' hidden holes wi' plunge and plash.
But sair he miss'd the haufin boots,
Mid cracklin' whins and knabblick roots,
And fain wad made a halt a wee.
And twice he screwed his neck a-jee,
But never lookit fairly roun',
Till ance aneth auld Hillock's toun,
When keekin' round about his head,
To see gif aye at him it made,
His foot sticks in a bush o' rashes,
And flauchtbred in a hole he splashes.

“ Great mercy 'twas for him puir fallow,
That this moss pot, tho' far frae shallow,
Wasna o' verra wide extent,
And thickly roun' wi' bushes sprent,
Else he had ne'er on earth again,
His house, or weans, or wifie seen.
When up he scrambled frae the boddum,
The rising mune a broom-bush shew'd him ;
Like ony dear frien's han' he grasp'd it,
And in baith his richt firmly clasp'd it.
But, faith, he fand it no sma matter,
To climb a steep bank frae the water—

As aften as he did essay,
As aften did a bit gie way.

"Thus did he fecht an hour or mair,
Harrassed and vexed wi' doubt and care,
But never loot the broom-bush slip
Frae his determined death-like grip.
He kentna if the deil was near
Or far awa, but aye his fear
Assured him that the fiend would watch him,
And this the verra trap to catch him.

"But soon as thro' the plantin timmer,
The wauken'd mune began to glimmer,
And frae the southern winnock keekit,
That erst wi' rags o' clud was steekit,
No just sae close, but that he kent her,
And kent she saw this last mischanter—
And troth he couldna help but think
She showed her licht upo' the brink
To let him see the bush o' broom—
She maybe kent he couldna soom—
His mind a sma' thing lighter grew,
And he but try to stretch his view.
But just as he begoud to sklent
Sidlin' e'e across the bent—
The Lord preserve a' livin' creature,
He sees a thing, nor face nor feature,
Nor aucht about it kent to him ;
A crooked thrawart form and dim,
Like rack that creeps the burn at even,
Or rack that sails the breast o' heaven,
And anchors on the dark-blue cloud,
When thunner-stanes are rumlin loud.

"Amazed, denumb'd at this new antic,

At best half-daft, noo fairly frantic—
 Tho' what could he amang the water,
 But row and wriggle, plash and splatter ?
 For if he ance loot go the brink,
 Down like a divot he would sink.

“ As this queer sicht crept owre the bent,
 A score o' shapes it underwent ;
 Sometimes it was a wisp o' strae,
 Sometimes a topplin' coll o' hay,
 And cam' sae near it reshell'd o'er him,
 As if it had designed to smore him ;
 A stook o' barley sheaves 'twas next,
 Whose awns his face and fingers vert,
 And gied him mony a waefu' prick—
 To loose his grip was a' its trick ;
 Yet tho' his han' was unco scrimpit,
 He stack as sicker as a limpet.
 But a' the shapes that vision took,
 The wisp, the coll o' hay, the stook,
 War no for nonsense, I maun own—
 The things it shadow'd forth were stown.
 I maybe sudna tauld you this,
 But left it to yoursels to guess :
 Believe 't, or shak' your pows and dout it,
 I've tauld the haill I'll tell about it.

“ When this had pass'd afore his nose,
 His ain fause lippie shoglin rose ;
 He kent it weel, and troth nae wonder,
 That same had cheated odds a hunder.
 The fishwives frae the Binn o' Cullen,
 And hielan' hizzies 'yont the Dullan,
 Had sworn their faith that Murdoch's peck,
 Had gien them a' a sad begeck,
 And prophesied the deil wad crack
 Some seein judgment on his back.

" Noo here's the verra cog itsel,
Het reekin' frae the ribs o' hell ;
He closed his e'en, and gied a shiver—
'Twas vain, he saw 't as vive as ever :
It waggit up and down anent him,
Till on the lug a cuff it lent him,
That left a binnerin' in his head,
Wi' souch aneuch to wauk the dead,
Syne frae his vision vanish'd quite,
And left its owner nearly gyte.

" Tho' mony anither fearfu' scene,
Gaed daunderin' by afore his e'en ;
Yet a' the sights that nicht he saw,
The hindmost set him warst ava.

" An ill-faur'd nowt-like shape came by,
And snooved atween him and the sky :
Its tail was naething but a stump,
The rest had faun frae the rump ;
The hurdies o't were sharp and thin,
As if they had been clappit in
Wi' flatten'd face o' ditcher's shool,
Or some sic-like braid-skelpin' tool.
Puir thing, few siccan straits, I ken,
Had brocht ye to your hinder en',
Had ye been oucht besides the ghaist
O' Murdoch's calf, that couldna rest,
And frae the mools that nicht was sent,
Its former maister to torment.
Wi' you the grave has kindly dealt aye—
Nae change on you since Murdoch sell't ye,
For five half-crowns, a year come spring,
To Eppie Low—puir simple thing,
Sma' need had she o' sic a loss—
The wratch's heart was surely boss :

He couldna thrive, the vile impostor,
When sic a price he gart ye cost her.
His raxin conscience had nae mense—
Ye wasna worth as mony pence.

“ Wi’ plaitin’ legs, now in, now out,
It trailed its warpled form about ;
Wi’ houkit sides the creature stands,
And girnin ribs, like bellows wands ;
Wi’ scraggy neck and hammer head,
And beamless e’e, as dull as lead—
It gat abune him on a knowe,
Glour’d in his face, and gied a low.

“ And Rory Murdoch heard nae mair,
Ahint that queer, unearthly rair ;
It cam’ sae dowie and sae dowff,
It drave his saul frae out its howff.
And now had been a sad begunk,
For Rory’s dweble bouk had sunk.
But ilk ane has his kindly star,
There’s naething ill but could be waur.
Tho’ a’ forfairn and tint o’ pith,
And fusionless in limb and lith,
Throughout the haill o’ this disaster,
His fingers couldna grippit faster ;
Nor keepit to a haud mair nice,
Could e’er the jaws o’ Brookie’s vice.

“ How lang this dwaum, I canna say—
When it wore aff ’twas shinin’ day,
And he was in his bed at hame,
And by his side his couthie dame,
Wha watch’d him fidgin, fain to see
That her gudeman had oped his e’e.
Puir chiel but he was far frae crouse,
And lookit dazed-like thro’ the house.

“ ‘What’s this that’s happen’d ye?’ quoth Bell,
As sune as he came to himsel.
‘I sey’d to gar ye wauken twice,
And joundied you to gar ye rise;
But ye gied aye the tither glaff,
And skirled out, ‘the calf, the calf,’
And thraw’d and twistit wi’ your face,
And glampin’ ravell’d a’ the claes.
Ye’ve gien me twa’re gey sair flegs,
Aneuch to put me aff my legs.
I winna cower this mornin’s scare,
This ae aucht days, I doubt, and mair.
Jock brocht ye hame a hum’lin’ sicht,
A’ dirt, and weel afore daylight,
And tauld’s he gat ye i’ the hole
Where Hillocks drown’d the mangrel foal.
What pat ye there I canna tell,
But ye will aiblins ken yoursel’;
What’s happen’d ye, my man? just tell me,
And dinna glour as ye wad fell me.’

“ But feint a cheep came frae his head,
Oucht mair than he’d been dumb or dead;
But round about his e’en would ca’,
And glour at naething on the wa’.

“ ‘He wants a drink,’ said Jock, and claucht
A jug, and filled a cauler waucht,
Fresh frae their ain clear, birlin’ spout,
And to the auld man held it out.
But his puir faither couldna see’t,
Or rather wadna, Bell agreeit.
But woman’s wit they say’s prolific,
Bell shortly fand the gran’ specific.

“ ‘Water,’ says she, ‘hoot Johnny, ugh,

O' water he has had aneuch ;
Gae, see and get a thimblefu'
O' whisky man, to weet his mou' ;
For ane wha's near been drown'd, I think
Cauld water's but a sober drink.'

" I needna tell, ye'll guess how soon
Bell's tenty nursin' brocht him roun' ;
But frae that hour, I'll swear, till this,
He 's ne'er been heard to speak amiss,
Nor boast nor blaw as he was wont—
Ye're safe to tak' my word upon 't.
Puir cheil, he's growin fey, I doubt;
He's dung the auld peck boddum out,
And ither changes mony mae,
He's busy makin' daily day.

" And aye he says if folk but kent
The half o' his predicament,
His waesome plicht, his awesome dread,
They ne'er wad slicht the name o' Gude,
Nor for a lauch wad join in evil,
And say there's nae sic thing 's a deevil ;
For what was it but just himsel',
That bleezit wi' the licht o' hell,
And gart him flee for miles distraucht,
Like houndit mawkin bellyflaucht ;
To gie him syne his hindmost grog,
Had nearhan' drown'd him in a bog.
' But praised be Gude,' quo' he again,
' That I am here, and safe, *Aw-men.*'

" Aweel, the deil was slack o' wark,
To come and boodie i' the dark,
Because a coof had said that he
Could never prove his entity.

But I'll leave this to them wha ken
O' heaven and hell the but and ben ;
Whase sharper e'en are wont to trace,
The hidden ways o' either place.
I've gotten Rory put to richt,
And sae maun bid ye a' gude nicht."

Wi' that he claucht his Norlan plaid,
And roun' his shouther flang 't,
Nor stayed to tak' a partin' cup,
But leaves the housefu' in a whup,
And loud the door he bang't.
He had a wild e'e in his head,
That wasna canny, hantles said,
And mony ca'd him daft ;
But fegs he was a dainty chiel,
And had a wizard's craft.

Again their kintra poet spak—
"Gude folks I wad be fain,
Ance mair to loose my rhymin' pack,
And gie a verse again.

"For we hae friens, tho' far awa
Frae Scottish land this nicht,
That fain wad join our random core
And daffin, gin they micht.

"But rairin seas lie braid between,
And whirlin' tempests blaw ;
Whase fearfu' souchs wauk heavy thochts,
O' friens far, far awa.

" For in that sough I hear the wail,
O' brethren dear to me,
Lamentin' sair, wi' bitter tears,
Their hapless destiny.

" And I will tell a waefu' tale,
O' ane o' them that left
Thir Norlan hills, by greedy hands
O' house and hame bereft,
And driv'n to seek, but ne'er to find again,
A hame far yont the tumblin' western main."

And the poet swept a gathering tear,
With hurried hand, from his glistening eye,
And slowly read to the listeners by,
This tale of woe and of misery drear :—

" The sun behind the forest shade,
Was going to his rest ;
Yet tenderly he gazed upon
A cabin in the West ;

" And thro' the window peer'd his light,
And fell full soft and red ;
As lingeringly he hung around
A mother's dying bed.

" A youthful husband sat beside,
A young girl on his knee ;
And at his side a curly boy—
On tiptoe bent stood he.

" This little boy a-wonder'd why
His father was in tears ;
But gazing on his mother's face,
He caught his father's fears.

" He wept, but knew not why he wept,
Even till his eyes were dim ;
But yet he was afraid to ask,
What seemed so strange to him.

" A fitful slumber broken thro',
The mother shivering woke ;
And turning round her pale, pale cheek,
In hollow tones she spoke—

" " Oh Jamie, tho' we've fouchten sair,
To better our estate ;
The warld has never smiled on us—
But wha needs strive wi' fate ?

" ' Ye've toiled yoursel' richt sair, Jamie,
Frae rise to set o' sun ;
But a' your wark has gane for nocht,
On this unkindly grun.

" ' They said this land across the sea
Was worth its breadth in gowd ;
But ah ! 'tis no like our auld hill,
In misty mantle row'd.

" ' Tho' bare and bleak our hielan' hame,
And tho' the crap was sma' ;
We neibours had that wadna see
Our backs hard at the wa'.

" ' Its nae reflection on oursels,
We haena thriven here ;
For nane o' a' that cam' wi' us,
Hae better fared, I fear.

“ ‘Puir folks, we kenna how they fend—
We’re scatter’d far and wide ;
And mony a burn and mony a brae,
Our neighbourhoods divide.

“ ‘For this is nae auld Scotland, na ;
And tho’ she gniged us sair,
I hae a lithe heart till her yet,
As I’ve had evermair.

“ ‘Ye spent your best days there, Jamie,
In thankless wark I trow ;
And mony a sair day’s darg ye war’d,
Upon yon heathery knowe.

“ ‘We baith wrocht late and air, I wat,
To mak the wee bit grun ;
And thocht wi’ pride we’d spend our days,
On what out hands had won.

“ ‘But as it green’d and richer grew,
Aneth your eident han’,
And promised fair to pay us back,
Our sorrows but began ;

“ ‘For hard and cruel was the laird,
Wi’ plenty and to spare,
To turn us oot o’ house and hame,
For a’ the wee bit mair.

“ ‘May Gude forgie him for the ill
He’s dune to mony a ane ;
He hasna left ae reekin lum,
Whaur ance war countit ten.

“ ‘Tho’ I maun find an early grave,
In this far distant West,
I dinna grieve ye brocht me here—
Ye did it for the best.

“ ‘Tis hard, indeed, to dee awa
Frae a’ a body’s ain,
And lay their banes whaur nae kent frien’
Will see the spot again;

“ ‘Yet surely I shall no repine—
My sweet wee Johnny’s here :
We buried him when Autumn winds,
Had made the green leaves sere :

“ ‘And oh, it gies me peace o’ mind
To ken, when I am deid,
Ye’ll lay me down aside my bairn,
And hap my clay-cauld heid.

“ ‘But what’s to come o’ you, Jamie,
Wi’ twa sma’ helpless weans ?
The thocht o’t’s ruggin at my heart ;
But Heaven is abune ’s,

“ ‘And surely it will lend its licht,
To brak the gloom that lours ;
And guide your footsteps thro’ the dark,
And ledd their path and yours.’

“The sun had set, but ere he saw
That lonely cot again ;
Kind Death had touched the sufferer’s heart,
And stilled its throbbing pain.

"And ere another week had pass'd,
The father, sore distrest,
His rosy boy led in his hand—
His girl clasp'd to his breast.

"And thro' the woods he weary trudged,
With halting foot and slow;
And sought in other parts afar,
A refuge from his woe.

"But whether he has found a spot,
To soothe his wounded breast,
Men do not know; for long, long since
He vanish'd from the West."

The poet ceased, and bosoms mair than ane,
Gied tremblin' answer to his mournfu' strain.

A magic sound arises sweet and clear,
Like gush of rill to thirsty wanderer's ear—
'Tis Peggy Graeme that sings of Kathleen dear.

SONG.

She cam' tae oor toun whan the hairst was beginnin',
A young, leesome lassie, and bashfu', I trow;
The smile on her cheek was richt modest an' winnin',
An' her bonny black e'e was o' luve beamin' fu'.
She wrocht wi' the lave, but it wasna wark for her—
Her wee lady han's war in thistles o'ergane;
And short the nicht's rest for the lang day afore her,
But nane ever heard the sweet Kathleen complain.

Frae Erin's green hills she had wander'd a stranger,
 And mony a lang weary brae had she speel'd ;
 And far frae her hame she had brav'd ilka danger,
 Tae seek in auld Scotland a back and a bield.
 For her ain folks were dead, and the puir thing unfriended—

And hame was a soun' noo she kentna ava ;
 But we a' liket Kathleen, and whan the hairst ended,
 Oor hearts couldna thole tae lat Kathleen awa.

She stay'd i' my father's lang after the shearin',
 And blithe war oor evenin's; fu' sweetly she sang
 The heart-meltin' strains o' her dear native Erin,
 By oor cozy bit ingle the winter nichts lang :
 And fain was she aye tae assist oor auld mither
 At bughtin' the yowies, or milkin' the kye ;
 And we aye ca'd her sister amang ane anither,
 And nae ither thing was she tane for outbye.

But Sandy lo'ed Kathleen, and aft i' the gloamin
 He wiled her awa frae the dwallin's o' men ;
 An' down by the burnie, or thro' the woods roamin',
 He woo'd the dear lassie, whaur nae ane micht ken.
 Three times has the Autumn wind whistl'd around us,
 Sin' Kathleen, sweet daisy, first gladden'd oor lea ;
 Noo brithers in truth oor dear sister has found us—
 She's buckl'd tae Sandy, and baith owre the sea.

I kenna whether Peggy's sang
 On Mysie's heart had wrocht ;
 Or whether o' hersel' it cam'
 To gie her verse unsocht :
 But like a dawtie, as she was,
 She loot her tantrums gae ;
 And sang wi' meltin' strain and lang,
 The waes o' Menie Day.

SONG.

Menie Day was a weel-faur'd lass ;
The flower o' a' her kin was she ;
Her voice was Music's maisterpiece,
Whan Music wales the sweetest key.

Her face, her air—she, a' complete,
Was Beauty's sel', whan Beauty smiles ;
Her bosom formed the theme o' love,
Unknown to art, untought to wiles.

The fairest sun that ever shone
Upon a flowery morn in May,
Drew ne'er so many a wanderin' e'e
As did the artless Menie Day.

But sad Misfortune's riev'in' blast,
Wi' ruthless vengeance cross'd the plain ;
And laid the bonniest rosebud low,
That ever cheer'd the village swain.

The balmy southland breeze in vain,
In vain the cauler evenin' dew,
In vain the summer's genial beam :
Its wonted bloom can ne'er renew.

May foul dishonour be his fa',
That laid thee in the mould'ring clay ;
For cauld the soul, and fause the tongue,
'That broke the heart o' Menie Day.

The sutor lad wha cam' yestreen,
Frae Saunders' hip was ne'er let gang ;
And after Mysie ends her sang,
He turn'd him hauffin's roun' bedeen,
And reezed the lassie sair and lang,
Till she was scarlet tae the e'en.

What a' he said I canna tell :
He sang them this attour himsel'.

SONG.

Whan the Gloamin in his plaidie,
Saftly row'd the sleepin' day ;
Blythe the simmer win's war blawin'
Roun the ricks on Cuthil brae.

Starnies here an' there war blinkin' ;
Frae the roof o' heaven hie
Listenin', as wi' fond attention :—
Annie tauld her love tae me !

What was a' the warldling's glory ?
Kings to me war nocht ava,
Whan she kiss'd me, ca'd me Willie,
Said she lo'ed me best o' a'.

Whan I heard the honied wordies
Drap sae saftly frae her mou',
Close I press'd her tae my bosom—
Spakna for my heart was fou'.

A braw gash laird o' half a street,
Forbye a soud o' siller wi' 't,
And threescore towmonts to the beit,
Cam' in the splore tae view.
He hoastit sair, and dichtit's face,
And sat him down upo' the dais,
Whaur Saunders raise tae gie him place.
And hailed him Maister Dow.

The folks war tane a thocht aback—
And troth their fun begoud to slack,

As sune as Saunders raise and spak
A welcome to the laird.
But nae camsterie purse-proud ane,
Was this same lauchin-like Cockpen ;
But fu' o' luve, an' fidgin' fain,
Tae get some quean's regard.

Nae ither thing fush him this nicht,
Than just—puir, luckless, silly wicht—
O' Nelly Weir tae get a sicht,
And maybe pree her mou'.
Tho' bare his pow as timmer cap,
He was a dainty, crouse auld chap,
An' leuch, an' swat, an' hodg'd, an' lap,
As near tae Nell he drew.

But why sud youth and age be pair'd ?
Brisk Nelly wadna hae the laird—
Her stock o' luve was wholly wared
On shortsome Sandy Black :
Yet nae a flee cared oor auld man—
The mair she fled, the mair he ran ;
And noo this verra nicht he maun
Wi' Nelly hae a crack.

He tried by ilka hook and crook
Tae catch the lassie in a neuk,
And muckle fyke and fash he took—
Yet never socht tae cease.
But Perseverance aye wins thro'
Wi' maist it taks in han' tae do ;
And oor gash laird, I kenna hoo,
Claught Nelly on the dais.

The pawkie jaud, noo i' the fix,
Plays aff ding-dang her woman tricks ;

Hings down her heid sae bashfu'-like,
 It gart his lairdship fidge and fyke ;
 And whan he saw hoo fond she leukit,
 Wi' e'e that socht his ain, and joukit—
 The puir fule a' for gospel took it :
 And whan she smiled,
 A something took his heart and shook it,
 Wondrous and wild.

He kentna if in heaven or earth,
 Or in a house, or i' the furth ;
 His feckless manhead wasna worth
 A strippet rash.
 His tongue that dree'd o' words a dearth,
 Had nocht tae clash.

But thinkin' noo the day his ain,
 He sune cam' till himsel' again,
 An' tauld his luve baith plump and plain,
 And reez'd the charms o' Nell.
 Noo some ane socht frae Nell a sang,
 And clean awa' his woin' dang,
 While frae his side she lauchin' sprang,
 And gied him this farewell.

SONG.

Ye're owre auld Robbie Dow,
 Ye're freely auld Robbie Dow ;
 Ye needna try tae court—yer mou'
 Is saurless grown for kissin' noo.

The winter nichts will sune be here,
 And Robbie man, I muckle fear,
 A cauldride bed wad be my cheer,
 For ye've nae heat about ye noo.
 Ye're owre auld, &c.

That wicked hoast ye canna' stan ;
It's no the day that it began—
It's sure tae be your dede, gudeman :
Gang hame for ony sake, Rob Dow.
Ye're owre auld, &c.

I couldna thole yer yamerin' din,
That never ceases, out nor in—
Ye're jist a nettle tae the skin ;
Auld age is cankert, Robbie Dow.
Ye're owre auld, &c.

"Aweel," quo he, and gied a lauch,
Whan Nelly's sang was dune ;
"This fairly dings a', Saunders man,
She's shortly chang'd her tune."

"Auld gowk," says Saunders, "that ye are,
What else could be expeckit
In courtin' ony brisk young quean,
Than ye wad be begeckit !

"Gin ye wad follow my advice,
Ye'd fin' your profit in it ;
Be doin' as ye are—gude sand,
Ye're weel, and dinna ken it.

"Here's Willie takin' 's fiddle doun,
We'll hae a dance thegither ;
I'll kipple me wi' Kirsty Smith,
An' ye'll tak up oor mither."

"Agreed," the tither says, and leads
Blithe Effy tae the floor ;
While Saunders gets the egg-wife rais'd,
Wha muckle was, and dour.

"Noo gie us *Clach-na-Cuden*, loon,
And syne *Meg Merrilees* ;
And after that," says Saunders, "folks,
Ye'se a' get bread and cheese."

"Hoorah," cried Saunders, as the bow
Drave owre the mirthfu' strings ;
And whirls the egg-wife roun' and roun',
As if she war on wings.

But tho' she was a muckle wife,
And tho' her look was dull ;
She fittet weel the floor, I wat,
An' danc'd wi' richt gude will.

Oor canty laird was fu' o' life,
And lap and hooch'd wi' glee ;
His partner shook a nimble fit,
Nor miss'd a gird, not she.

But troth, ere lang, the haill house raise,
And bickerin' reel'd thro' ither ;
Like royt sparks o' starry sheen,
That ye hae on pat-boddum seen
In merry tift thegither.

Their binnerin feet upo' the floor,
Wi' patterin' haste doun cam' ;
Like thunner draps that straucht doun pluimp
Upo' the win'less dam.

And noo they're dune, the fiddle's dumb ;
Some tak' their seats, and ithersome
Stan' chattin' wi' their joes.
Syne Effy to the kebbuck gangs,
While Saunders slices hearty whangs

O' corned beef, and heats the tangs,
To warm ale, I suppose.

"But," says a stranger, wha had sat
Weel scougit in a neuk, I wat,
And heard their sangs and lichtsome chat—
"Ye've a' dune something roun',
It's noo my turn, and I'll be glad,
Gif I could to your pleasures add.
I'll do my utmost," said the lad,
And gart a whistle soun'.

He play'd a mournfu' auld Scots air,
Wi' skeel that wadna brook compare;
And made their hearts baith saft and sair,
And filled wi' tears their e'en.
Syne in a trice, ere he divauls,
Wi' martial rage he fires their sauls—
They steek their neives, they brace their spauls—
Was e'er sic frenzy seen?

As noo he deftly plays a reel,
Their feet nor scud nor blister feel;
But, forced to own the charmer's skeel,
Hard at the ca',
Gang dirdin' doun frae tae to heel,
Wi' timeous fa'.

He ceased; but ere the magic sound,
The raptured kebars fled,
Upsrang their canty sutor frien',
And to the player sped.

E'e kindles e'e wi' joyous beam
That shimmers thro' a tear;
And hand is lockit deep in hand,
Ere tongue can win in gear.

For they hae met, twa cronies dear—
The minstrel 's Rab himsel' ;
An' baith hae mony a thing tae speer—
An' muckle baith tae tell.

'Tis no for fremit lugs tae hear
What twa leal hearts wad say,
That haply meet again tae wauk
Byganes o' mony a day.

Fareweels are said, and hands are shook,
And grippit fast and lang ;
The housefu'—auld and young alike,
Are sweir tae lat them gang.

Up Effy rises frae the neuk,
And bustles but the floor ;
And claps them on the shouther baith,
And says tae them attour—

“ May Gude gang wi' ye, honest lads,
And guard ye frae a' skaith ;
Heaven kens ye hae frae my warm heart
My blessin's on ye baith.

“ And you my canty sutor, troth
I'm laith ye sud be gane,
But shanna press ye mair tae bide :
Ye've ane at hame her lane,
Wha doubtless kens na whaur ye be,
And tholes nae little pain.

“ Gude send ye till her safe and soun',
'Twill mak her auld heart glad,
Tae see her youthfu' callant grown
A weel-faur'd strappin' lad.

Fareweel ye baith, but I sud be fu' fain,
Tae hae ye back when Yule comes round again."

Syne turn'd she roun', and socht her neuk ;
But Saunders couldna speak,
And ance wi' hasty sleeve he brush'd
A tear-blob frae his cheek.

Tho' he convoyed them frae the door,
And said his last gude nicht ;
He linger'd in the clear moonshine
As lang 's they war in sicht.

At length he steppit ben, and said
" Oor twa young frien's are gane ;
I couldna be mair wae, in troth,
Tho' they had been my ain :

" For tho' we had yon ither lad
Amang us but a wee,
My heart drew till him sicker as
The bark draws tae the tree.

" For whan I mindit on the hards
That he had witter'd thro' ;
And saw him MAN abune them a',
I felt I kentna hoo.

" And syne our canty sutor showed
Sic joy his frien' tae meet ;
I stood dumfounder'd i' the floor,
Gude fegs, and like tae greet.

" 'Od bless me ! wha could ever think
That I was sic a fule,
As mak mysel' a bairn, and waur,
In my ain house at Yule ?"

Says Effy, "Twa as bonny lads
As ane nicht see, tae gae
And ca' the kintra far and near,
A lee-lang simmer day.

"The sutor was a dainty chiel,—
Now wasn' he, Mysie jo?"
But Mysie wasna there to hear,
Nor answer aye nor no.

What time she slippit frae the thrang,
She loot naebody see ;
But I'm maist sure I saw her put
Her apron till her e'e
What time the sutor held her hand,
And waefu'-like was she.

Again quo' Effy, "Saunders rise,
An' gie the folks a piéce ;
The only gude ye've dune the nicht 's
Tae burn my tangs frae use.
Ye're surely fey, man, tae forget
Ale, beef, an' breid, an' cheese."

"Weel-mindet, 'oman ; cheese and breid,
And eke a drappie for oor gueed,
Puts silly nonsense oot o' heid,
And maks folk like themsel's.
O' something I'm nae oot o' need,
My gizzen'd thrapple tells.

"My winsome callants lats hae fun—
We'll end the splore as we begun.
A dwaum cam' owre me, but 'tis aff,
And left me haill and fier to daff.
The nicht's but young, here's meat and drink,
We shanna lat oor spirits sink."

Wi' butter'd cakes the dish gaed roun,
 Syne gude cap ale tae sweel them down;
 'Twas Effy's brewst o' berry broun,
 An' gart their luggies crack.
 A' body's at their ease again,
 An' ilka ane is fidgin' fain
 Tae hae some daffin noo, that's plain—
 Whan uprase Sandy Black.

"Come gie's a sang noo frae yoursel',"
 Said he tae bonny blythesome Nell—
 "Ye ken that I'll be bauld tae want it."
 Says she, "Nae sooner ask'd than grantit."
 An' sittin' close tae Sandy Black,
 She set tae this ane in a crack.

SONG.

"Whan Venus' brat gie's you a brod
 Wi' his three-neukit dartie,
 An' leaves ahint the witters o't
 A' stickin' in your heartie;
 Tak my advice," says Meg to me—
 "If no I canna help it;
 Whene'er ye get a chance, tak up
 The fasheous geit, an' skelp it."

Sae nae lang syne the pawkie wean,
 Ae nicht that we war dancin',
 Shot frae a pair o' hazel e'en
 Twa darts, like fire-flaucht glancin';
 And thro' my heart they sent a stoun'—
 Wae worth the fairy shilpit,
 I swore that if I did but get
 The wicked elf, I'd skelp it.

I chased it thro' the hail barn floor ;
In ilka neuk I watch'd it ;
Till flutterin' wi' its little wings,
On Sandy's lips I catch'd it.
He flang his arms aroun' my neck,
He kiss'd—I couldna help it ;
And little Cupid lauch'd sae sweet,
I couldna thole tae skelp it.

The witchin' power o' Nelly's sang,
Was tauld in praises loud and lang :
An' a' the ithers did their best
Tae wile the hours awa'
Wi' mirth an' lauchter, sang, an' jest,
Till chanticleer did craw.

An' syne there was a startin' up
Tae look for bonnets, shawls, an' plaids ;
An' thochtless o' the partin' cup,
The lads begoud tae busk the maids.

Syne Saunders springin' frae his chair,
Cried "Hooly, hooly, bide a wee ;
Gae Effie bring a tastin' mair,
We'll end as we began, in glee.

"What hurry, sirs, tae be awa',
Like skulkers frae the licht o' morn ?
Tho' shavelings crack their vilest jaw,
We'll hae the fun, and thole the scorn.

"The vices o' the titled scamp,
Are 'wild oats' termed in common phrase ;
The impress o' the 'guinea stamp',
Disfigures virtue's lowly ways.

"The rich may wassail as they like,
Their sins are winkit at as pleasure;
Gude help the puir—a chatterin' byke
Gie them o' doom a heapit measure.

"The monks austere o' former days,
Whase lofty power was sadly riven,
Wad grin to see the devious ways,
Some folk tak in the race tae heaven.

"We aye conform to holy law;
We owe nae man a plack or bodle;
Tho' coofs may rin, and clowns may ca',
We'll journey at a happy toddle.

"Oor nichts o' this kind arena aft;
An' virtue aye is fand presidin';
And sud we gang a thochtie daft,
Dame Conscience keeks oot frae her hidin'.

"Whan Yule comes back wi' fun galore,
Some o' oor present happy number
May be upon a distant shore—
Some i' the land o' dreamless slumber.

"An' some may e'en tak time to think,
Aboot this rantin', social nicht;
Whan comrades' cans gied mony a clink,
An' beauties' e'en war sparklin' bricht.

"Whate'er oor lot, whaure'er we go,
Be this a purpose an' a token
Rever'd in weal, sincere in woe—
Support the reed that's bent or broken.

" A bumper, an' a lilt divine,
We want to croon the mony ;
An' tho' I'm nae a singer fine,
I'll roar as loud as ony."

(Saunders leads, and the Company sing)

" Gude nicht, an' joy be wi' ye a'.



MISCELLANEOUS POEMS.

A VISIT TO GRANNIE.

Whan dowie Phœbus sank ahind the hill,
And gloamin ventur'd sleely owre the lea ;
And nocht was heard except the tinklin' rill,
Or mellow mavis frae the birken tree ;

I teuk the gait, and owre the muir I ran,
Tae see auld grannie tirlin' at her wheel ;
And hear her cracks aboot the fairy lan',—
For mony a ane had she, I wat, fu' weel.

And naething gies a grannie's heart sic bliss,
As whan her darlin' oe's by her side ;
Tae straik his lint-white head, and fondly kiss
His fairy brow, is a' her joy and pride.

And nicht and mornin' 'tis her eident prayer,
That Providence will be the laddie's guide
Thro' ilka crookit path and evil snare,
In a' his journeyin's thro' the warld wide.

For youth and age are just the twa extremes
O' life's dim line, as far as we can see't ;
Whase changefu' form wi' rarest beauty teems
Whan, meetin', they the circle's round complete.

Richt blithe was she tae see me aye, I wat,
And mony a tale she tauld o' days bygane,
Tae keep me oot o' langer, as I sat,
Or play'd mysel' aboot her clean hearthstane.

Her auld clay biggin' in a bonie howe
Lay fairly shelter'd frae the winter's blast ;
And keepit her richt lithe and cozy too,
Whan thun'erin' Boreas blew his verra warst.

Aroun' her housie lay a bonie green—
A wee bit burnie trottit by the door ;
Close tae the cheek a muckle stane was seen,
Whaur she could see a' down the grassy shore.

And aften whan the simmer nights grew lang,
She there wad sit, and ca' the loopin' weir,
And listen, till the blackbird's witchin' sang
Nae mair could wile the lingerin' day tae hear.

The henhouse, biggit at the farther en',
Was theek'd wi' divots like the house itsel' ;
And at the back, anent the risin' sun,
There was a yard wi' mony a runt o' kail.

Aye cleanly scoopit was the earthen floor,
That even the sun himsel' could scarcely shaw,
Wi' his faut-fandin' e'e, a mote o' stour,
Atween the chimla and the butmost wa'.

There was a sand-glass on the winnock ledge,
That furnish'd her wi' mony a text on Time,
And thocht on human life at ilka stage,
Clipt i' the bud, or shorn in a' its prime.

"Improve youth's season," she would aften say—
"We dinna ken the day, nor yet the hour ;
Death is a maister we maun a' obey,
And whether sune or late, his comin' 's sure.

"Ye sud be eident *noo*, for ye will ken,
Gif ye be spar'd tae claw an auld man's pow,
That eild has cares an' troubles o' its ain
That leave sma room for ither things, I trow.

"A rash youth brings a gousty auld age on,
Wi' days o' grief, and nights o' waukrife granes;
But youth weel-spent 's a couch to rest upon,
That calms the mind, and heals the body's pains."

Aneth the lum, like sodgers in a raw,
Her sticks stood roun' the ingle tae be dried;
While bits o' fir for candles, on the wa',
In mony a bundle, up an' down, war tied.

And in a winnock sole, jist i' the gable,
Whaur baudrons aft wad sit and wash her face,
There lay a muckle, ancient, reekit Bible,
That keepit aft her specs, tae mark the place.

Besides a kist that lean'd against the wa',
An heirloom 'mang her kin, Gude kens fu' lang;
But fient a worm had daur'd tae gie't a gnaw,
And troth I ween it was baith hail and strang.

No like the buists they're makin' *noo-a-days*,
A' cover'd up wi' bits o' fleckit skin;
But made o' fir frae Arndilly's braes,
Cut at the growth, and at the heart weel win.

A lock it had that gied a firm loud knock,
An' left nae doutfu' han' tae try the lid;
The hamely hasp, no made wi' straes tae brak,
Frae pryin' e'en kept a' the uncoss hid.

In this auld residenter, what dost think
Had grannie, mindfu' bodie, laid wi care—
But her ain weddin' gown, o' bonie pink,
That Saunders coft her in a Lammas fair?

'Tis twa score years and ten sin' it was made,
And lain has, in memory o' that day,
Whan she was toast o' a the kintra side,
And weddit tae the weel-faur'd Sandy Gray.

The locker, too, whase lid was sweir tae move,
Was keeper o' a bonie valentine ;
A kindly token o' her Sandy's love,
Whan baith war bairns, mony a lang year syne.

But in a neuk, forbye, richt canny lay
A wab o' linen, white as sunlit snaw ;
Full thretty years, twice tauld, hae pass'd, an' mae,
Sin' it has been a guest in thrummy's ha'.

She span the wab hersel', ilk sleeky thread,
Whan in her mither's house a lassie gay ;
And frae it first her bridal sheets war made,
The rest is hain'd tae wait her deein' day.

Nae miser thrift does she, puir body, ken—
Her mind on warldly gear is little bent ;
'Tis a' her wish tae be as decent *then*,
As she has thro' a lang life-time been kent.

Tho' haill ten years hae noo at length fled by,
Sin' Saunders paid the last debt Nature craves,
Yet grannie lives, and richt contentedly
Tells owre her tales o' gaists and storied graves.

Tho' Time's rough harrow owre her brow has past,
And left sair scarts tae schaw it has been there ;
And wintry eild wi' mony a rairin' blast,
Has roun' her haffets raved, an' thinn'd them sair ;

A comforter tae ilka creature roun',
Her days creep slowly by without a care ;
Her eve is closin', but the lift aboon
Has mony a kindly starnie blinkin' there.

There's no a neiper but wad leave his bed
At mirkest hour o' midnight, gif he thoct
That grannie wanted but his sma'est aid—
Nor wad he need twa biddin's tae be socht.

The wee bit bairnies for a mile a' roun',
Mak grannie's house their houff, whan they can
spare
A Satterday or Wensday afternoon,
Tae jink and cuddle roun' aboot her chair.

For nae an angry word has she tae gie ;
And she'd be laith tae look or sad or sour ;
And weel they ken 'tis time tae curb their glee,
If she oot owre her glasses gies a glour.

And whan a neiper cronie daunders in,
Less patient o' their gambols and their glee,
And wonders hoo her head can thole their din,
Her answer's aye, " Puir lammies, lat them be ;

" They kenna what the world's doin' yet ;
For them that's spar'd, there's mony a cloudy day
Laid by in store ; and we sud nae forget
That bairns maun hae their daffin an' their play."

Noo at this time, and jist as I gaed in,
She had been busy at her dronin' wheel ;
But whan taewards the fire I steppit ben,
She bade me joy, and speer'd gif I was weel.

And noo that she had hush'd the drowsy hum—
(Sweet soun', nae heard by Scotia's ingles noo—
Oor dorty lasses mauna fyle a thum'
Wi' trash o' lint, or fu'-some creeshy woo')—

Wi' kindly look on me, she turn'd her roun',
An' drew her creepie nearer tae the fire ;
Syne speer'd for ilka naiper roun' an' roun',
An' gif auld Tam had gotten up his byre.

Her wee, short cuttie, black as ony slae,
She thrimbl'd frae the bole ayont the crook ;
An' fuff'd an' blew, and gied the tither bae,
Till a' the hoose was spuein' wi' the smook.

But wi' a croon, she tuik the hinmost draw,
An' said—the saut tears stannin' in her e'e—
“ My sister Tibby's Annie's worn awa :
They say the auld folks didna see her dee.

“ She was a dowie lass for mony a day—
Nae kith to yon rough ruskies Meg an' Bell ;
An' Providence, in His ain time an' way,
Has kindly tane the puir thing tae Himsel'.

“ I hope she's weel, an' a' her sorrows gane—
She suffer'd lang, an' made richt little din ;
Nae ane wad ever heard her gie a mane,
For a' the heavy trouble she was in.

" 'Twas maybe this that gart yon jades grow slack—
She dee'd her lane, whan Bell was at the byre ;
They nichtna a' gane oot, the careless pack ;
But whan a bodie's dowie lang, folks tire.

" Ay, jist as I gaed owre the gate yestreen,
I saw twa pyots tearin' at the strae
O' Tibbie's house ; an' 'twixt me an' the green,
I saw a candle blinkin down the brae.

" Fu' weel I kent a change wad be ere lang
Tae some ane, nae that unco far awa ;
I never liket oot about tae gang,
Whan dusk o' evenin' had begun tae fa'.

" Mony a fearfu' thing, I wat, I've heard,
An' mony a gaist and bogle hae I seen,
An' waterkelpie, splashin' thro' the ford,
Or howlin' roun' the brig, wi' eldritch scream.

" Ye lauch, ye nickum, at these awesome things—
'Tis true they're nae sae plenty as they've been ;
For as the Gospel rifer grows, it flings
Awa' the scriffin that's afore oor e'en.

" 'Tis saxty years noo, come the month o' May,
Sin' I gat warnin' o' a neiper's death ;
An' aye sin' syne I kent whan folks war fey,
By mony a sign forbye the bodie's wraith.

" The first I gat whan I was twal year auld,
An' herdin' on the muir aboon the toun :
Ae nicht as I my beasts pat i' the fauld,
Ahind my back I heard a drizzenin soun'.

" I lookit doun atween me an' the sky,
An' saw a sicht near took awa my breath ;
A muckle aumrie seem'd tae shoggle by—
I thocht I fand the clay-could sweat o' death.

" Upon my broo it stood, like draps o' dew—
My verra hair begoud to stan' on en' ;
But I gat power to sain mysel', an' noo
The thing wore daunderin' dounward thro' the glen.

" Syne in a whir it took the burnie side ;
Noo like a sheltie, a' in full attire,
Ance it gaed by : I socht na lang tae bide,
An' wi' a lauch, it vanish'd a' in fire.

" Nae ither thing was this, but jist the Deil,
Wha', as the Scriptures say, gangs aye aboot
Like roarin' lion, seekin' sauls tae spill ;
Wha's ne'er at rest, but ever on the scout.

" Gude disappoint him, an' his evil race,
In a' their wiles tae gar puir mortals sin ;
An' keep us under His restrainin' grace,
An' free frae thochts that harl us sair within.

" Upo' the morn, jist at the skreigh o' day,
The folks o' Midtoun had sad news tae tell ;
In yon deep swirl aneth the dyster's brae,
Daft Jamie Scott that nicht had drown'd himsel'.

" But that's nae a' : I've seen, whan on the hill,
An' happit i' my plaidie, cosh an' smug,
The kye elf-shot—O smirk ye as ye will,
I've heard the dart gang whizzin' by my lug.

" Auld Broomies had a cow, I mind her weel,
She dwin'd for lang, an' nane could pit her richt,
Till auld Kethelvie was sent for, whase skeel
Fand oot the wound, altho' it cheatit sicht.

" He took a plate, pat saut and water in—
I held the diah mysel', an' I sud ken—
Spak' unco laigh, an' wash'd the beastie's skin,
An' on the morrow she was soun' again.

" And ance upon a cauldribe, snawy night,
As I was sittin' by the fauld dyke side,
I turn'd to see gif a' my beasts war richt,
An' fand an elf-dart stickin' i' my plaid.

" Lang did I keep it as a powerfu' charm
Against the wiles o' thir mischancy faes ;
For they can never dae a body harm,
As lang's they carry ane aboot their claes.

" Your mither had for mony a year an' day,
(T'was my ain han' that sew'd it in her gown),
A dart o' flint, the wark o' canny fay,
Made like a heart, an' gneckit roun' an' roun'.

" She fand it stickin' by a yird-fast stane,
Whan jist a lassie, herdin' i' the Binn ;
It micht been shot at her, I dinna ken,
Tae dae her skaith—it gatna power tae win.

" A' roun' aboot this kintra side for miles,
The enemy made ance nae little stour ;
An' saulless witches wrocht their deev'lish wiles
Aboon the Linn, in Milton's auld grey tower.

" At the deid hour o' midnight I hae seen
Lang straits o' licht shoot up into the air
Frae yon lum heads ; an' dancin' on the green,
A hunder fairies in a ring, an' mair.

" And bonie music they wad play, richt sweet—
Ye couldna tell frae whaur the soun's did come ;
Sometimes 'twas fast, tae suit their nimble feet,
An' sometimes cam' wi' laigh an' dowie bum.

" But folks are noo-a-days sae fu' o' lear,
An' pride themsels sae muckle on their skeel,
They thraw their mous if they sud only hear
A bodie speak o' fairies or the deil.

" Young ministers, wha better sud hae kenn'd,
Hae in the poopit lichtified baith thae ;
An' beuks forbye, I'se tell ye, they hae penn'd,
That say 'tis nocht but notions that folk hae.

" They haud the auld folks fules ; but they could hear
And see as weel too, ance upon a day,
As ony o' them a' that lauch an' jeer
At what they've nae had time yet tae gainsay.

" I ken we getna sights sae mony noo :
The fairies frae this place hae gane awa' ;
And seldom do we see the wirry-cow,
That dwalt for lang about the castle wa'.

" In my young days the Scripture wasna kent
Near han' sae weel roun' here aboot, as noo ;
For few could read, an' scarce wad ane tak tent
Tae learn the way, do a' the best ye'd do.

"Folks may be cheatit wi' a fause tauld tale—
The strauchtest hae been aften kent tae lout ;
But what a bodie hears an' sees themsel',
They surely can believe withouten doubt.

"The nicht afore auld Broomies dee'd, I heard,
Upo' the dresser there, a heavy drap ;
I raise, an' lookit furth, for I was fear'd
The rain was comin' thro' the riggin' crap.

"But whan I lookit, quiet was the nicht—
Ye wadna heard the flaffer o' a bird ;
The lift was fu' o' starnies shimmerin bricht,
An' nae a spark o' weat had touch'd the yird.

"Neist day the wricht frae Keith, auld Tammas Bain,
Cam' in tae rest him, gaun tae Broomies' toun ;
An' put the streekin' buird jist up agen
The dresser en', whaur I had heard the soun'."

Wi' tales like these, she wiled awa the nicht ;
But aye I sat an' joukit i' the lum ;
An' glour'd aboot me thro' the house wi' fricht,
Lest some unchancy thing sud benwith come.

Tho' she had ceas'd, her stories fill'd my head,
An' sweir I was to credit ilka ane ;
But noo my flesh a' creepin' was wi' dread,
An' frae her house I wadna gang alane.

The nicht was clear, an' tho' the unclipp'd moon
Shone i' the lift, yet I was sae afraid
Lest I micht hear some gaist or kelpie croon,
Or play me some curst cantrip, that I said,

"Weel, grannie, troth I'm richt fley'd tae gang hame,
For I will meet some eerie thing, I'm sure ;
I winna gang this nicht, an' gang my lane—
Send Davie's Sawney wi' me owre the muir."

"Hoot, wisht, fule gowk, aucht winna trouble you ;
Gang ye awa' in this clear, bonie nicht ;
Hae aye the name o' Gude upo' yer mou',
An' ne'er a thing will e'er gie you a fricht."

Wi' that she rax'd her arm syne tae the press,
That stood anent the winnock, whaur the mune
Was keekin' thro', wi' bonie, lauchin' face,
Tae see her tak the sonsy kebbuck down.

"Noo, jow," said she, as she begoud to cut,
"Ye'll pang yer oxter pouch wi' cheese an' bread,
In case ye cross a hungry hillock ; but
Gang by the merchant's, whaur the new road's made.

"Come in an' see me whan ye're ga'in hame
Frae Annie's funeral, on Monday nicht ;
An' tell yer father that he micht think shame,
Tae lat my yardie lie in sic a sicht.

"I'll nae be at the kirk on Sunday first,
The weather's been sae broken, an' I fin'
The road owre lang—at ony time the warst,
For ane like me, sae frail, tae warstle in.

"It's wearin' late, an' noo ye'll scour awa ;
Ye ken ye hae a gude lang bit tae gang,
But ye're baith young an' souple, an' ye'll ca'
As fast's ye can, an' dinna hinder lang.

" Be aye a gude lad, notice weel yer beuk,
 Dae aye yer mither's biddin', air an' late."
 An' grannie, as she totter'd frae the neuk,
 Bade me " gude nicht," an' saw me tak the gate.

EPISTLE TO WM. THOM, THE INVERURIE POET.

3rd January, 1845.

Thro'out this yet but infant year
 May peace an' plenty be your share;
 Tho' times are bad, hae ye nae fear—
 They'll hae an end:
 May-be gif you an' I be here,
 We'll see them mend.

I wat they pit us till't just noo,
 Deil het we get tae fill oor mou,
 While purse-proud drones are cramm'd sae fou,
 They're like tae split;
 But bide a wee, an' warstle thro'—
 They'll spue it yet.

But Willie man, my rhymin' brither,
 I wish we kenn'd but ane anither;
 We sud hae fun for aince thegither,
 An' lauch oor fill,
 An' rattle owre oor sangs tae ither,
 Wi' richt gude will.

The first time aught that I was tauld
 About you, was by Allan Auld—
 A kinder chiel, upo' my saul,
 I ne'er saw ane:
 Tae gie my aith, I sall mak bauld,
 Ye'll say the same.

Syne ilk bit sang sae sweet an' true,
Drew my heart nearer aye tae you ;
For a' that e'er cam tae my view
Was Nature's sel',
An' thrill'd like music thro' an' thro',
Wi' rapturous knell.

"Gif he's a canty, social chiel,
I'd like tae see him unco weel,"
Said I to Allan Auld at Yule—
Nae farther back—
"An' wi' the Poet, owre a gill,
Tae hae a crack."

I needna tell what Allan said—
Suffice to say it made me glad ;
An' that nicht, ere I socht my bed,
I had design'd
That I sud something aff-hand screed,
An' tae ye send.

But ither things cam' roun' sinsyne,
An' drave it back frae time tae time,
Till noo, that heart an' hand enjoin
Wi' ane anither,
In this queer kind o' hotch-potch rhyme,
Tae ca't thegither.

A' kittle airts tae you belang :
They say ye sing an auld Scotch sang,
Wi' meltin' strain, an' cadence lang,
That fin's the heart ;
An' on the whistle nane can dang
Yer liltin' airt.

Noo since ye are a gude musician,

An' soun' the whistle wi' precision—
I've come at length tae this conclusion,
We'll hae a spring;
An' try oor skill, an' mak a musion,
Till girdles ring.

Tho' deil a note I sing mysel',
Upo' the flute I'll tak' a spell;
But, 'tween oorsels, I'se freely tell,
I'm nae a daub;
An' naething but Strathspey or Reel,
E'er crost my gab.

I like tae try an auld Scots air,
Sic as the "Bush aboon Traquair,"
"My Nannie O," an' twa're mair
O' this same thread,
That mak' ane's heart a kind o' sair,
Tae hear them play'd.

Their foreign music, noo sae rife,
On fiddle, clarionet, an' fife,
I wadna touch tae save my life;
For, tho' I could,
'Twad cut my hawse, like rusty knife,
An' chill my bluid.

Gif ye hae time, (as lang's I min'),
Tae scribble aff a twa're line,
An' lat me ken hoo tae divine
Yer whaur-about,
If ance the day war lang an' fine,
I wad come oot.

'Cause time is unco gude to lose,
An' as my musie needs repose,

She downa like to be verbose—
I'll say nae mair ;
But shortly bring me tae a close,
Wi' this my prayer.

O may your bardship never want
A fouth o' claes, nor yet be scant
O' meat an' drink, for sure ye'll grant
They're unco needfu' ;
Tho' some wi' ruefu' visage vaunt
Sic things are pridefu'.

Ye'll aften fin' some gabbin' chiel,
Whase dwallin' is a cosy beil',
Wha likes a dainty denner weel,
Like chitterin pyot
Declare the warld's gaun tae the deil,
Wi' sinfu' riot.

I dout some alteration great
Maun hap tae oor financial state,
Ere we gang sic an ugly gate.
Excuse me Willie—
Tho' verra puir, I sanna fret ;
That wad be silly.

Lang be yer strains o' love an' truth
As simple as the heart o' youth ;
An' may ye never dee o' drouth,
My charmin' wicht.
Such is the earnest prayer, forsooth,
O' William Knight.

A I R.

Whaur art thou gane, my Willie dear?
Thou'st left thy lassie lanely here,
Tae think an' sigh, while saut tears flow,
An' tell the rocks an' wilds her woe.
My Willie's gane, an' noo nae mair
Wi' flow'ry wreaths he'll braid my hair;
Nae mair he'll row me in his plaid;
Nae mair we'll seek yon plantin' shade.

O weary fa' yon distant land,
That wiled my laddie tae its strand,
Across the weary, welterin sea,
Far, far frae Scotland an' frae me.
O wad my laddie come again,
An' claim me for his dearest ain;
I'd leave my frien's, an' owre the sea
Wi' Willie I wad sail wi' glee.

But ah! I dout he mindsna noo
On her he promised aye tae lo'e—
Far oot o' sicht, far oot o' mind:
O could my lad prove sae unkind?
Na, na, I'll hope, whate'er betide,
That nane but I shall be his bride.
Ye laggin' hours, O swiftly wing,
An' Willie tae my bosom bring.

L I Z Z Y.

O Lizzy, lass, that pawkie e'e,
An' witchin' smile o' thine,
Gars mony a weary day, I wat,
An' waukrife nicht, be mine.

I dander up and down, amaisht
 Like sair-forfouchten kirkyard gaist ;
 But oot nor in, I getna rest—
 Ye've dung me a' ajea.

Yestreen the auld wife set my lugs
 A-reekin' het wi' shame ;
 An' gart my heart play dunt for dunt,
 As she cam' owre yer name.
 Baith young an' auld about the house
 Hae noo begun tae craw fu' crouse ;
 Some jeer at me 'cause I'm sae douce,
 Some bode I'm gaun tae dee :

But feint a deen's i' my head,
 An' that I'll lat them see ;
 For tho' I loe wi' a' my heart,
 An' loe nae ane but thee—
 That heart I mauna lat it break,
 But keep it hale for Lizzy's sake ;
 I ken she winna me forsake—
 I've read it in her e'e.

MARY, THE MAID O' THE DON.

AIR.—“*The Banks o' the Devon.*”

The wast gate o' Heaven on the day-king is closing,
 Afar gleams the sheen o' its bars, ruddy gold ;
 The ocean breathes low, in his slumber reposing,
 An' hush'd are the voices o' forest an' wold.
 Awa frae the daylight, noo Nature looks grander,
 Mair deep grow the shadows as evening comes on—
 Sweet evening, ye min' me whan love made me wander,
 Tae meet wi' my Mary, the Maid o' the Don.

Hoo aft has the wooers' star beam'd on oor trystin' ?
 Hoo aft has it set ere we socht tae gang hame ?
 Auld brig ! we hae courted an' kiss'dowreyerkeystane—
 'Twas there I heard Mary first murmur my name.
 As sweet as the sunbeam that opes the wee gowanie,
 The bonie blithe blink o' her e'e ever shone ;
 An' artless as childhood, the flower o' Balgownie,
 My ain bonie Mary, the Maid o' the Don.

It wasna her beauty that held me enraptured,
 It wasna the sunny-like blink o' her e'e ;
 But her lithe warm heartie alane wad hae captured
 A lover mair wise, an' far caulder than me.
 Noo here on the banks o' the dark-windin' river,
 A' friendless an' lanely, I mak my sad moan ;
 My tears fa' richt fast, for again I shall never
 See Mary, dear Mary, the Maid o' the Don.

A G G Y B E L L

Nae dout there's mony a bonie lass
 In fair Edina's toun,
 Whase pawkie wiles, an' winnin' smiles,
 Gie stoutest hearts a stoun'.
 But I ken ane—a sweet wee thing,
 Whase buddin' graces tell
 That love an' beauty claim the flower—
 'Tis little Aggy Bell.

Her merry e'e, sae dark an' slee—
 Sae glossy black her hair ;
 Her poutin' lip, whaur bees nicht sip,
 An' fin' sweet honey there.

I dander up and doun, amaist
 Like sair-forfouchten kirkyard gaist ;
 But oot nor in, I getna rest—
 Ye've dung me a' ajee.

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 A-reekin' het wi' shame ;
 An' gart my heart play dunt for dunt,
 As she cam' owre yer name.
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Sae glossy black her hair ;
Her poutin' lip, whaur bees nicht sip,
An' fin' sweet honey there.

What need, forsooth, tae cram the wame
Wi' dainty foods?—there's nane ava;
A hamely board suits Nature best—
Share sma'—an' sair a'.

A snuffy snout, that eident pinks,
Like sooty draps frae bothie lum;
An' drucken hags, that slamerin smirk,
I likena in my sicht tae come.
But yet for this ye needna lack
The waukenin pinch, nor soothin' braw;
Nor miss the drappies joys, but need—
Share sma'—an' sair a'.

A greedy gab will tear the back
As bare's the birken tree at Yule;
The back again, tae work its will,
Will gar the wantin' wame cry dule.
Yet goodly cleedin' ye may wear,
Baith hale an' clean, if seldom braw;
Ne'er fash yer thoom wi' fashion's kicks—
Share sma'—an' sair a'.

An' dinna fret yoursel an' flyte,
Because anither ane sud hae
A grander dwallin'-house than you,
An' finer plenishin' an' mae.
A garret roof may fend a heid,
As weel as ony palace ha';
An' kings may rule frae sic a throne—
Share sma'—an' sair a'.

Oor wants are few; but, O alack!
We lat oor wishes owre us a';
Like pettit weans, they girn an' gell,
An' never hae a sair ava.

Like them, too, they sud get a skelp ;
Gif ane sud fail—nay, gie them twa,
Tae teach them mense, an' yield us help—
Tae share sma', an' sair a'.

I HAE A LASS MYSEL'.

I hae a lass mysel,
I ken she isna bonie ;
But her I wadna gie
For a' that I can see ;
She's better far than mony.

Fient a plack has she,
Nor yet has he that lo'es her ;
But maybe he will get
Aboon his poortith yet :
'Tis a' in hope he woos her.

But yet I wadna like
Sic thing's a penny weddin' ;
I'd sooner lose my life,
Than marry ony wife,
That couldna fesh the beddin'.

Its nae the fashion noo
For lasses tae be handy ;
For ane wha mends a sark,
A thousan' jamph the wark—
An' ilka ane's a dandy.

I'm nae for ane wha decks,
An' spits, an' rubs, an' sets her ;
Care I what dress she's in,
Wha glaiks tae clean her skin ?
Let him dae that wha gets her.

But I'll get ane wha kens
What 'tis tae be a marrow ;
Wha sklents nae pridefu' e'e,
A helpin' han' tae gie,
Tae rug along the harrow.

SONG.

AIR.—“ *Widow Machree.* ”

O Johnny, my darlin' ! yer sleepin' fa' soun',
Tho' could be yer bed i' the dreary, damp grun' ;
Yet could tho' it be, an' richt darksome an' drear,
I fain wad be wi' ye—my heart isna here.

I gang thro' the house, and dae naething ava,
I'm lanely an' sad, for my back's at the wa' ;
My kin think me craz'd—O their pity is sair !
I wish I war deid, an' awa frae a' care.

I'm nae verra auld yet, but Grief's wechty han'
Has bow'd me richt sair, sin' my sorrow began ;
An' my heid's growin' grey, for on life's early spring
He has thrown down the snawdrift o' eild frae his wing.

The bairnies that ken me, gang by me an' look
Wi' their young, guileless e'en ; an', as if frae a buik,
They read my sad thochts, an' are troubl'd tae see
The ruin that heartbrak is makin' o' me.

Whan simmer comes back, I will buckle my gown,
An' hie me awa frae this hale-heartit toun,
An' gang tae his grave, whan it's grassy an' green,
An' pour oot the waes o' my heart a' unseen.

Whan life wanes apace, an' my e'e's growin' dim,
 Its a' the day lang, I will think upo' him ;
 An' whan the saft finger o' sleep faulds my e'e,
 The dreams o' the nicht will bring Johnny tae me.

An' tho' I be auld, an' my haffets be bare,
 An' my cheeks tine the freshness that wont tae be there,
 My Johnny will aye be as bonie an' young
 As when first on his bosom in fondness I hung.

Fareweel, an' altho' I maun see thee nae mair,
 My heart has gane wi' thee to dwell evermair ;
 I live—but I kenna hoo life bides wi' me,
 For gladly wad I lay my heid doun an' dee.

SONG.

Weel, aunty, I've been doun the glen,
 Alang the burnie side, ye ken,
 Sae I forgather'd wi' twa men,
 Wha kiss'd an' prais'd me rarely.
 Ane was a sonsy, weel-faur'd chiel,
 Wha said he liket me sae weel,
 That he wad hae me tae himsel,
 Whilk gart his neiper ferly.

I didna like tae say him na,
 Nor rin wi' angry looks awa ;
 For weel kent I atween them twa,
 I'd rin but verra sparely.
 Sae I sat still, an' news'd a while,
 Till noo the tither unco chiel,
 Was doun the glen a gude lang mile,
 An' left's ahind him fairly.

Whan we war left corsels alane,
 He kiss'd me owre an' owre again,
 An' prais'd my bonie brow an' e'en,
 An' vow'd he lo'ed me dearly.

"I haena muckle gear," says he,
 "But what I hae, ye'se aye be free,
 At ony time, tae tak' an' gie,
 Be't ne'er sae late or early.

"He's but a gowk that's doun the howe,
 Altho' he's laird o' Broomy-knowe.
 But what say ye? come tell me noo—
 I wat I loe ye dearly."

Weel, aunt, I kentna what tae say;
 But my blithe looks an answer gae,
 An' I hae promised on yon brae
 Tae wed him, an' that early.

ADDRESS TO MAY.

O comely May! wi' step as licht
 As laverock's on the dewy grass,
 Or mist that walks the mountain's height,
 O'er hill an' valley dost thou pass.

Merry month, again thou'rt come—
 The birdies sing on ilka tree;
 Wi' minstrel bees the meadows bum,
 An' ilka gowan-sprinkl'd lea.

The burnie wimplin' doun the howe,
 Sings quiv'rin' in the sunny beam;
 While wanton trouts for gladness now
 Like arrows dart aboon the stream.

The lofty firs that crown'd the hill,
Cam' clearer tae the eye ;
An' noo war mark'd in strong outline
Against the lucid sky.

The sun's first beams, noo like a gleam
O' glory, burst in view ;
An' ting'd the thousand motley clouds
Around with golden hue.

An' shootin' far athwart the sky,
In boundless light diverg'd,
As gloriously his golden disc
Above the waves emerg'd.

A little while he fondly lean'd
Upon the billows' crest ;
Then borne aloft in flaming car,
He socht th' expectant West.

The valleys then received his beams,
Enlivening sweet an' mild
Trees, mountains, rivers, flow'rets, rills—
All Nature gladden'd smil'd.

S O N G.

Come let us tae the heather hills,
An' breathe the cauler air ;
An' lat the voice o' gladsome rills,
Oor freedom forth declare.
Then let us leave the smoky toun—
We'll lay the spade an' hammer down,
An' gar this day rin gaily roun',
Far oot o' sicht o' care.

Come a' wha like, we mak nae odds,
Gif manly worth ye've got ;
The fustian jacket taks oor like,
As weel's the braw dress coat.
An' brithers a', we will be fain
Tae speak, an' act, an' feel as men ;
We michtna come sae close again—
Sae tie the social knot.

Ye high an' low, whan side by side,
The gowden truth shall see,
The gap in feelin's nae sae wide,
As faes wad hae't tae be.
Twa aiks are ye whase roots entwine—
Then friendly lat yer trunks incline :
What finer sicht than see ye join—
Tho' twa, yet ae braid tree ?

Come hasten frae the city, haste ;
The sunbeams glory fling
Oot owre the earth—frae wood an' waste,
A hunder minstrels sing.
Come forth—this day is a' oor ain—
Wood, wild, an' water, hill, an' plain,
Shall hear a deeper, richer strain,
Than city bells can ring.

ON THE DEATH OF TWO CHILDREN.

The sun of love and beauty shone,
Upon a flowret gay ;
And lovely was that little one,
As ever blest its ray.

The lily's tints, so pure, were there,
Blent with the rose's hue ;
And round its stem, with tender care,
Hope's balmy breezes blew.

But soon, alas, its summer fled,
And clouds the sky o'ercast ;
Just while expanding from the bud,
'Twas levell'd by the blast.

In vain the sunbeam tried to cheer
Again its lowly bed ;
In vain the shower let fall a tear
Upon its drooping head.

Pale, pale it grew—its rosy bloom,
Had vanish'd, and for aye ;
And day by day it wither'd,
And died at last away.

But soon again upon the land,
Did Spring her beauties shower ;
And there again, with fairy hand,
She placed another flower.

But scarcely had it oped the bud,
Or sipped the vernal dew,
Ere, like the last, it faded fast,
And bade our world adieu.

Those lovely gems were not of earth :
A fairer land was theirs,
Where Winter never comes, and Spring
Eternal freshness wears.

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Each glistening dewdrop on the leaves,
A globe of pearl hung ;
And from the groves the speckled thrush
With mellow cadence sung.

The landscape round, yet dimly seen
Thro' morning's veil of grey,
New charms disclosed, as the dawn
Came bursting into day.

The smoky mist before the glance
Of sweet Aurora fled ;
And roll'd its dense and far-spread mass
From mountain, vale, and glade.

BALGOWNIE'S BRAES.

O the happy, happy hours,
We hae spent in yonder bowers,
'Mang the bonie, bloomin' flowers
On Balgownie's braes, lassie.

Come again my only love,
Thro' the meadows let us rove ;
Syne we'll rest in yonder grove,
On Balgownie's braes, lassie.

See hoo sweet the e'enin beam
Dances on the ripplin' stream—
A' is like a fairy dream,
Roun' Balgownie's braes, lassie.

Ere the sun has left the fell,
I will pu' the heather bell,
Growin' in yon mossy dell,
 'Neth Balgownie's braes, lassie.

I will twine it in thy hair,
An' thou the bonie gem shalt wear ;
Say thou'lt come wi' me my fair,
 Tae Balgownie's braes, lassie.

Sandy, I will gang wi' thee,
Owre the bonie gowany lea,
An' share the joys sae dear tae me,
 On Balgownie's braes, laddie.

Syne within oor fav'rite bower,
Blithely spend the e'enin' hour,
While the starnies blink oot owre
 Balgownie's bonie braes, lassie.

WHAT IS LOVE ?

What is love ? let angels tell :
 A mortal soul can feel it ;
But far it soars beyond the power
 Of human art to quell it.

Brightest gleam in man's existence :
 Highest joy found here below ;
Breathings from another world,
 Warméd with celestial glow.

What is life itself without thee ?
 Varied scenes, yet shadows all ;
Like the dim and distant mountains,
 When the shades of evening fall.

Soul-enliv'ning draught of pleasure,
Flowing from a fount serene ;
Thro' life's wild and rugged valley,
Given to cheer the dreary scene.

DEATH AND THE PALE HORSE.

By the whirlwind heralded, onward rode Death,
And his pestilent arrows sped fast o'er the earth ;
And life was extinguish'd, as the moon by a cloud,
When the hurricane speaks in his thunders aloud.

Round his head play'd a halo of sulphurous flame,
And his loins were engirt in a zone of the same ;
His eyes—there were none, but the sockets, all bare,
Show'd the worm that never dies revelling there.

Like the deadly sirocco, his breath swept the ground,
And the flowers, parch'd and shrivell'd, crumbled around ;
In his right hand his hell-forg'd missiles he grasp'd,
And the pale horse's reins in his left were enclasp'd.

Before him the forest trees bent, like the grass
When the wind o'er the field in the Autumn doth pass ;
And the birds and the beasts of the mountain and moor
Dropt down like the fruit, when its season is o'er.

The warrior, exulting with proud flashing eye,
The captive foe, sentenced at sunset to die,
The lover, enraptur'd with her by his side,
Whom he on the morrow would have claim'd as his bride,

The fond mother, singing her baby to sleep,
The sailor, at watch on the lone, shoreless deep,
And the vice-fingered miser, grasping his gold—
In an instant, like statues, grew breathless and cold.

The sun hid his face from the carcase-strew'd field,
As he saw the last life to the conqueror yield ;
Then silence and darkness reign'd lords over all,
And night, blackest night, was the earth's funeral pall.

ODE TO THE STARS.

What are ye, O ye lovely things,
That nightly vigils keep ;
And sail, so calm and beautiful,
Thro' ether's boundless deep ;
Sparkling like studs of silver bright,
Or diamonds on the brow of night ?

What are ye ? but in vain I ask
Philosophy to tell ;
Her eagle eye grows dim, and fails
Your secret to unveil ;
And daring Fancy dreads to fly
Across the strange immensity.

Yet have I stood beneath the arch
Of yonder teeming night,
And gazed upon ye, till my soul
Expanded with delight,
And from adown the viewless wire,
Caught sparks of Heaven's electric fire :

And bursting from this mortal shell,
Away from earth I flew ;
And with ethereal spirits skimm'd
The fields of sapphire blue ;
Fresh beauties opening on the sight,
As chaste as morning's roseate light.

Now seated on a floating cloud,
I view the worlds around,
As on they roll, 'mid seas of light,
In one eternal bound—
Now rushing past with giant sweep,
Now twinkling in the farthest deep.

Bright streams of tinted light appear
From countless points afar,
Encircling in an iris bright,
My ether-borne car ;
While kindred sprits by my side,
Swift thro' the yielding azure glide.

Above, below, on every side,
New suns and systems rise ;
And other stars, yet more remote,
Bespangle other skies ;
And comets cast their lurid ray
Afar, to gild the milky way.

'Twas but a dream : I'm still on earth,
And every crystal sphere
Is hanging in th' eternal halls,
As undisturb'd and clear
As when with loud acclaim they sung,
That morn when earth first balanc'd hung.

But yet from earth our thoughts may rise
To your sublime abodes ;
And bring us blessed dreams from thence,
By world unknown roads,
To warm afresh with kindling glow,
Our numbéd hearts that lag below.

And sure there is such pathway made,
For happy dreams between ;
Altho' to us who travel here,
That pathway lies unseen :
Yea, spirits of the earth and sky
Are mingling there incessantly.

Short time indeed we sojourn here,
And little ease is ours ;
Yet do we oft forget our cares,
In Hope's entrancing bowers ;
And her sweet dove, on joyous wing,
The olive branch delights to bring.

Then let us hope for evermore
This passage shall remain,
A thoroughfare for longing thoughts
To go and come again.
O lamps of Heaven ! that light the way
To realms where darkness melts in day.

THE SEASONS.

I saw the year gang by me ance,
Frae March itsel tae February ;
The seasons war richt orra loons,
An' unco ill they war put on aye.

Spring sneakit by, half pleas'd, half sour,
His lauch an' greet nae far asunder ;
An' whan the bubblin' loon behav'd,
Folks made him jist a wairld's wonder.

An' summer neist cam', like tae swarf,
His sark wi' sweat was fairly wringin' ;
Half-naked thro' the fields he ran,
An' aye the ither clout was flingin'.

O autumn, ye, wi' puff an' blaw,
Cam' thun'erin wi' an awfu' chase, man ;
A barber loon was at yer heels,
Tae dock the whiskers aff yer face, man.

But winter cam' wi' dozen't thoums,
An' neb as blae as mitey cheese is ;
Gae'd in by hunkerin' tae the fire,
An' het his shins, an' lauch'd in sneezes.

O THE BONNIE WAVING CORN.

O the bonnie waving corn,
O the flower-enamell'd lea ;
Haste ye waves whereon I'm borne—
Britain's isle I long to see.

Soon again I'll see my Jeannie,
And renew our plighted vows,
By the bonnie wimpling Isla,
Where the lovely daisy grows.

Blow, O blow, ye favouring breezes ;
Waft me quickly o'er the main,
Till I see each old acquaintance,
Round the ingle-side again.

O, thrice-welcome, Caledonia !
How my beating bosom swells,
While each moment brings me nearer
Thee, where every blessing dwells.

O the bonnie waving corn,
O the flower-enamell'd lea :
Haste ye waves whereon I'm borne—
Britain's isle I once more see.

AS LANG AS DONA'S ROCKY STREAM.

As lang as Dona's rocky stream
Gangs rowin' tae the sea,
An' stars begem the lift abune,
Thou'lt aye be dear tae me.

An' sooner shall the purple heath
Leave moor an' mountain brow,
Tae grow on Afric's sandy wastes,
Than I forget my vow.

The simmer rose itsel' shall turn
The deadly upas tree ;
An' violets bloom 'neth wintry skies,
Ere I will part wi' thee.

Whene'er a smile lights up thy face,
Mair glad I canna be ;
An' aye I mind me on the sang,
The first ye sang tae me.

Mair mild by far than simmer skies,
Are thy fond beamin' e'en ;
An' purer than the breath o' spring,
Thy bosom is, I ween.

Nor painted arch that spans the sky, •
Whan showers o' simmer fa' ;
Nor gloamin star that sparkles bricht,
Whan daylight wears awa' ;—

That arch is nae sae fair, my love,
As thine e'ebroo tae me ;
An' licht, surpassin' ony star,
Beams in that hazel e'a.

An angel's tongue maun first be mine,
Yer beauty richt tae tell ;
An' fair Aurora's pencil saft,
Maun paint yer bonie sel.

Come, lat us stray adown the howe,
An' thro' yon gowany green ;
An' I will tell in yonder bower
Hoo dear I lo'e my Jean.

THRO' A' THE UPS AN' DOWNS O' LIFE.

AIR.—“*Cawder Fair.*”

Thro' a' the ups an' douns o' life,
I'm happy an' content ;
I please mysel, an' gratefu' am
For a' the gude that's sent.

But wad ye ken the way, my frien',
This kittle mark tae hit,—
If the warld disna gang wi' you,
Ye jist maun gang wi' it.

Tho' dainties dinna croun my board,
Yet I hae meat an' claith :
He's ill tae please wha grieves for mair,
I'ae freely gie my aith.

If I've a groat tae treat a frien',
Whenever I think fit,
Tho' the warld sudna gang wi' me,
I'll lauch, an' gang wi' it.

What needs ye sigh for gowd an' gear,
An' seek my lordie's e'e ?
For a' his pomp he's puir indeed—
He canna lauch like me.

He canna jouk misfortune's jaw :
I'm better than him yet ;
If the warld winna gang wi' me,
Gude fegs, I'll gang wi' it.

My honest frien', noo dinna gloom,
Tho' poortith be yer lot ;
There's wale o' happiness, believe,
Aneth the hamespun coat.

Tak my advice, it's good tae use,
An' dinna drumlie sit ;
If the warld disna gang wi' you,
Get up, an' gang wi' it.

NOO THE WOODY VALES AROUND.

Noo the woody vales around,
Tae the linnet's notes resound ;
Spring in emerald cleeds the ground—
Lassie, gang wi' me.

Frae the crowded city come,
Leave its noisy buzzin' hum ;
Thro' the woodland lat us roam,
Like the zephyrs free.

We will view yon shady bowers,
"Fragrant with the breath of flowers,"
Whaur sae mony happy hours
I hae spent wi' thee.

There we'll seek an' find repose,
An' pu' the bonie, buddin' rose,
By the crystal stream that flows
Thro' yon flowery lea.

Whan the weary sun gaes down,
Gladden'd by the merlin's tune;
Then whaur whins an' heather bloom,
Thou wilt sing tae me.

Noo the leafy vales around,
Tae the linnet's notes resound,
Spring in emerald cleeds the ground—
Lassie, gang wi' me.

DEAREST HELEN.

Dearest Helen, lovely girl,
A thousand charms are thine;
O happy, happy, would I be,
Could I but call thee mine.
The tiny joys of dreary life,
With thee would brightly smile;
And all the days of sorrow, love,
Thy presence would beguile.

Nor rose that decks the garden fair,
Nor daisy on the lea,
Nor all the flowery queens of spring
That mirror in the Dee,

Can match the faultless beauty, love,
 In that fair face of thine ;
 Nor shed so rich a sweetness round,
 So charming and divine.

Doubt not my love, my Helen fair,
 I've sworn to be true,
 By yonder sun that gilds the hills,
 Whose beams are ever new :
 And like them, Helen, is my love—
 'Twill suffer no decay ;
 But still unchanging, calmly flow,
 One undiminished day.

MAY TYRANT AN' BIGOT DOUN FA'.

May tyrant an' bigot doun fa',
 Dishonour'd, detested by a' ;
 An' thin-chafit Poortith frae ilka fireside,
 May Liberty's breath blaw awa'.
 An' thin-chafit Poortith, &c.

Tho' mony are faes tae oor cause,
 We'll ride on the tap o' them a' ;
 For the sunbeams o' Freedom shall beat on their
 breasts,
 Till their cauld icy hearts it will thaw.
 For the sunbeams o' Freedom, &c.

Praise, praise tae the Heroes o' Truth,
 Success be yer dower, ane an' a' ;
 Till Ignorance, trembling, shall flee frae oor isle,
 Like the owl scared by mornin' awa'.
 Till Ignorance, trembling, &c.

For oor souls shall then be as free
As oor ain native breezes that blaw.
Then hurra for the day whan peace, truth, an' love
Shall dwell in the bosoms o' a'.
Then hurra for the day, &c.

THE AULD MAN'S LAMENT.

Whan Janet was leevin,
Hoo canty was I ;
I ne'er fell a grievin',
Nor e'er gied a sigh ;
Ilka thing was sae tidy,
Sae neat, an' sae clean :
O Janet, puir body,
I miss ye, I ween.

I can scarce crawl about,
Even noo on a staff ;
An' tho' ance hale an' stout,
I am weak as the chaff.
My feet, they're gaun frae me,
An' dim grow my e'en :
O Janet, puir body,
I miss ye, I ween.

Tae sit on the door stanes,
On some bonie day,
An' tae look at the weans,
That a' roun' me play,
It maks my heart glad aye ;
But whan they are gane—
O Janet, puir body,
I miss ye, I ween.

A frien' I hae nane,
Nor comforter noo ;
My tenty auld wife's gane :
I'm helpless, I trow.
O Death ! I am ready—
Sair tried hae I been ;
My Janet, puir body,
I miss her, I ween.

O ! DO NOT LEAVE ME NOW.

O ! do not leave me now :
Stay, Mary, stay ;
Short are the hours, and few,
Ere life decay.
Calm as the setting beam,
Soft as a fairy dream,
Fast as a falling stream,
Hastes it away.

Give me thine hand, my love :
Why dost thou weep ?
Choirs from the land above,
Sing me to sleep :
Hear'st thou the seraphim,
Chaunting their gladd'ning hymn ?
'Tis, 'tis my requiem,
Tuneful and deep.

Kind hast thou been to me,
Here upon earth :
Blessings I shower on thee,
With my last breath.

Farewell, O fare thee well—
Strength, sight, and language fail ;
Yet nought my love can quell,
Not even Death.

Let my grave hollow'd be,
In yon green dell ;
Where the lone willow tree
Bathes in the rill.
Death in my sinking heart,
Fixed has his bitter dart.
One kiss—for aye we part :
Mary farewell.

COMPOSED FOR THE ANNIVERSARY OF THE WELL
OF SPA TEMPERANCE SOCIETY,

1st January, 1851.

Come, lat the chains o' harmony
Aroun' oor hearts entwine ;
An' welcome back the joyous days,
That gladden'd us langsyne.
For auld langsyne, gude freens,
For auld langsyne ;
This nicht shall friendship's bands renew,
In memory o' langsyne.

Anither year's gane owre oor head,
Tae swell the cloudy past ;
An' mony ups an' douns we've had,
Since here we parted last.
For auld langsyne, &c.

An' some, nae dout, amang us then,
Hae gane awa for aye ;
Yet left's their blessin', ere they took
The dark an' doutfu' way.
For auld langsyne, &c.

What tho' the sleeky hypocrite,
Micht try tae blast oor fame ;
An honest heart is proof against
A dozen we could name.
For auld langsyne, &c.

We dinna court the drumlie look,
Nor seek a higher place,
By dingin' o' oor neiper doun,
Tae rise by his disgrace.
For auld langsyne, &c.

Intemperance sway'd tae ony side,
Oor hearty souls despise ;
An' aye richt blithe we'll gie a han',
Tae help a wicht tae rise.
For auld langsyne, &c.

We wish them gude, wi' hearts sincere,
Wha tak' the whup in hand,
Tae smack at vice, an' a' her frien's,
That haunt oor fatherland.
For auld langsyne, &c.

Lat ilka ane o's dae his best,
His manhood tae sustain ;
An' see hoo wiser he'll hae grown,
Gin "New Year's Nicht" again.
For auld langsyne, gude frien's,
For auld langsyne,
This nicht shall friendship's bands renew
In memory o' langsyne,

LANELY DELLS.

In lanely dells 'twas my delicht
Tae wander late an' early ;
Whaur aft I met a bonie lass,
An' O ! I loe'd her dearly.
Her hair was like the gowden strings,
The woodlands green adornin' ;
Whan owre the hill the sunlight peeps,
Upon a simmer mornin'.

Her e'e was like the mountain slae,
'Neth pearly dewdrap lyin' ;
An' red, red, was her bonie mou,
The daisy tips outvyin'.
Her smile was like a morn in June,
When Nature's a' in blossom ;
An' smooth an' white as angel's wing,
Her snawy brow an' bosom.

But O ! nae lang the fairest flowers,
Oor hearts tae gladden, tarry ;
An' hopes that gild life's mornin' sky,
An' promise bliss, miscarry.
My love is gane : alas, for aye,
Awa frae me they've borne her ;
An' left me dowie here alane,
In anguish deep tae mourn her.

THE KNOWEHEAD.

O bonie war the lasses a' on oor knowehead,
An' winsome war their pawky ways on oor knowehead ;
But the fairest ye nicht see,
An' the dearest far tae me,
Was bonie Jessie Hay, on oor ain knowehead.

At bogle roun the ricks at e'en on oor knowehead ;
Or at hide an' seek among the stooks on oor knowehead,
 That leesome lassie's e'e,
 In her heartsome, guileless glee,
Blithely blinkit aye at me, on oor ain knowehead.

The starnies used tae shimmer down on oor knowehead,
While the lads an' lasses daffin' war on oor knowehead,
 While the merry lauch was heard,
 Ringin' shrilly owre the sward,
As they danced about the braird, on oor ain knowehead.

But whan the lave had da under t' hame frae oor knowehead,
An' left me an' my jo alane on oor knowehead ;
 What pleasure did it gie,
 My lassie's mou tae pree,
As she nestled close tae me on oor knowehead.

But wintry winds hae blawn rough on oor knowehead,
An' deaden'd a' the bonie flowers on oor knowehead ;
 An' the stars are nae sae bricht,
 In the cauler autumn nicht :
O ! they dinna gie sic licht on the auld knowehead.

The lads an' lasses too are gane frae oor knowehead,
An' a' thing's bare an' dowie like on oor knowehead ;
 An' the fairest, dearest ane—
 My Jessie too, is gane ;
An' I am here alane on the cauld knowehead.

THE VALLEY OF THE ISLA.

Nature's painter, God of Day,
Yet a little longer stay ;—
Forest deep, and rushing stream,
Laughing in thy joyous beam,
Sweetly blend their melody,
Making varied harmony,
To entice thee long to wait,
Ere thou shut thy gold-barr'd gate.

Hark ! the ousel woos thee still,
And the throstle, piping shrill
In the gladness of his heart,
Would not have thee to depart.

Still thou art departing fast ;
But thy glory, let it last,
Till in song my eager muse
Catch the variegated hues,
Thou has cast with magic spell,
O'er where memory loves to dwell.
Fain I'd seize the favour'd hour,
O'er the heights and plains to scour ;
Fain would I the landscape draw,
Fain recal the scenes I saw,
With the vision of a child—
Thoughts unformed, and fancies wild.

Isla's vale invites my song ;
Echo, now the notes prolong,
Till its deepest, darkest dell,
Back the truthful strains shall tell :
Isla's vale—each fairy charm,
Woodland wild, and cultured farm,

Bank, and brae, and rock, and tree,
Everything that is of thee,
I will scan with eager gaze,
Paint thy beauties, speak thy praise.

Leaving upland moors and brakes,
Where the blushing morn awakes ;
Where the evening's latest gleam,
Lingering, looks on Isla's stream ;
Where, beyond in heaven afar,
Vesper wheels his crystal car :
Leaving many a loved retreat,
Sylvan bower, and hedge-row neat,
Lowly cot, and garden fair,—
I to other scenes repair,
Where the valley narrow grows,
Inviting all to sweet repose.

On the river's bank I lie,
And hear it prattle joyously
Round a bending willow tree,
Like child about its mother's knee.

Now I climb the Cuthil Brae,
All besprent with flowerets gay :
Here is many a wilding sweet,
Scattered round beneath my feet ;
The daisy with its crimson'd rim,
Snow-white rose, and violet trim ;
With its varnished yellow dye,
Here the crowfoot greets the eye ;
And the foxglove's pendent bell,
Swinging in the passing gale.

Now I gain its airy brow ;
Far the river runs below,

And beyond it meadows green,
Planted round with elms, are seen,
'Neath whose spreading branches wind
Solitary paths, where mind
O'erburthen'd may at will repair,
And indulge its secret care.

Lo! the horizontal sun
Kisses Balloch's forehead dun ;
And a flood of golden light
Rolls o'er all the plain in sight.
Thousand peaks around me rise,
Varying in their form and size ;
But, prominent o'er all the rest,
Bold Benrinnes stands confest :
His head is reared above the cloud
That bears the thunder, roaring loud ;
He sends a hundred streams abroad,
And mighty woods before him nod.

All the village windows blaze,
Giving back the burnished rays :
Down below the Church is seen,
Nestling in its shrubbery green ;
Upward see the four-tipped spire
Shoot as many tongues of fire.

Freed from din of busy feet,
Rests the village School-house neat,
On a brae, whose easy slope,—
Curtained to its level top
With a leafy-woven screen,—
Shines in glowing gold and green.

On the brae behind the mill,
See the gathered flocks how still ;

While o'erhead a wavy string
Of geese are homeward journeying.

The sun has set, but left the sky
Dappled o'er with every dye—
Ivory stripes, with purple tinge,
Wearing now a golden fringe—
Orange-coloured, green, and blue,
And countless tints of nameless hue.

Along the river's bank I wend,
Where it runs with many a bend;
Now it turns a little mill,
Now it wandereth at will,—
Sweeps beneath a steepy ridge,
Skirts a grove, and gains a bridge,
Whose builders, ages long gone by,
Have stolen from human memory.

Half reclines a shelving rock,
That long has stood the winter's shock,
And dashed the waters bravely by,
When they run tumbling rapidly.

Here, a little farther down,
The river midway parts the town,
And rolls along in tranquil mood,
Down through an arch that spans his flood.
His steepy banks are clothed with trees,
That wave their leafage in the breeze;
Here the yellow beech is seen,
Mingling with the fir-tree green,
Mountain ash, and poplar gay,
And towering larch, with alder grey.

Now I reach the wooden seat,

Where at eve the lovers meet,—
Where the labourer seeks a rest,
When by noontide heats oppress,—
Where sit and talk the aged men,
Till Fancy makes them young again.

Lo ! the crescent moon I see,
Upward struggling to get free
From yon pearly clouds that lie
So close in yonder canopy :
See ! she bursts upon the sight,
Enrobing all in wizard light.

Through the matted herbage dank,
I descend the sloping bank,
And wind about the river's edge,
Where he boils with ceaseless rage,—
Bursting fierce thro' narrow jag,
Rushing down from crag to crag :
Sullen he restrains his course,
Till, combining all his force,
An awful cliff he dashes o'er,
And plunges down with deaf'ning roar.

Hanging o'er the darkling pool,
Ash trees wave their branches cool
From the eyebrow of a rock
That sullen frowns amid the shock
Of foamy waves, with anger driven,
And scatters back their showers to heaven.

Stands above the waterfall
Milton's ruined castle wall,
On a green with daisies spread,
Where I oft have laid my head,
And my eyes let wand'ring run

Round from rise to set of sun ;
Hill, and dale, and moorland grey,
One by one would I survey,
And thoughts would start on every hand—
For all around was fairy-land.

Down through meadows gem-besprent,
How the Isla wimpling went !
How she flashed with quivering gleam,
'Neath the sun's ensilvering beam,
In her gladness hastening on
To meet the buxom Deveron !

Oh ! to see the golden bloom
Of the mingled furze and broom,
Setting Fancy all a-fire,
Till she seized her rustic lyre,
Spread abroad her airy wings,
And made melodious murmurings :
Hill and dale, and wood and plain,
Brighten'd to her mellow strain ;
In the very bluebell's cup
Golden dreams awakened up ;—
O what happy days had I,
Wandering here all carelessly !

Seated on the rocky ledge,
High above the sword-like sedge
That wavers in the swirling pool,
Ever fanned by breezes cool,
I have heard the lark on high
Raining showers of melody ;
Yet his song to me was sad,
Even when my heart was glad—
I would weep, I knew not why,
At his liquid minstrelsy,

Like as I had something lost
To my unavailing cost,
Like the remembered parting strain
Of one we love, nor see again ;
Yet happy days I ween had I,
Wandering here all carelessly.

When the eve by fits was still,
And red the heath upon the hill,
Sweetly, sweetly on the ear
Came the splash of mill-wheel near,
And the sough of neighbouring trees,
Stirred to rapture by the breeze,
And the rushing of the linn,
Cradled every sense within :
Hence to watch the greedy trout
From the polished deep spring out,
Seize the variegated fly
That hovered o'er him thoughtlessly,—
Mark the circling ripples spread
From the weil the tyrant made ;
Then to picture man the fly,
And death the fish, though viewless, nigh.

But my greatest joy was then
To stray away from worldly men,
And wander here, as I do now,
Beneath the moon's sweet-temper'd brow ;
To behold her chastened beam
Through the chinky ruins stream,
And hang the walls, in daylight grey,
With a silver curtainry.

Fairy hall of infancy,
Let me look again on thee :
Tempests fierce have battered me,

Since a child I sat by thee ;
But the hopes enkindled then
I have kept, and brought again.
Sobered somewhat they may be
By the world's reality ;
Yet they cling around my heart—
Nay of it they form a part—
And those hopes and wishes still
Move me now, and ever will.
Fondly do I call to mind,
When, upon this turf reclined,
I coned full often o'er and o'er
The stirring deeds in days of yore,
And legends told by hoary sire
To youngsters seated round the fire,
When winter stormwinds whistling drear,
And thoughts of ghosts awoke their fear.

Time has wrought some change on me
Since I sat and mused by thee ;
But since thou thyself wast young
His rude hand has from thee flung
Chiselled wreaths of wavy grace,
Laboured scrolls and cornices.
Art's creations, breathing life,
Once in every niche were rife,
But, alas ! where are they now ?
Gone, and ask I need not how,—
With the hands that gave them birth,
They are mixed with kindred earth.

Fare-thee-well, age-stricken pile,
Fairer in thy deshabille
Than the built of modern days,—
Flashing in the noontide blaze ;

They may hold the wandering eye,
But they let the heart go by.

Maybe in my fondness, I
Have drawn thee too brilliantly,
And the stranger's eye will choose
To clothe thee in more sober hues ;
What of that ? thou hast to me
A beauty-spot he cannot see !

Fare-thee-well, I now must leave thee ;
Memory's pictures please and grieve me :
But be thou for ever dear
To the lover wandering near ;
Welcome to the angler be
When, returning homeward, he,
Wearied with his gladsome toil,
Stops by thee, and quits his spoil,
Leans his back against thy wall,
And lets his mind a-musing fall ;
Peaceful ease do thou impart
To the turmoil-shaken heart,
When at eve he flees the town,
Seeking here its din to drown
In the fitful mingled sound
Of the woods and waters round.

May through future years be seen
Guileless childhood on thy green,
Gladly whiling life away
In its summer holiday.
Thou dearest spot on Isla's hallowed dell,
And dearest stream, accept my fond farewell !

SONG.

My cronies, we've sitten owre lang at the yill,
 The nicht's wearin' late, an' the mune's on the hill,
 An' oor ain folks at hame will be thinkin' fu' lang
 That we're nae comin' tae them—lat's toddle alang.

Yestreen I was dreamin' that Peggie an' I
 Cam' in by the loanin's frae milkin' the kye ;
 I thocht that she grat as she lookit at me,
 Wi' a face fu' o' sadness richt waesome tae see :

" Oh ! Johnny," said she, an' her voice soundit drear,
 Like the wind's hollow moan i' the fa' o' the year—
 " Whan ye bide frae hame we've a sair lot tae dree,
 There's a wraith that is killin' yer bairnie's an' me.

" It rugs at my heart as 'twad rive it in twa,
 It flegs them wi' gruesome-like shapes on the wa' ;
 It tooms oot their parritch, it rives a' their claes—
 They daurna e'en budge for't, sic cantrips it plays."

I thocht that I grippit my muckle aik rung
 Tae gird at the goblin, an' forret I sprung,
 My bluid boilin' thro' me, tae win tae my hame—
 Whan I wauken'd an' tauld tae my Peggie my dream.

" It's nae dream," said she, " but there's mair wraiths
 than ane
 That glamp thro' the house, an' rampage but an' ben ;
 An' while ye're sittin' drinkin' oot-bye late an' air,
 They're nae growin' fewer, but aye growin' mair.

" Grim Hunger glours oot at the edge o' the press,
 And Nakedness mints thro' oor threadbare distress ;
 Dour Grief wounds the heartsair, an' Fear stranglessleep,
 An' Poortith has threaten'd the fireside tae keep."

Nae mair said my Peggie, but drappit a tear,
An' I've made her a promise I'll keep ever dear,
That henceforth I'll hame, an' drink nae yill ava,
But lounder the wraiths oot, an' keep them awa.

SONG.

O weary fa' that waefu' drink,
Owre a' the ills we hae ;
It maks us scarce o' claes an' clink,
An' steeps the saul in wae ;
It dings the elbows oot oor coats,
An' clours oor heids fell sair ;
It turns the brichtest chiels tae sots,
An' dottles wit an' lear.

But, warst ava, oot owre oor een
It draps its glamour screen—
We dinna see hoo crined an' sma'
We're in the warld's gleg e'en.
The angel face o' Youth it blurs—
Gars stalwart Manhood shak ;
Sends Eild a-hirplin thro' the dubs,
Wi' Death upon his back.

It beets the icy norlan win'
Tae drive wi' keenest birr ;
Maks holes an' bores tae lat him in,
An' cozy riggin's tirr :
Pits oot the fire upo' the hearth,
Ca's wives an' weans a-jee ;
Gars lairds as beggars trudge the earth,
An' dings the warld aglee.

HYDORIA.

Fondling of the earth and sky,
Sister of sobriety ;
Fair Hydoria, let me be
A sharer of thy gifts with thee !

Lead me to the wizard spot,
Where thou hast a fav'rite grot—
Where the bursting waterfalls,
Sing melodious madrigals !

I to theirs will join my voice,
And the echoes shall rejoice—
Giving back the tuneful sound,
In gladsome replication round.

Hastening to thy loved retreat,
Early suns my steps shall greet ;
Me the rural gods entice,
Jocund Health and Exercise.

Passion dwelleth not with thee,
Licence dares not liberty ;
But Contentment holdeth sway,
And Cheerfulness smiles all the day.

Let thy votary, then, be blest !
Bend thine ear to his request !
Fair Hydoria, let him be
Partaker of thy gifts with thee !

FAREWELL, O MY COUNTRY.

Farewell, O my country—farewell, O my home ;
This night I must bid you a lasting adieu ;
Yet tho' on the billows afar I may roam,
Time ne'er shall efface my remembrance of you.
How oft on the banks of the Isla I've stray'd ;
How oft have I traced its meandering stream ;
But those happy days now for ever have fled,
And passed all away like the joys of a dream.

Oh ! for the days I have spent in yon wild wood,
When this beating heart was a stranger to pain ;
Return, oh return, fond hours of my childhood—
Ah ! why do I call, ye will ne'er come again.
Tho' on yon mountain the heath blooms as gaily,
And yon sun above it sheds as bright a ray,
She is gone from my arms, the pride of our valley,
And Nature to me veils her beauties for aye.

Maid of my bosom, I'm heartsick and weary,
And gloomy the future that promised so fair ;
My path is a wilderness, rugged and dreary,
And life is a burthen that's heavy to bear.
But still thy sweet features will memory treasure
Till death lays his cold, icy hand on this heart,
And, fondly for thee beating life's latest measure,
Its sorrows are o'er, and its troubles depart.

WHEN JOY AND HEALTH WERE ON OUR SIDE.

When joy and health were on our side, and love was
warm and true,
Ere yet the world had claimed a thought, and life itself
was new,
I had no wish but thine, and thou no bosom friend but me,
And fondly did I then believe that such would ever be.

But strangely has our lot been cast—the sun of early
days
The clouds of woe have gather'd o'er, and swallow'd up
his rays ;
Yet memory still thro' broken rifts a passing glint can
trace,
That serves to lighten up again the morning of thy face.

I know not what had been thy fate had it been linked
to mine ;
But guided by thy gentle hand along life's steep incline,
The way had been less rough to me, less hard my pain-
ful toil,—
Yet what of that, if thou thro' me had suffered pain the
while.

Oh ! I would like to clasp thee now, and hear thee speak
to me,
But thou, alas ! art far away, and ours the fate must be
Of two young streams that side by side laugh down
some Highland glen,
Then sudden part, and wander wide, and never meet
again.

ROB GREEN O' THE MAINS.

(ANE AULD SANG.)

Rob Green o' the Mains was a hearty auld cock,
At mill or at smiddy aye king o' the joke ;
At tellin' a story, or singin' a sang,
The haill o' the clachan he fairly outdang.
Like Rob o' the Mains, oh there never was nane,
Sae bauld-like, an' stieve-like, an' wise-like in ane.

But Rob's gane a-wooin', he's aff tae Montgrew,
His bonnet he's cockit asklent on his broo,
His braid ribbit hose, an' his breeks a' sae spree,
Wi' seven gilt buttons fu' spruce at ilk knee,
Mak Rob like a laird—for there never was nane
Sae bauld-like, an' stieve-like, an' wise-like in ane.

Nae wonder tho' Rob taks the road in sic case,
For the laird's only dochter, the weel-tocher'd Grace,
Tho' nae very bonie, thinks lang for a man,
An' Rob has an e'e tae her siller an' lan'.
Like Rob o' the Mains, sure there never was nane,
Sae bauld-like, an' stieve-like, an' wise-like in ane.

They're baith gey an' auldish for daffin ye ken,
For Rob is a birkie o' twa score and ten,
An' Grace is a douce, freckled maiden—but hark,
Her age is best kent tae oor auld Session Clerk ;
But for Rob, I declare noo there never was nane,
Sae bauld-like, an' stieve-like, an' wise-like in ane.

Says Rob,—an' he thocht, while he spak, o' the pence,—
“ Miss Grace, ye're a woman o' wit and o' sense ;
Ye're the wale o' the parish, that a'body kens,
What say ye tae be the gudewife o' the Mains ?”
Rob Green, you're a wag, an' there never was nane,
Sae bauld-like, an' stieve-like, an' wise-like in ane.

The lass cuist her head as she ettl'd tae blush,
An' simper'd a na-say, half grantin' his wish ;
She kent that her chances o' weddin' war few—
I'll tak him, thocht she—O what else can I do ?
For like Rob o' the Mains there never was nane,
Sae bauld-like, an' stieve-like, an' wise-like in ane.

An' noo they're at hame in a braw, sclatit house,
Rob Green o' the Mains, an' his partner, fu' crouse ;
An' aunties an' cousins are down i' the mou'—
There's an heir tae the farms o' the Mains an' Montgrew:
Some folks wad allege that the geit's nae their ain,
But whiaht, an' lat ither folks' business alane.

THE HUSBAND'S DREAM.

O dinna hang your head, love,
Nor look sae sad an' wae ;
Dry up the saut, saut tears, love,
An' dinna ye mourn sae.

Oor twa wee bairns I trow, love,
Are in a fairer land ;—
'Mang the starnies far aboon, love,
They swell the choral band.

I dreamt a dream yestreen, love,
An' oh ! but it was sweet ;
The verra joys o't yet, love,
Are like tae gar me greet !

Heaven methought I saw, love,
Wi' its siller-tassell'd flowers,
An' streamlets winding clear, love,
Through gowden-blossom'd bowers ;

An' there I saw oor ain, love,
Although nae langer ours,
Wi' ither bairnies wee, love,
Amang the bloomin' flowers ;

An' happy war they a', love,
 An' bonie did they sing—
 Far sweeter than the bird, love,
 That wakes oor fleetin' spring.

As hand in hand they gaed, love,
 They spied baith you an' me,
 Syne like twa little doos, love,
 Richt kindly flew tae thee ;

An' laid their gowden harps, love,
 Wi' flowries at yer feet,
 An' kiss'd baith thee an' me, love,
 An' smiled upon us sweet.

They took yer hand in theirs, love,
 That noo war bricht an' fair,
 An' bade you weep nae mair, love,
 But banish a' yer care ;

Syne led us through their land, love,
 Tae glad oor hearts a-while,—
 An' oh ! how blithe was I, love,
 Whan I could see thee smile.

But the dream it passed awa, love,
 Like music's dying swell,
 As they kissed us baith, an' bade us, love,
 A tender fare-ye-well !

Yet though the grass wave green, love,
 Aboon their fading clay,
 They live in heaven afar, love,
 An' we'll be yet as they.

Then dinna hang yer head, love,
Nor look sae sad an' wae ;
Dry up the saut, saut tears, love :
This life is but a day ;

An' when its eve shall close, love,
We'll meet the happy pair,
In yon land o' bliss an' peace, love,
That never kent a care.

THE IVY BRAE.

AIR.—“ *The White Cockade.*”

CHORUS—Come let us away to the Ivy Brae,
For green are the leaves on the Ivy Brae,
Where the Boyn evermore croons drowsily
To the old castle ruins his lullaby.

O bright were the days I spent near thee,
With a heart full of warmth, and bounding in glee ;
As the trees rustled soft in their summer dress,
And whisper'd their joy at thy loveliness.
Come let us away, &c.

How I loved o'er thy dizzy steep to roam,
For the sweets that lay in the wild bee's home,
And to view the Boyn like a silver thread
Winding far, far down o'er his rocky bed.
Come let us away, &c.

In the summer eve the blackbird's note
Rang full and round from his mellow throat ;
And the mavis strained his speckled breast,
As he sang to the sun a song of rest.
Come let us away, &c.

When Autumn had marked thy faded green,
And the signs of his own departure seen,
'Twas sweet, tho' sad, to hear him sigh
In the russet dell, as he wander'd by.

Come let us away, &c.

But when Winter had stripp'd the trees all bare,
And his winds let loose thro' the darken'd air,
As they howl'd and shriek'd in the deep ravine,
And the Castle shook—'twas a grander scene.

Come let us away, &c.

Thou hast charms for me all seasons thro'—
In the winter's gloom and the summer's glow ;
I have wandered far, but I never yet
With a choicer spot in my wanderings met.

Come let us away, &c.

Tho' I seek not gold nor worldly gain,
One wish is mine—but I wish in vain ;
I would like to spend life's closing day
In some lithe nook near the Ivy Brae.

Then let us away to the Ivy Brae,
For green are the leaves on the Ivy Brae,
Where the Boyn evermore croons drowsily
To the old castle ruins his lullaby.

O WHA COULD SEE.

O wha could see, an' nae admire
That bonie brow o' thine, lassie ?
An' what heart wadna own the power
O' thy love-kindlin' e'en, Jessie ?

As do the brichest stars that gleam
In yonder cloudless sky, lassie,
Lose half their lustre in the beam
O' Phoebe, whan she's nigh, Jessie ;

Sae do the brawest o' oor belles,
By you their beauty tine, lassie ;
Tho' theirs be great whan by themsels,
It canna match wi' thine, Jessie.

On life's rough sea O may ye sail
Wi' bosom void o' care, lassie ;
Till waftit on by fortune's gale,
Ye heavenward safely steer, Jessie.

ARISE, YE SCOTS!

Arise, ye Scots! nor slumber more,
But snap the despot's chain ;
Remember days of olden time,
And rouse ye up again.

Or have ye lost your wonted fire?
Have ye forgot the day
When Bruce and Wallace o'er your foes,
So proudly held the sway?

Tho' tyrants rule, and slaves obey,
Are we to sink beneath
Their bloodstained rod, and calmly wait
The hour that brings our death?

Are we, who never yet knew fear,
To yield to man our cause ?
Or yet to tremble, and to bear
A stern oppressor's laws ?

No ! surely no ! we never shall
Crouch 'neath a tyrant's hand ;
But boldly fight for liberty,
And for our native land.

Let Freedom's eagle shake his wing,
As high in air he floats ;
Be this our watchword and reply,
" Remember we are Scots."

SONG.

AIR—" *The Eve Buchta.*"

Will ye come tae the mools, my Mary,
That lie on my cauld breast-bane,
Whan the busy world is hush'd, Mary,
An' the sun tae rest has gane ;
An' nocht in the gloamin's heard, Mary,
But the eve wind makin' his mane ?

Yet I wadna hae thee tae grieve, Mary,
Wi' the saut tear in yer e'e,
Nor think that I ne'er again, Mary,
Will meet in the warl' wi' thee.
But come tae the grave, O Mary,
That ye may be near tae me.

For my spirit will haunt the spot, Mary,
Whan it kens that ye'll be there ;
An' along wi' the westlan' win', Mary,
That sighs in yer yellow hair,
It will lend its love tae thee, Mary,
An' breathe for thy weal a prayer.

A G G Y L E E.

I lo'ed a maid, an' fair was she,
I canna tell hoo fair ;
Her beauty made the waesome licht,
Her look could saften care.
Her mither hadna but hersel,
An' dee'd whan she was young ;
Sae little Aggy saired the frame,
Frae she could word her tongue.

A gowan in a lanely path,
Whar gorse an' breckan spring ;
As bonie an' unkent aboot
Was this sweet lauchin' thing.
She left oor glens, an' far awa
Tae distant lands gaed she ;
An' nane here ever heard again
O' bonie Aggy Lee.

As she had ne'er amang us been,
Her name's gane oot o' heid ;
An' mony a weary day's gane by,
Sin' Aggy was as deid.

I aften wonder whaur she is,
An' what her fate may be ;
But time, I fear, will ne'er bring back
My bonie Aggy Lee.

PEGGY DONALDSON.

I'm blithe, blithe, Peggy Donaldson,
Tae see ye yet ance mair ;
An' hear again yer weel-kent voice—
But O ! it's alter'd sair,
Sin' you an' I saw ither last.
But mony a year is gane,
An' mony ups an' douns, nae dout,
We baith hae had sin' then.

A-field, at hame, by nicht an' day,
I fondly ca' tae min',
Oor gladsome sports that wiled awa
The winter nichts langsyne ;
Whan gossips roun' the ingle sat,
An' frichtsomen stories tauld
O' witches, wraiths, an' eerie spells,
That made the bluid rin cauld.

I min' me weel upo' the day
I first gaed tae my trade,
Wi' breeks o' braw new corduroy,
By my ain mither made :
Richt aften did my pridefu' e'e
Indulge in dounward sklent ;

Half daft tae be aae braw—in troth,
Mysel I near miskent.

But greater was my joy an' pride
That happy nicht, I ween,
Whan my first stent o' wark was thro',
An' I cam' hame at e'en.
A muckle man I thocht mysel—
Mair sae tae lat you see,
Aboon a' ither things on earth,
Hoo spruce the look o' me.

But fearsome tales o' gaist an' fay
War never fear'd by me ;
If I could get by ony means,
But hirstl'd down by thee.
I think I see yer wee, roun' face
Grow roun'er wi' the smile,
That used tae be my welcome ben
Tae sit an' crack awhile.

Sometimes I set mysel ootbye
Frae frem folks' curious gaze,
An' let my thochts gang wand'rin' back
Tae scanes o' early days ;
An' war it no that my auld joints
Refuse my eager will,
I'd loup as licht as e'er I did—
The heart is youthfu' still.

But what's the use o' heart tae aae
Wha canna tak the flure ;
In vain the fiddle speaks tae him
Whase limbs are stiff an' dour.

Auld age will chill the warmest blude,
An' bow the strauchtest back ;
Will score the fairest broe, an' bleach
The locks o' glossiest black.

We're auld folks, Peggy, weel I wat—
Ye're grannie noo yersel ;
An' hairns' bairnies roun' ye come,
Whase lauchter's like a well ;
An' springs an' gushes free an' fast,
Tae gar yer heart grow fain ;
While I've naebody I can claim,
Or fondly ca' my ain.

Yet, Peggy Donaldson, I'm glad
Tae see ye ance again,
An' hear again that weel-kent voice,
Tho' alter'd be its strain
Sin' you an' I saw ither last:
But I maun say fareweel—
My heart grows great, for Memory's page
Has muckle tae reveal.

THE IMMORTALITY OF LOVE.

On Beauty's bosom let me die,
With all my soul in ecstasy ;
O ! let me press the yielding lip,
Its nectar'd dews distilling sip,
Till Love's full chalice I have drunk,
And in a sea of bliss have sunk ;
While thro' my veins the life blood leaps,
And quiv'ring pleasure o'er me creeps ;

Hear Spirits strike in amorous glee
The silver chords of melody—
Shake waves of music from their wings,
To lull me with their murmurings.
The latest gleam upon life's sky,
Be light of love from Beauty's eye ;
The latest sound that greets mine ear,
Be voice of Beauty thrilling near ;
The latest hold my arms engrasp,
Be her ungirdl'd waist to clasp ;
And O ! to drink her homied breath,
When I have reached the gate of Death—
On Beauty's bosom thus to die,
Gives Love an Immortality.

THE ROVER'S LAST FIGHT.

The moon above lone Sah'ra's plain
Shone bright o'er the land and sea,
Silv'ring the edge of a cloud-bank dark,
As she lighted the path of the Rover's bark,
That skimm'd o'er the waters free.

And cheerily did she bound along,
O'er the ocean's towering crest ;
While her beautiful form the billows would lave,
As she rose and fell with the swelling wave,
Like a sea bird on its breast.

Her white sails in the clear moonshine,
Gleamed bright on the ocean stream ;
Her motions were majesty, elegance, ease—
The pride of her crew—the queen of the seas—
She reigned o'er the deep supreme.

She had roamed afar o'er the furrowed waste
Since the dawn proclaimed the day,
But never a prize she yet had found ;
And now, while the moon shed her light around,
She was coursing about for her prey.

For well she knew that an argosy,
With richest cargo, sailed
From the Malabar Coast, and then on her way,
Should ere now have passed thro' Fez's dark bay ;
But the search for her had failed.

When lo ! far off, like a frowning tower,
Or a cloud in autumn seen,
A vessel appeared, while her lofty spars
With their arrowy points disturbed the stars
In the depths of heaven serene.

Her bellying canvas all outspread—
From her prow the waves she flung,
Nor deigned to look to the sea nymphs' play,
As they gather'd the bells of the foamy spray,
And its azure pearlets strung.

The Pirate stood on his fretted poop,
And the glass was in his hand ;
For he doubted if this was the argosy,
Whose golden freight he had longed to see,
And to part among his band.

But ere his straining eye could mark
The ribs of the mighty wings ;
The moon in a cloud had wrapp'd her head,
And the sea grew dark as the home of the dead,
Save fitful starry glimmerings.

The Rover Captain waited not
Till the moon unveiled her face,
But turned his prow on the other tack ;
And seizing the helm, he urged the track
Of a broad and shallow place.

But eagle eyes were watching him,
And followed the course he took ;
And a flash gleamed out from beneath a cloud,
And the night was stunned with a peal so loud,
That the rocky headlands shook.

But still the Pirate's speedy bark
No heed to this mandate gave,
But hastened her flight, while her every sail
Was crowded, to catch the expiring gale
That faintly rippled the wave.

But fainter grew the courted breeze,
And now it breathed no more ;
And the moon from a skyey rent shone clear,
And the argosy far was a frigate near,
And she locked them from the shore.

Silent on deck stood the Rover's band,
As they read in his troubled eye
That longer they might not try to reach
The shallows that boiled round the rocky beach—
They must fight that ship or die.

"Comrades we fear not death," cried he,
With loud and embolden'd tone ;
"Far loftier trucks have bowed before
To the might of the ' Dart,' when her cannon's roar
Had loosen'd night's echoes lone.

"Cast loose your guns, now man them well,—
Quick, furl the flapping sail;
That English ship shall feel the might
Of a crew as bold, and a bark as tight,
As ever have wooed the gale.

"Have at them now, my gallant mates!"
And his brig was wrapt in flame,
While her thunder-throated guns did pour,
From their sulphurous jaws, an iron shower
That shatter'd where'er it came.

But the sea with greedy jaws drank up
Great part of the iron hail;
For the frigate's majestic hull was afloat
Beyond the reach of the Pirate's shot—
And useless was every sail.

Not longer was the ocean lit
By the moon's light clear and full;
For deep in the clouds she buried her rays,
Struck blind by the glare of the sudden blaze
That broke from the frigate's hull.

The English vessel's guns were long,
And they threw their shot afar;
The air was vex'd with their link'd spheres,
And the deep jagg'd coast affrighted hears
The crash of each splintering spar.

With the fire and smoke of the cannonade
The heavens were overcast;
And the eddying streams of the luring tide
The hostile vessels now side by side
Each moment was hurrying fast.

Long and loud was that awful fight—
So wild that the echoes all,
Struck dumb with affright, had lost their voice,
In the deepening boom of the battle's noise,
And cower'd in their airy hall.

And the rolling smoke, now thick condensed,
Dark brooded o'er the deep ;
A stillness, more terrible far than the sound
That shook the hills and the crags around,
Its sway o'er all did keep.

But again the flames incessant blazed
From the womb of that murky cloud ;
And the sea dared scarce to lift its head,
But supinely lay, o'ercome with dread,
Enwrapt in a sulph'ry shroud.

Then a fiercer gleam lit up the air,
And illumed the earth and sea ;
With a noise as if all hell had awoke,
And a thousand fiends their chains had broke,
With the shout that made them free.

The air was filled with blazing brands,
That hurled them thro' the sky
Like meteor stars, with dire portent—
A moment and their glare was spent,
And Silence was the deity.

And when the clouds had cleared away,
But one vessel stood in view ;
The Rover lay beneath the brine,
With his beautiful, swan-like brigantine,
And his bold and lawless crew.

ODE TO FORTUNE.

Fortune, thou hast well contrived
This many a weary day to drive,
And buffet me about ;
But I have yet the vantage held—
I'm conqueror yet.

Nor shall your fiery sword,
Tho' wav'd with arrogance of strength—
And I am weaponless—
Make me afraid to seize thy throat,
And wrest it from thy grasp.

You cannot, dare not say,
Tho' I have suffer'd much from thee—
That this toil'd heart of mine
Was e'er compell'd to beat retreat,
Or call for quarter. No !

And when you deign'd to smile,
And load me heavily with favours,
I thought them burthensome ;
And would have spurn'd them underfoot,
But you took back your own again.

Again we're in the field—
That field I will not calmly quit,
And leave thee master there ;
For thou art but a wincing coward,
Confronted by a stern foe.

Take what you please from me,
But handle nought except your own :
You know you dare not rob
Me of my earnest, manly mind ;
'Tis not within your feeble power.

WILLIE MAUT.

Wha like Willie Maut yestreen,
In his rosy glory?
Nane wi' him could sing, I ween,
Nane sae tell a story.
See him owre the bowl preside—
Jolly mortals dyk him;
Willie Maut's in a' his pride—
O! wha's like him?

Mornin' blinks oot owre the lea;
Willie Maut is lyin'
Restin's heid whar's feet sud be—
Pig lies cleaner sty in.
Cankert crap an' rackit banes,
Noo begin tae fyke him;
Willie hirkles, moans, an' granes—
O! wha's like him?

I S A B E L.

We had a little sister once,
Her name was Isabel;
And dearer far we loved that child
Than mortal tongue can tell.

Her flaxen locks adown her neck
In wanton ringlets played;
And soft as heaven's unclouded blue,
Her eyes their mildness shed.

Her voice was like the mellow strain
Of flute upon the sea ;
And as the sound of silver ball,
Her laugh rang melody :

But ere the seventh autumn wind
Had brushed along the sward,
We laid the gentle Isabel
Within the old churchyard.

Three brothers and three sisters we,
And five of us remain ;
Two women, wrinkled now and grey,
And three old bowéd men :

But Isey's still a blue-eyed girl,
With ringlets waving free ;
When seventy winters o'er my head
Have spent their revelry.

C O B B L E R P U N S .

Of all the trades in this wide earth,—
And many sure they be,—
Than just the witty cobbler old,
None better pleases me.

Our *understandings* he puts right,
With philosophic view ;
And often does he, worthy man,
Our *worthless souls* renew.

Altho' concerned about his *age*, (edge)
He does enjoy a *ball* ;
And not a whit he cares tho' he
Should lose his *little all*. (awl)

He seldom wants a goodly *butt* :
No blights attack his *crop* ;
And ailments, save a passing *stitch*,
Come not within his shop.

And many goodly things besides
Are aye within his grasp ;
For tho' no garden his, he wants
Nor *resin*, (*raisin*) *pair*, (*pear*) nor *rasp*.

He wants not friends in time of need,
To lend a ready *lift*,
Or to support his *feeble shanks*,
Of strength and vigour reft.

Who says he's no philosopher,
To rash conclusion jumps ;
Have we not found him studying
The theory of *pumps* ?

He takes a very great delight
In extracts out of *Hogg* ;
And whether Irishman or not,
He understands the *brogue*.

Tho' some will say he needs his *glass*,
And is a *scraping* fellow ;
He makes *both ends to meet*, and may
Whene'er he likes, get mellow.

The painter's a *designing* knave,
Not worth a single *pot* ;
I would not be the friend of him,
Who changed so oft his *coat*.

The glazier is a simple man,
There's nothing he can do
But what is quickly brought to *light*,
And all his deeds *seen through*.

The gardener I have often seen
With *rakes*, and so may you ;
Altho' he talks of *heartsease*, yet
He's greatly given to *rus*.

The joiner he may pay his *board*,
And live a very *plain* man ;
But does it all so much by *rule*,
I doubt if he's a sane man.

The carpenter may keep the *stiles*,
And regulate the *post* ;
But lives by *railing*, though of wit
He cannot make a boast.

The tailor takes too many *shapes*—
Besides, I can't but choose
To think he is not wise, who keeps
The friendship of a *goose*.

The weaver all his fortune trusts
But to a feeble *reed* ;
And though he is a *needy friend*,
He's not a *friend in need*.

They say the mason has a *plumb*, (plum)
Entirely too his own ;
But then he is afflicted so
With *gravel* and with *stone*.

The blacksmith courts the company
Of *sparks*, who him entice ;
His deeds are *dark*, for he delights
In *giving in to vice*.

Then hail to him, though's *private ends*
The ills of life *o'er*cast,
Who, though misfortune *buff* him, yet
Can struggle to the *last*.

SONG.

Ye're no as ye used tae be, Jamie,
Yer looks are no sae kin' ;
An' ye dinna speak tae me, Jamie,
As ye war wont lang syne.

The leaf that balmy win's in June
Play roun', an' sae mak' o',
Is left tae dree October's blasts,
By dykesides daudit low.

Sae fares it noo wi' me, Jamie—
The leaf's sad fate I dree ;
But caulder hearts, an' rougher tongues,
Hae dune the same tae me.

But bena ye distant noo, Jamie,
Tae her ye ance lo'ed dear ;
O gie me a welcome look, Jamie,
As lang's I'm dwallin' here.

Ye'll live tae see wha wrocht oor wrang ;
An' whan ye hear my name,
Min' my last word tae you, Jamie—
O bena first tae blame.

THE VEIL.

Tak aff that veil, my bonie lass ;
Her beauty needs nae screen,
Whase cheek the morning's pencil paints,
An' starlicht fills her e'en.
Tak aff that veil ; yer beauty, love,
Is heaven's blest dower tae thee ;
An' since the gift is free, sweet lass,
O gie a blink as free.

My dearest lassie's taen the veil
Frae her blithe, bonie face,
An' sweetly smiles she noo on me,
Wi' love's divinest grace.
There's nocht tae hide her sparklin' e'e,
Or cloud her beauty-broo ;
Nae barrier noo tae check the kiss,
That seeks my lassie's mou'.

Gie veils tae dames o' Eastern climes,
Whase taste I canna reeze ;
It kythesna wi' the Norlan hills,
The heather, an' the breeze.
But gie tae me a lassie dear,
Wi' cheeks o' rosy hue,
Whase open face the daylight woos—
My Jeannie, such as you.

JEANIE, O' FIDDOCHSIDE.

I gaed an' saw the housie whaur my Jeanie dwelt sae
lang,
An' O! the sicht o't fill'd my heart wi' mony a bitter
pang ;

The hearth was cauld-like noo tae me, and naked was
the wa',
For Jeanie, wi' her bits o' things, had flittit far awa.

Baith but an' ben there was a want that naething could
supply,
An' things that gied me pleasure ance I noo pass'd heed-
less by,
As down my cheeks, like draps o' rain, the startin' tears
did fa',—
For Jeanie, pride o' Fiddochside, had flittit far awa.

Her father an' her mither baith, noo turnin' owre tae
years,
War sae rejoiced tae see me, that they welcom'd me wi'
tears;
But ah ! my heart could no return their greetin's noo
ava,
For aye I thocht on Jeanie that had flittit far awa.

I cuist a look aroun' the house, an' ne'er shall I forget
The mark upo' the wa', that tauld whaur her wee kist
was set;
My verra heart was like tae brak at ilka thing I saw,
An' sair I sighed for Jeanie that had flittit far awa.

I daunert tae the door alane, an' hied me owre the lea,
An' laid me doun tae vent my grief aside the trystin'
tree;
An' there I heard the birdies sing in ilka dell an'
shaw,
“ Yer bonie Jeanie noo, alas ! has flittit far awa.”

Balvenie's ancient castle wa' rose darkly in the shade,
An' doun aneth, the Fiddoch ran alang its pebbly
bed ;

An' as it fittu' souch'd alang, I heard the wordies fa',
 "Puir Jeanie owre the ocean wide has flittit far awa."

I waitit till the gloamin star rose gleamin' owre the
 knowe,
 Whaur she an' I had been sae aft, an' breath'd sae mony
 a vow;
 Syne bade adieu tae ilka scene, an' left them ane an'
 a',
 For Jeanie, sweetest floweret there, had flittit far awa.

But yet within my bosom shall her fairy form aye dwell,
 As clearly mirror'd as the moon within the sleepin'
 well;
 An' tho' for her the dewy tear aft frae my e'e may fa',
 Richt happy may my Jeanie be, tho' flittit far awa.

THE BONNET BLUE

CHORUS—The bonnet blue! the bonnet blue!
 Ye loyal hearts an' true,
 Come don the tartan plaids, my lads,
 An' Scotland's bonnet blue.

Oor fathers focht, oor fathers bled,
 Oor fathers died tae save
 The bonnet blue, that grac'd the broo
 O' Albyn's bravest brave.
 Their sons are we, an' proud we tell
 Those sires war oors—nay more,
 We too tae guard the bonnet blue,
 Can wield the braid claymore.
 The bonnet blue! &c.

An' lat the thunder-throated war
 Roar hoarsely whaur he will ;
 Oor falchions bricht shall leap tae licht,
 Tae guard the bonnet still.
 O whaur's the han' daur rive oor plaid,
 An' fin' nae cause tae rue,
 Whan we hae ta'en the tented field,
 An' donn'd the bonnet blue ?
 The bonnet blue ! &c.

Ye sons o' Caledonia brave,
 Hear this whaur'er ye be—
 Oor watchword is the bonnet blue—
 Tell every isle an' sea.
 An' whaur a clansman's bosom beats,
 'Twill gie the answer true ;
 For Scotland yet has stalwart sons
 Tae guard her bonnet blue.
 The bonnet blue ! the bonnet blue !
 Ye loyal hearts an' true,
 Come don the tartan plaid, my lads,
 An' Scotland's bonnet blue.

TO ELIZA.

It is not for thy face alone,
 Although thy face is fair ;
 Nor for the beauty of thy form,
 Though angel grace is there ;
 'Tis not for these, Eliza dear,
 My heart is fixed on thee ;
 Thy noble purity of soul
 Hath charms worth more to me.

The glittering toys of false delight
For thee may blaze in vain ;
A nobler pursuit sure is thine,
Of greater, worthier gain ;

A joy that time will but enhance,
Through each revolving year ;—
Thy bosom chaste a holy shrine,
To love and virtue dear.

The snowy daisy unpercieved,
Will lift its lowly head
To greet the golden summer sun,
Uprising from his bed :

To all unknown, unheeded thou
Hast op'd in Beauty's bower
Thy leaflets to the beams of truth,
An unobtruding flower.

O WILT THOU BE A ROVER'S BRIDE ?

O wilt thou be a rover's bride,
And roam on the dark green sea ?
O wilt thou come my fairest one,
And hie thee away with me ?

Lo ! yonder bark with bounding prow
Shall cleave the billowy deep,
And far, far from this land of woe,
O'er the watery waste we'll sweep.

I have gems of the purest ray,
I have diamonds and pearls rare,
To give to thee my own sweet love,
To bind thy glossy hair :

And I will love thee till the sun
Shall lose his sparkling rays,
And ocean's bosom cease to heave,
When kiss'd by the Southron breeze.

To-night, before the moon shall shine,
Afar from our foes we'll be ;
Who follows in the morning light,
Will look in vain for thee.

Then, lovely dear one, leave the land,
My boat but awaits for thee ;
Say, wilt thou quit thy fatherland,
And ride on the tameless sea ?

The maid consents, no word she breathes,
But her eyes with tears are dim ;
Yet stronger far than words, they tell
Friends all are nought to him.

The boat skims o'er the welt'ring wave,
As it bears them to the bay,
Where yon tall bark receives them both,
Then merrily bears away.

RUBISLAW DELL.

Come whan westlan' win's are blawin'
Roun' the bonie birken tree ;
Come whan thro' the screen o' heaven,
Brightly twinkles gloamin's e'e.

Rubislaw dell sae lone an' bonie,
Whaur the fringy breckan grows;
There the mavis waits oor comin',
Whaur the burnie croodlin' rows.

Leal's my heart, my bonie lassie,
Leal an' true as heart can be;
Need I tell thee a' its wishes—
Let its throbbings speak for me.
Wha can read a lover's bosom?
Wha his deeper thochts divine?
Nane but she, his ain dear lassie,
Nane but she—an' thou art mine.

Come whan westlan' win's are blawin'
Roun' the bonie birken tree;
Come whan thro' the screen o' heaven,
Brightly twinkles gloamin's e'e.
Come an' tell me that ye loe me,
Tho' my heart may freely guess;
Wha wi' sic a lassie near him,
Wha could ettle greater bliss?

MY GUDE BRAIDSWORD.

My gude braidsword! the trusty sword
My Scotland gied tae me,
An' bade me wield for her dear sake,
An' thee, sweet liberty.
An auld man's han' is on thy hilt,—
Nae sic that han' langsyne;
Whan first it kent thee, gude auld sword,
A douchty arm was mine.
Whan first it kent thee, gude auld sword,
A douchty arm was mine.

Where then my soul unchained could roam
Thro' forest, field, and flood ;
Or be where not a murmur breaks
The solitude.

Life is a dream—this world a dream—
And death a dreamless sleep,
Where dark oblivion's waters roll,
Dismal and deep.

And friendship is a feeble flower,
Which adverse winds may blight ;
And love has but his little day,
And dies at night.

And hope is but the painted cloud
That gilds th' uncertain sky,—
The rose's shadow in the lake,
Ere storms pass by.

And man himself's a fragile thing,
On time's dread vortex tost
In eddying rounds awhile, and then
Drawn down and lost.

S T A N Z A S .

Repress not thou the heartfelt tears—
True friends in sorrow shed ;
Rather rejoice, a halo now
They settle round thy head.
And when thro' other spheres thou glid'st,
They'll form an iris bright ;
And be thy grand triumphal arch,
Above the gate of light.

Tho' I could pluck the diamonds from
The sapphire crown of night,
And bind them in a garland round
Thy brow of snowy white ;
The lustre of thy golden hair
Would dim their brightest shine,
And all their glory be eclipsed
By those twin orbs of thine.

O LANELY, LANELY BY THE BROOK.

O lanely, lanely by the brook
That warbles down the hill,
I sit beside my dog an' crook,
An' greet, an' sab my fill ;

For Colin, ance my joy an' pride,
In some lane grave is laid :
I'm wae tae think on days bygone,
Whan I lay in his plaid.

My heart is like tae burst in twa,
For Colin lo'ed me well ;
O' a' the shepherds ere I saw,
My Colin bore the bell.

That wee pet lammie on the green
Aye dear tae me sall be,
For wi' the saut tears in his e'en,
My laddie gae't tae me ;—

An' said, " Dear Mary, this ye'll keep
Till I come back again ;
For I maun gang across the deep,
An' leave thee here alane."

At yonder brig we bade adieu,
He wip'd his watery e'e,
An' kiss'd my cheek an' burnin' broo,
An' breathed a prayer for me.

But my dear lad will ne'er come back,
He lies aneth the sea ;
My waefu' heart is gaun tae brak,
I'll lay me doun an' dee.—

But fate across the faemin' tide,
Has brocht her shepherd hame,
Wha cheer'd his lanely, droopin' bride,
Wi' love's revivin' flame.

Noo up an' doun yon sunny braes,
Their flocks thegither stray :
The shepherd an' his shepherdess
Hae fixed the happy day.

May Heav'n aye thus on constant love
Its ain sweet blessin' send ;
An' cares, an' doubts, an' fears remove,
An' gie a happy end.

O JAMIE, DO YE MIND THE BOWER?

O Jamie, do ye mind the bower
Aside the birken tree,
Whaur first ye tauld yer tale o' love,
An' vow'd yer vows tae me ?

Ye swore that I sud aye be thine,
Nae cause sud mak us part ;
But Jamie, ye've forgotten a',
An' broke this trustin' heart.

That nicht my love tae you I own'd,
How happy did you seem ;
An' blithely did we baith link doun
By Dullan's rocky stream.

The siller moon shone clear an' full,
The water murmur'd by ;
An' sweet the little zephyr play'd,
Amang the wavin' rye.

But thou hast left me a' alane—
Nae pleasure hae I now ;
But wander dowie doun the glen,
An' thro' Balvenie's howe.

Ah ! Jamie, I can ne'er forget
Thy honied words sae kin' ;
Nor yet the smile that lit yer face—
But that's awa langsyne.

Whan Jamie heard the waefu' tale,
The tear stood in his e'e ;
Syne clasp'd her in his arms, an' cried,
Thou dearest art tae me.

Forgie, sweet lass, altho' I've err'd—
Forgie this fault o' mine ;
An' while this bosom hauds a heart,
My love ye'se never tyne.

An' douchty deeds we baith could do,
 An' douchty deeds did we :
 My gude braidsword ! my ain auld sword !
 Youth comes again wi' thee.
 Wha daurs tae say I'm auld ? wha daurs
 Tae ca' me feckless ? Ho !
 Beware the micht o' this fierce steel,
 That never fleecht a foe.
 Beware the micht o' this fierce steel,
 That never fleecht a foe.

I hear the clash of severing mail,
 I hear the warhorn's strain ;
 I see th' opposing warriors meet,
 An' blood-drift wets the plain.
 Hurra ! hurra ! see Glory calls ;
 Sword, thee she bids me draw !—
 And the aged warrior's spirit fled,
 Ere died his wild hurra.
 And the aged warrior's spirit fled,
 Ere died his wild hurra.

J E S S I E .

The braes o' Balgownie
 May brag o' their flowers,
 An' reckon as peerless
 Their love makin' bowers,
 Whaur harebell an' gowan
 'Tis gladness tae see ;
 But there's nane o' them a'
 Like Jessie tae me.

Ae kind glance frae her e'e,
Or a word wi' a smile,
Has a magic, I ween,
That can sorrow beguile,
That can lichten the heart,
Whan a tear dims the e'e—
O the warld's a' bonie,
Whan Jessie's wi' me.

She's fairest o' mony,
Whaur mony are fair;
There's grace in ilk motion,
An' soul in her air.
Her hair o' the saft silk,
Her broo an' e'e-bree,
Are aneuch tae mak nae ane
Like Jessie tae me.

Her voice is the souchin'
O' zephyrs at eve;
An' her e'e beams sae kindly,
It canna deceive.
O there's nane half sae cheerie,
Sae blithesome can be,
In a' bonie Scotland,
As Jessie tae me.

SOLITARY MUSINGS.

O that a spirit guided me
To some lone, peaceful shore,
Where life's tumultuous billows I
Could hear no more:

Altho' the duds upon his back
Are hingin' oot o' ither,
• The heart that beats aneth the rags
Is worthy o' a brither.

I wadna see ye stand aloof,
Wi' pridefu', heartless scorn,
Tae point the finger at a wratch,
Hooever tash'd an' torn ;
Nor wad I hae ye gang about
Wi' cauld advices neither,—
Tae bid a man be gude's a hoax,
An' winna help yer brither.

If wish him gude, then do him gude,
Gie aye a helpin' han' ;
He may be better than yersel',
Tho' under Fortune's ban.
There's nane can fecht a double fecht
Wi' want an' vice thegither ;
Remove the first, the next will vex
Less angrily yer brither.

Noo, bairnies, min' my latest words,
An' this is your reward,—
The man wha lo'es his fellow-man
Ne'er tines just men's regard :
He may be puir, he may be crost,
Than care hae little ither ;
But he'll hae aye a trusty frien',
Tae hail him as a brither.

CALEDONIANS, HEAR MY WORDS!

Caledonians, hear my words !
Draw your red, avenging swords—
Gallia's reckless, lawless hordes
 To Britain's shores advance.
Lay their eagles in the dust,
Scorn the gods those *women* trust ;
Freedom tells ye fly they must,
 These robber bands of France.

Our strength is in a bold right hand,
By Freedom nerved, to wield the brand
That guards our dear old fatherland—
 By this alone we swear.
Our will depends not on the nod
Of some weak, vain, earth-gotten god,
Who bids his creatures kiss the sod,
 And crouch in abject fear.

Unfurl your banners to the air :
This day a vict'ry shall declare,
That future years shall proudly bear
 In thunders to the sky.
A foeman tread our breezy hills !
A foeman fetter freemen's wills !
Who dares—our dearest life-blood spills,
 For he or we shall die.

Beat down yon bold invader's pride—
Let swift defeat his pomp deride,
Until his flaunting navies ride
 Beneath our ocean's foam ;

For we have sworn an oath this day,
To sweep those hordes in blood away ;
Or proudly fall amid the fray,
For Scotland and for home.

WAKE, MY LOVE.

Wake, my love, the breeze of morning
Gently curls the sedgy deeps,
Dewy flowers their banks adorning,
Where his watch the grey trout keeps.
Slowly rolls the misty covering,
Round the hills in many a fold ;
O'er the valleys fitful hovering,
Wrapping forest, dell, and wold.
Awake, my love, awake.

Cold is the morning, the wind blows unkindly,
And thick lies the dew on the dank, grassy lea ;
Long is the way, and the hill path's unfriendly—
I'll meet thee returning—O wait not for me.
Evening will see thee both footsore and weary,
And I'll come and carry thy basket for thee.

Listen, love, our mates are calling,
Echo's voice is warbling shrill ;
Come where rocky streams are falling—
Come, behold thine angler's skill.
Should the way be steep or scraggy,
I will gently lead thee on ;
Over heights, tho' e'er so craggy,
I will bear thee, dearest one.
O come, my darling, come.

The sun soon arising will drink up the dewdrops,
The daisy will open her breast to the day ;
And soon the grey mist that is hiding the hill tops,
The breeze from the ocean will scatter away.
Then over the smiling waste, bounding in gladsome
haste,
Thee will I seek where the sunny brooks play.

O FARE THEE WELL !

O fare thee well ! yet sad the thought
Thou never canst be mine ;
A truer heart Love never brought
To worship at his shrine.

I mourn thee lost to me for aye,
And weary nights deplore ;
My sun has set ere close of day,
And there is light no more.

As seas drive o'er the feeble bark
On ocean desolate,
So do on my devoted head
The wintry storms of fate.

Yet fare thee well, and happy be,
Though thou canst ne'er be mine ;
I loved thee far too dear to wish
A troubled bosom thine.

I thought to call thee mine alone,
With love and thee to dwell ;
But ah ! my heart, it must not be—
Eliza, fare-thee-well !

COME, SIT YE DOUN.

Come, sit ye doun, an' tak a drap—
Here's no a place for carkin' care ;
We're a' John Tamson's bairns—sit doun,
The lawin's paid, we'se ca' for mair.
My honest fere, the nicht is drear,
The road is lang for you an' me ;
Here lean yer back, an' gies yer crack,
Till daylight blinks oot owre the lea.

O wha wad lat a trusty frien'
Tak yon lang road in sic a nicht,
Whaur kirkyard gaists are oot, an' skulk,
Tae fley the puir, belated wicht ?
My honest fere, &c.

But no a gaist daur venture here,
As lang's the nappie briskly reams ;
Come lilt an auld Scots sang, my lads,
The sleepin' warld around us dreams.
My honest fere, &c.

Lat ithers sleep—but we wi' glee
Sall gar the lazy hours scud by ;
Awa wi' dour an' waefu' thochts,
An' lat the glass pass cheerily.
My honest fere, &c.

Syne, whan the daylight ventures in,
An' thro' the winnock 'gins tae stream,
We'll e'en tak ane anither's han's,
An' like guid bairns, gang toddlin' hame.
But noo my fere, the nicht is drear,
The road's owre lang for you an' me ;
Here lean yer back, an' gie's yer crack,
Till daylight blinks oot owre the sea.

O WHA DO I LOE BEST ?

O wha do I loe best ?
I trow ye dinna ken ;
Altho' I joke wi' a',
I hae nae jo but ane.
An' its him I dearly lo'e,
For he's my lover true,
An' it's him that I will woo,
Tho' my minnie sud gang wud.

There's no a day gangs by
But she's on me like a bear,
An' ringin' in my lugs,
O' Robin tae beware.
But my Robin shall be mine,
For its a' made up langsyne ;
An' his love I wadna tyne,
Tho' my minnie sud gang wud.

Tho' Robin may be puir,
An' Puirtith's hard tae bide ;
I'll mak my hame a heaven
Wi' Robin by my side.

For it's him I dearly lo'e,
 An' he's my lover true ;
 An' it's him that I will woo,
 Tho' my minnie sud gang wud.

A' the lee-lang nicht
 I never close an e'e,
 For thinkin' on the lad
 That's dearest far tae me.
 An' it's truly him I lo'e,
 For he's my lover true ;
 An' it's him that I maun woo,
 Tho' my minnie sud gang wud.

COME YE TAE THE DOOR.

Come ye tae the door whan there's naebody near ye,
 Syne bauldly come in, for there's naething tae fear ye ;
 But haud by the lamp, an' tak care what ye're after,
 An' dinna forget hoo tae thrav wi' the lifter.

But losh, gin the watchman ye chance tae meet in wi',
 Gang by, an' ne'er sklent tae the door whaur ye've seen
 me ;
 Strike owre tae the penn, an' bide still i' the jook o't,
 An' crossna the street, till he turns roun' the neuk o't.

But dinna forget noo, an' mind that I tell ye—
 Tak aff yer shoon too, or yer venture will fail ye ;
 The mistress is wily, an' stan's like a sentry,
 Tae hearken gif onything stirs in the entry.

Keep close tae the wa' at the richt o' the pillar,
'Twill keep ye frae stoitin' aff down tae the cellar;
Gang canny—syne rap unco licht at the plaster
That backs tae the bed there—I'll hear ye the faster.

But gif ye sud chance tae come here on a Monday,
Tak care tae gang roun' tae the kitchie back window;
An' look ere ye chap, 'cause the body that washes
Is here a' the nicht, an' sees nocht but she clashes.

Come, come, haud awa, for I mauna be kiss'd noo!
Be quiet, or they'll hear ye—Gude sake laddie, whisht
noo!
For fegs, I maun rin, or I'm sure tae be missin'—
Gude nicht, an' the neist time we'll speak about kissin'!

E M I L Y .

I thought our sister did but sleep,
I could not think her dead;
Yet was not wanting sorrow's show,
Nor woeful tears unshed:
For three long nights and days I sat
And waited by her bed.

I saw the fearful coffin close,
That gave her face no more;
I heard the frequent feet of men
That patter'd by the door:
Soon, soon, they to the churchyard hence
Our gentle Emily bore.

I followed, watched the coffin lower'd
Into the mouldering ground ;
I heard the earth fall on the lid
With a melancholy sound,
That struck my heart's core drearily,
With a cold and dismal stound.

I waited till the sexton laid
The last sod o'er her clay,
Then turned away, and tearless sought
My homeward, silent way—
But a loneliness is round our hearth
That may not pass away.

SONG.

I sudna be lippen'd wi' Geordie,
My auld sunty Katie declares ;
An' ca's me a licht-headit randy,
Tae gang wi' the loun tae the fairs.

The auld cankert carline, wae worth her :
What maks her sae spitefu' think ye ?
Gudesake noo, I'll wager a bodle,
She's mad that she canna be me.

But she had her day, an' it's dune noo—
An' folks whan they're toothless an' auld,
Gin they dinna just ken that they're alter'd,
I think they sud even be tauld.

It's no langer back than last Sunday,
I saw her mysel at the kirk,
Sit down near the minister's pu'pit,
An' gie Tammy Newlands a smirk.

I thoct I wad kill me wi' lauchin',
Tae see sic a silly auld fule ;
Far fitter, I'm sure, tae be cockin',
At the minister's hip, on a stule.

But what needs I vex me wi' flytin'
At ane wha's sae crabbit an' snell ?
I'll aff, an' awa tae my Geordie—
We trystit tae meet at the well.

LAT ITERS ROUN' THE CAPPIE THRANG.

AIR.—“*The Bonniest Lass in a' the World.*”

Lat ithers roun' the cappie thrang,
An' haud them blithe an' vogie ;
I dinna care a single hair
For a' their social cogie :
The cheerfu' glass may briskly pass,—
Far ither pleasure woos me ;
I wadna bide this nicht for gowd—
My Jessie says she lo'es me.

Within yon plantin' shade yestreen,
I flang the warld behind me ;
An' there again the gloamin star
In Jessie's arms shall find me :
For what is a' the warld tae me ?
What has it tae amuse me ?
It's rarest sport's no worth a flee,
Sin' Jessie said she lo'es me.

YOUNG JAMIE GRAY HAD COURTED LANG.

Young Jamie Gray had courtit lang
The widow Millar's bonie bairn ;
The warld's wealth o' a' the three
Was what their honest hands could earn.

Noo Jamie lang had press'd his love,
An' ettled sair tae marry Jean ;
But tho' she houplit for the day,
She aye pat ither days atween.

The mirror moon was shinin' clear,
Owre a' the we'er lamps on hie,
Whan Jamie and his bonie Jean
Gaed daunderin' downward tae the sea :

"Tell me," says he, "my lassie dear,
What gars ye mak sic lang delay ?
Hae ye anither sweetheart, Jean,
Wha's promised you a weddin' day ?"

The young thing grat, an' hid her face
Within her lover's breast, an' sighed
"Na, Jamie—but my mither's frail :
I canna, mauna, be yer bride."

"My dearest lassie, dinna greet,
Yer mither shanna miss yer care ;
As lang's I'm owner o' a hearth,
The blithest neuk shall be her share."

UPON THE BANKS O' ISLA.

"My Peggy dear," I saftly said,
An' row'd her i' my hielan plaid—
"I've wro'd ye lang, my bonie maid,
Upon the banks o' Isla.

"I'll hae ye noo, whate'er betide,
Yer minnie winna, daurna chide—
Sweet Peggy, say ye'll be my bride,
Upon the banks o' Isla."

She turn'd that dark-blue e'e on mine,
An' wi' a smile—O! smile divine!
She fondly breathed—"I'm thine, I'm thine,"
Upon the banks o' Isla.

O happy day! O happy hour!
That gied tae me as rich a dower
As ever fell tae mortal, sure,
Upon the banks o' Isla.

ALONE BY THE GRAVE OF MY JAMIE I WANDER.

Alone by the grave of my Jamie I wander,
And sad are my thoughts as I gaze on his tomb;
On days that are gone, O how deeply I ponder—
Thrice, thrice happy days, overshadowed with gloom.

The moon, like a goddess, ascends from the ocean,
And sweetly she smiles over yonder hill brow;
But this widowed bosom with heartfelt emotion,
Responds to her beauty with accents of woe.

For here where I stand with that orb brightly gleaming,
How oft with my Jamie enraptured I lay ;
Again its soft rays o'er the valley are streaming—
Alas ! they are gilding the tomb of his clay.

Oh ! how could we think on that night when we parted,
Cruel fate had decreed we should ne'er meet again ?
The loss of my Jamie makes me broken-hearted,
And wrung is my bosom with anguish and pain.

Hush, thou zephyr, lie still, disturb not the willow
That hangs its head weeping o'er his lowly bed ;
Go, shake thy light wing on the unforméd billow—
But silence alone should belong to the dead.

F R A G M E N T .

I love to hear the hearty wind
Around my dwelling howling ;
I love to see the winter storm,
In terror darkly scowling.

I love to hear the westlan' wind
'Mong the clust'ring boughs of June ;
When the sleeping lake in a dream is kissed
By his love, the Lady moon.

V I A V I T Æ . *

Link ye tae me, my auld gudeman,
An' dinna hurryin' gang:
Ye're nae dout tired as weel as I;
But we'll win hame ere lang.
The snaws o' eild are on oor pows,
An' hard we fin' the grun';
But we are in the lithe, gudeman,
An' carena for the win'.

'Twas morn, gudewife, whan we set oot,
Baith lauchin', brisk, an' gay;
Sometimes we ran, sometimes we gaed,
Whiles dackled on the way.
Oor limbs are no sae souple noo,
We e'en maun creep's we may;
We've loupit mony a burn, gudewife,
An' breistit mony a brae.

An' strappin' lads I wat, gudeman,
An' mony a sonsy quean,
We've left upo' the road ahind,
An' never mair hae seen:
For some hae wander'd aff the way,
An' gane they kentna where;
An' some hae stacker'd into holes,
Or ta'en tae bogs tae lair.

Like mony mair war we, gudewife,
We didna hain oor strength,
But ca'd the road frae side tae side,
Nor countit on its length.
Fell tired grew I gin afternoon
Wi' yon lang, dreary howe,
An' thankfu' was I whan I fand
The sma'est wee bit knowe.

Troth, lang has been the road, gudeman,
Sair nidderd hae we been ;
But we've had sunny glints, I wat—
Viewed mony a gowden scene.
An' tho' we've had oor share o' weet,
An' lewder'd deep in glaur,
We've seen as foul feet as oor ain—
An' scores a hantle waur.

Aweel, my ain gudewife, this road—
Had it nae been for you,
Whase hopefu' word aye heezed my heart—
I ne'er had warstled thro'.
But noo we're near the journey's end,
The nicht begins tae fa',
The starns are gatherin' i' the lift—
We'se eithly stoit awa.

Link close tae me, my ain gudeman ;
I whiles nicht tak the gee,
An' fash ye wi' my tantrum tigs—
But only for a wee.
Noo that's a' owre, an' we'll jog on
Thegither a' the same ;
An' lang afore the dawn o' day
We'll baith get rest at Hame.

* This is the last poem ever written by the author.

FRAGMENTS

OF AN UNFINISHED POEM,

"THE WORLD."*

DRUNKENNESS.

There stood a hovel, windowless and dead :
Thro' its cold chimney rolled no smoke ; within
Was nought, save that the hand of Mouldiness
Had sketched her freakish fancies on the walls,—
And one poor table, whose disjointed limbs
Shivered and groaned in their infirmity.
Hard by the hingeless, barless, chinky door,
Close by my side, arose a dreadful shape—
'Twas Drunkenness, the misbegotten fool
Of Appetite. A ghastly figure he :
His clotted locks, unkempt, stuck from his head
In matted tufts of ravelled hideousness ;
His features swoln, deep sunk his slatey eye,
His mouth a seam of lead, livid his face ;
Words jabbered from his mouth the most uncouth,
He wept and sang by turns, by fits he raged,
Waved with his arm, and staggered in his gait :
And thousands followed him, and called him 'God,'
And daily poured drink-offerings on his shrine ;
And out of cups and goblets juices drank,
Till egged to madness, they, with gestures wild,
Leaped, laughed, and sang ; their souls were all a-
blaze—
They felt the thorough influence of their god.

* From the Author's Manuscript it is evident that he had only been able to jot down the outline of what he designed to afterwards think out and fill up.

Deep in a dungeon underneath his feet,
The key of which he carried at his belt,
In woeful case lay Friendship, Love, and Truth,
In solitary prisons celled ; their limbs
With fetters jammed : them daily scourged with rods
Their keepers, Calumny and Ignorance.
Pain, Poverty, Distrust, Disease, and Death,
Stalked round about the monster as he went ;
Waiting his beck to run their hellish rounds,
And devastate the nations of the earth.

HUMAN SYMPATHY.

Far in a glen where Solitude and Peace
Their quiet sweet companionship did keep—
A mother kissed, and pressed her new-born child
Close to her breast, and murmured forth a hymn—
The hymn of Human Sympathy and Love—
Whose sound scarce uttered in that lonely place,
Was borne away upon the circling air.
The echoes of the hills and caverns hoar
Caught up the sound, and gave it forth again ;
The forest leaves were thrilled by its approach,
And waked to life anew. The gladsome boughs
Whispered its meaning to the hollow vale ;
The vale prolonged its murmurs to the deep,
The deep sea kissed it, and the rolling wave
Embraced it in the foldings of his arms,
And bearing high this precious burden, flung
Aloft against the rocks his thunder peal,
That with a deafening clamour shook the earth ;
Trembled the city, and its hundred towers
Caught up the sound, and flashed it swiftly on,
With joyful acclaim ; Heaven's concave ringing
As loud as when the voices of the sky,
The wind and thunder, claim all sound beside.

PHILOSOPHY.

There was a plain old man, who had no name
Whereby the talking world might speak of him—
Willing and glad to tell of what he knew
To all who might enquire. He knew Misfortune—
But still he had withstood her rude attacks,
And wore the arms of true Philosophy
On his ennobled soul. The ills of life—
Age, Sickness, Poverty, yea Death itself—
Could not his soul subdue. Yet he was meek,
True, kind, and showed himself like other men:
Did arrogate no knowledge to himself,
Tho' his deep thoughts had wandered far and wide,
Beyond the boundaries of his earthly home.
Men met him in the street, and if they deigned
To cast their eyes on one so lowly poor,
'Twas but to see him and to pass him by.
Long days and nights he toiled for humankind,
Uncaring for himself, to make them wise;
Yet such the gratitude men bore the man,
That they all turned away from him, to fix
Their eager eyes upon a wench that danced
Indecent, on a dizzy, breakneck rope.

AVARICE AND CARE.

Onward came Avarice, running wild indeed.
A bag with money filled, below each arm,
The hoarded wealth of unenjoyéd years,
Glancing his sidelong looks around in haste,
He sought to put away below the earth:
But after him ran Care, an ugly sprite,
With visage of heart-freezing ghastliness;
His hair was loose, and streaming in the wind,
His mouth drawn down in hard and puckered folds:
He spreading forth his tongs-like fingers, caught

The wretched runaway, and pulled him back ;
Then mounting on his shoulders, in a trice
One arm he twisted round the creature's neck,
And with the other strove to cant the bags,
And pour their golden stuffings on the ground.
His helpless victim could not shake him off,
Because each arm was busy with a bag ;
And thus he wandered everywhere with him,
That mischievous hobgoblin, on his back.

L I F E .

Fast by the river bank, I spied a youth
Who gazed intently on the flowing stream,
Watching the bubbles that came dancing down ;
And as they passed him, he would strike at them,
Well pleased to see them burst. When lo ! I saw
A grave and hoary man this youth approach,
And chiding say to him—" Rash youth, forbear ;
Know'st not this stream is called the flood of Time,
And these vain bubbles that thou seest float by,
Thy fleeting years ! Yet wilt thou pleasure take
To see them burst, and pass away to nought.
Alas ! thou yet wilt grapple but in vain
For one of these, and beg a moment's stay ;
It will thy prayers unheed, and pass anon.
Note well the cast of each, and in thy heart
Store by its shape and quality,—its shades
Most varied mark. The last to thee comes on
Apace—to burst nor more give back the day :
The stream will cease to know its place, and then
Thy name, thy lineage, beauty, strength, and wit,
Within the bowels of yon sullen wave
Shall be enwombed, and known of Time no more."

IMPOSTURE.

Here walking in the twilight passed a form
Wrapt in a cloak, whose pendent fold him girt
So close as to conceal his shape from men.
Rich was that garment, wrought of cloth of gold
Of rarest price, on Priestcraft's wizard loom.
A hood the figure wore, which hid his face ;
Yet so contrived as if it seemed to veil
A kingly brow within. "I am the truth,
The chosen of the Lord—do reverence all."
At this the multitude thro' which he passed,
With one accord bent lowly to the ground.
Scarce had he turned him when a briar caught
His trailing skirts, and moved aside his cloak ;
And lo ! a skeleton of ghastly mould,
Whose dry bones mutter'd curses as they clashed,
Was for an instant to my eyes confest.

GLORY.

In stars and silver spangles, Glory next
Advancing struck the gazer's eye to shame.
His shining helm gave back the blaze of day,
While haughty flashes blinded people's eyes.
High did he bear his head, and walk'd erect,
A demigod among the sons of men.
And wherefore all this silly pride and pomp ?
The poor be-hacked and battered wearer moved
Right ill at ease, beneath his shining load—
An arm, a leg, an eye, he'd severally given,
To be allowed to wear those foolish weeds.

DOUBT.

Lo ! Doubt me passed arrayed in careless garb.
His eyeballs ceaseless rolled : oft would he turn
With hurried glance, and take a careful step

This way and that; yet oftentimes would pause,
As one whom in a desert night o'ertakes
And cloud encompasseth. Anon he moved
With timorous halting foot, as he who gropes
His unknown way in darkness absolute.
Clear was the road on which he might have walked,
Had not suspicion whisper'd aught of dread,
Which took his startled ear. Thence leaving this,
The beaten path, his weary way he sought
'Mid moors and boundless heaths, where hidden quag,
False fen, and hollow bank—or soon or late—
Would him in dark destruction's toils ensnare.

PRIDE AND DEATH.

How many a petty lord, with lofty air,
Has looked upon the world right haughtily,
And brushed aside his humbler brother man
To give him place; kept all his smiles for wealth,
His frowns for children, and the helpless poor.
I've known such things, and millions went before;
Now in a clod of clay enrapt they lie,
As unconcerned as if they'd never been.
Hail Death! that such true judgment dispensates;
I woo thee for thy justice, bribeless King!

CORRUPTION.

Out of a cave where daylight never dwelt,
Corruption passed—a lean and wither'd thing
With visage monstrous; who with promise bland,
And proffers of preferment, sought to win
His way to all men's hearts. In his right hand
He held aloft a bag with money filled;
But in his left, that hid behind his back,
A venom'd snake. His trade to buy and sell

The souls of men. He sought where justice sat,
Weighing the qualities of good and ill,
And flinging unperceived a golden coin
Within the ascending scale, reversed her beam.

INNOCENCE, &c.

Beneath the arching branches of a wood,
A naked child I spied, leading in hand
A frisking lambkin—round whose woolly neck
He had entwined a wreath of daisies, plucked
Fresh from the summer sward. The sportive twain
Passed underneath a tree, round whose grey trunk
A hideous serpent wrapt his scaly folds,
With eyes of fire, and neck of brassy sheen.
In watch he stretched, soon as he heard the sound
Of coming steps : but wondrous to behold,
This shameful head to hide amid the leaves
He sudden darted, fearful to be seen.
'Twas Innocence and Mirth, that child and lamb ;
He who in likeness of a serpent masked
Was Murder, whom dark forest shades and night
From sunshine of the honest day conceal.

PREJUDICE.

How easily we are inclined to think
Our foolish friend speaks true philosophy,
Who to our cherished prejudices talks ;
And how the sage but merest folly vends,
No matter tho' he wields the steel of truth,
If he but turns the edge against our grain.

DISEASE AND FILTH.

Then passed that horrid pair Disease and Filth,
In close embraces joined—so went the twain ;
The air of heaven sicken'd and stood still ;
Down dropt the clouds, and friendly gloom enwrap
Their cursed figures from the sight of men.

D E A T H.

A thousand ages hast thou walk'd this earth,
And yet men know thee not. Philosophy
Thou mockest, and outwink'st his sleepless eye.
Mightiest of monarchs, shade invisible,
Thine empire is o'er nature ; thou fliest
On the red-winged bolt, and lurkest in the storm,
To hurl the barbéd arrows of destruction.
And thou too comest in the busy day,
And in the quiet night ; and like a cloud
That noiselessly enshrouds the fairest stars,
Dost thou, O Death, in thy pale mantle wrap
The fairest form, and hide the brightest eyes.
The young, the old, the brave, the beautiful,
Like the Autumnal leaves, before thee fall.

EPIGRAMS.

"Tis strange that Garrulus still swells the throng,
And he so lean, so lathy, and so long ;"
"Nay" quoth his friend, "that's nothing strange at
all,
Death thinks he's his own shadow on the wall."

For pious Henry's whitewashed soul,
The De'il behind him crouches ;
Yet unapprised its owner stands,
In heaven his eyes, while both his hands
Are in in his neighbours' pouches.

When Allaster was born, no goddess fair
To bless the infant left the fields of air ;
Then spoke the cat, and put her tail in trim,
" My face and whiskers I bequeath to him."

" What epitaph," said I, " shall we give John ?"
When Death made answer quickly—" Give him none !
What need has he for posthumous comment,
Who's tall enough to be's own monument ?"

I'd heard it said, and that by not a few,
That we should always give the De'il his due ;
One day I asked him what we had to pay,
To which he answered, " Never mind to day."

CONTENTMENT IN OLD AGE.

Has life no joy when its bright day closes ?
Do cares and wrinkles banish every bliss ?
In all the desert is there not one oasis,
To break the dull monotony ? There is—
For as the setting sun more glorious gleams
Upon the evening of a summer day,
And gilds the clouds with his refulgent beams
That hinder not, but do adorn his way ;
So man upon the evening of his days will find,
When looking back upon a life well spent,
A gladness and tranquility of mind
That renders earth a heaven of content ;
And makes the hoary head and wrinkled brow
The brightest ornaments the world can show.

THE STAR OF HOPE.

Darkness o'er Nature sat with sullen mien :
No light was seen in all the firmament,
Save one lone star that reignéd paramount
In its own azure isle, smiling serene.
And tho' the tempest clouds in passing by
Bedimmed its lustre for a little while—
Like some fair spirit missioned from on high,
'Twould come again and reassume its smile.
Hail ! brightest one of all the starry host,
A thousand, thousand votaries are thine ;
When every light has fled, yet dost thou shine
Amid the storm, and guide the tempest-tost.
An eye that o'er us looks, where'er we roam—
A lamp that lights the weary, wandering home.

TO BE FREE.

To burst asunder hateful error's chain,
To speak the sentiments of native birth,
To recognise in each a brother man—
That name, of all, the noblest upon earth ;
T' inhale the invigorating breeze of heaven,
When nature calls us forth to view the fields ;
To walk at will thro' wizard dell at even,
And taste the sweets that fairy poesy yields ;
To see our own in every flower's decay ;
Behold an angel's eye in every star ;
And let Time, as with noiseless foot away
He glides, find that we're wiser, better far—
Is to be great and noble in the first degree,
And this, the world must own, is TO BE FREE.

IMMORTALITY OF THE SOUL.

Who can behold the gorgeous setting sun,
And think not there is something lovelier still ;
For does not beauty ever and anon,
Crave for an object still more beautiful?
And what indeed, of all earth's earthly things,
Can with the beauty of the setting sun
Compare ? Yet truly there is something brings
A joy,—a greater, a more lasting one,
Than sun, or moon, or star—for these we know
But faintly, if at all. There is a thought,
And with it shall the human bosom glow,
Till Time his latest destiny has wrought,
And sun, and moon, and planet leave the sky—
'Tis the soul's prospect of its immortality.

S U M M E R .

Lo, Summer comes in all her virgin pride,
Her forehead smooth with wreaths of roses bound.
A thousand flow'rets gem the mountain side,
A thousand rivulets sing for joy around ;
The western breeze is breathing soft and low,
Thro' the now leafy trees and tangled grove ;
The insect world's awake, and every bough,
And leaf, and blade, the theatre of love :
Of life and happiness the tuneful bee—
Sweet minstrel of the flowers—for gladness sings,
While lightly borne upon his airy wings,
He skims delighted o'er the enamell'd lea.
All, all, is joy and gladness, all is love,—
Save this lone heart of mine that nothing now
can move.



THE END.

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